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THE BIBLE HARP,

BEING A

COLLECTION OF OLD, FAMILIAR AND FAVORITE PSALMS, HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, IN THEIR ORIGINAL FORM, WITH A NUMBER OF SELECT AND NEW COMPOSITIONS,

INTENDED FOR USE IN

RELIGIOUS CONFERENCES, PRAYER MEETINGS FAMILY WORSHIP, PRIVATE DEVOTIONS, SOCIAL CIRCLES, PASTORAL DONATION VISITS, TEMPERANCE GATHERINGS, &c.,

BY

J. G. PERRY,

FOR MANY YEARS A CHORISTER AND INSTRUCTOR IN VOCAL MUSIC.

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord."—Ps. xcv. 1.

"Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs."—Col. iii. 16.

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Act of Congress in the year of our Lord, A.D., 1869,
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INTRODUCTION.

Believing sacred music an essential part of religious worship and indispensable to the attainments of the best results of religious conferences, prayer meetings, family devotions, temperance gatherings, social circles, pastoral donation visits, &c., as well as public worship, we deem no other apology necessary for publishing this work. There are those however who have long desired a work of this character, and who, we believe, will hail its appearance with pleasure. The author has taken special pains throughout the volume, and in connection with those old familiar choice pieces, of "lofty cheer," that our parents loved, has introduced such other pieces of later date, as are in popular use, and have won their way to the hearts of Christians, together with some new and original religious compositions and popular temperance songs. He has carefully examined the best works of the kind extant, and made use of such pieces as seemed best adapted to his purpose, and to the authors and all contributing friends and assistants he hereby tenders his acknowledgments. One of the principle objects of the author in this work has been to save those old poetic reminiscences of the past from entire loss, and preserve them in their original form, as near as possible, not only for the good they have done, but for that they may yet do, and he has expended much time and labor to procure some of the oldest and best of them, as they had become almost entirely obsolete and out of print, and cannot now be found in any other work but this, and it is hoped that their insertion here, and the work generally will

give pleasure to the lovers of spiritual sentiment in sacred songs, such as will be found in these old, familiar, and choice "new light" pieces, which have so often cheered the hearts of our fathers and mothers, and which they cherished as heavenly Christian treasures, and which have often proved the golden key of prayer in song to unlock heaven, and bring it down to earth, and caused Christians to sit together as in heavenly places. This work contains the largest and choicest variety of pieces, generally inserted at full length, so that every favorite piece or verse may be found in it. Excepting some new and old standard music in the last part of this book, to select from for such new hymns and other pieces as are not generally known, the work is published without any set or other music as the tunes in which most of the pieces are sung are so well known and established that some person in every place will be able to start them, and they will need only to be started to be sung generally, without being confined to notes. Singers can so better enter into the spirit of the words, make them their own, sing with better effect, and are saved this unnecessary matter. These old soul-stirring pieces have, for a long time, been in popular use, and it is hoped, under Divine Providence, will become more so than ever, and that this effort will tend to elevate and improve the character of the singing in our meetings for devotional, temperance, and social purposes. If we have to any extent succeeded in these accomplishments we shall feel "that we have not labored in vain." With the hope and prayer that it may conduce to these objects, the conversion of souls, and spriritual advancement of travellers on the "way to Zion," it is sent forth on its mission.

Kingston, R. I., Jan. 1869. J. G. PERRY.

TESTIMONIALS.

The following is from Rev. Nathan A Reed, formerly Pastor of the first Baptist Church in South Kingstown, R. I., and now Pastor in Michigan.

Mr. J. G. Perry, Dear Sir,

I have examined your collection of Hymns with considerable care, and rejoice that you have determined to secure the publication of these hymns which have so long been enshrined in the hearts of many who love our Lord Jesus Christ. No one can doubt but that they contain the sentiments of a true religious experience, and associated, as they are, with some of the sweetest seasons of holy enjoyment; it is but just to expect that they will add life and spirituality to our prayer and conference meetings. I think that your object has been successfully attained, and therefore commend the volume to all who love the prayer and conference room.

The following is from the lamented Rev. Dr. Jackson, for many years Pastor of the Central Baptist Church in Newport, R. I., and President of the Rhode Island Baptist State Convention, on examination of the manuscript prior to his death.

With the merit and utility of the "*Bible Harp*," I am favorably impressed; it being a collection of Hymns adapted to social religious meetings, with an addition of appropriate songs for Temperance occasions, both select and original. In this book the author has done much to awaken a deeper interest in our social gatherings, and to ensure a better entertainment than has been heretofore furnished. And I do therefore commend the "*Bible Harp*" to the examination and adoption of all who sympathize in social worship and popular association.

The following is from REV. J. H. BAKER, Pastor of 2nd Baptist Church in South Kingstown, R. I.

Believing that singing is an important part of divine worship, and that the good old hymns which our fathers sung, should be preserved unmutilated, and used to inspire the devotional feelings of the pious in their social meetings. I therefore highly approve of the design of MR. JOHN G. PERRY, of Kingston, R. I., in publishing a collection of these sweet songs of Zion. He has long led the devotions of the sanctuary in the public services of the Sabbath, and also in the meetings for conference and prayer; I therefore hope his efforts will be crowned with success in contributing to increase a love for sacred music, and the spirit of genuine piety in the churches.

The following is from REV. DR. A. G. PALMER, Pastor of the first Baptist Church, Stonington, Conn.

J. G. PERRY, Dear Sir,

I am delighted with your "*Bible Harp*" collection for Prayer and Conference Meetings.—I think it will supply a want long felt—a want which the many excellent books have failed to meet. I hope you will be able to make the list of the old "New Light" hymns as complete as possible. They have in them the spirit and power of a true worship, and "when sung with the spirit and the understanding" are far more effective for the edification of God's people than much of our more finished modern Psalmody.

I have examined the "*Bible Harp*," and freely and fully endorse the foregoing testimonials with reference thereto. CHRISTOPHER RHODES,

Pastor Stanton Street Baptist Church
New York City.

INTRODUCTORY HYMN.

1. *Bible Harp.* **P. M.**

1 "Sound forth in tuneful numbers,"
Bible Harp!
Wake Zion from her slumbers,
Bible Harp!
Arouse each drowsy soul;
"Sweetly by the Spirit's power
Brighten every gloomy hour
With soft control."

2 Her sons that shone so brightly,
Bible Harp!
And daughters once so cheerily,
Bible Harp!
Go bid them not give o'er;
"But when cares are changing, trying,
May thy music round them sighing,
Sweet joys restore."

3 We love thy songs of gladness,
Bible Harp!
Of Jesus' love and dying grace,
Bible Harp!
Then pour thy welcome verse,
Let it rise from earth to heaven,
Every morn and every even',
Till all rejoice.

Parody by J. G. Perry.

2. *Love of God.* C. M.

1 Awake my harp and tongue to sing
  The theme of love divine,
The love of God, our heavenly King,
  My father's God and mine.

2 Most blessed theme on which to dwell,
  For thou thy Son didst give,
Our souls to save from sin and hell,
  That they with thee might live.

3 O wondrous love, us to redeem,
  Poor rebels vile and lost;
Amazing pity, thus to deem
  Poor sinners, worth such cost.

4 Thy love, O God, deserves all praise--
  Harp, lift thy voice on high,
And sing aloud to endless days,
  God's love, that brought us nigh.

Rev. I. M. Church.

BLESSED SCRIPTURES.

3. *Precious Bible.* 8s.

1 Precious Bible, what a treasure
  Does the word of God afford;
All I want for life or pleasure,
  Food and medicine, shield and sword;
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food, to which the world's a stranger
  Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
  Though it fills, it never cloys;
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
  Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
  Healing medicines here I find;
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
  Satan cannot make me yield,
For the word of consolation
  Is to me a mighty shield;
While the scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
  When I take the Spirit's sword;
Then, with ease, I drive him from me,
  Satan trembles at his word.
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge and strong the blade.

NEWTON.

4. *My Bible leads to Glory.* **P. M.**

1 My Bible leads to glory, my Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory, ye followers of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Sing on, pray on, ye followers of Immanuel,
Sing on, pray on, ye followers of the Lamb.

2 Religion makes me happy, &c.

3 I'm on my way to glory, &c.

4 I'm fighting for a kingdom, &c.

5 King Jesus is my Captain, &c.

6 We'll have a shout in glory, &c.

7 There we shall live forever, &c.

CHARACTER AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

5. *Preciousness of Christ.* 12s & 9.

1 How precious is the name, brethren sing,
brethren sing,
How precious is the name, brethren sing;
How precious is the name of Christ, our
Paschal Lamb,
Who bore our sin and shame on the tree,
on the tree.

2 I've given all for Christ, he's my all, he's
my all,
I've given all for Christ, he's my all;
I've given all for Christ and my spirit
cannot rest
Unless he's in my breast, reigning there,
reigning there.

3 His easy yoke I'll bear with delight, with delight,
His easy yoke I'll bear, with delight;
His easy yoke I'll bear, and his cross I will not fear,
His name I will declare, evermore, evermore.

4 I feel the love of God in my soul, in my soul,
I feel the love of God in my soul;
I feel the love of God in my heart, 'tis shed abroad,
And I will serve my God here below, here below.

BARBY LITCHFIELD.

6. 8s & 6s.

The Cross, the Sinner's Hope.

1 Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross, on the cross,
For us he shed his precious blood,
On the cross, on the cross;
O hear his all important cry:
"Eli lama sabachthani";
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the cross, on the cross.

2 Behold his arms extended wide,
On the cross, on the cross;
Behold his bleeding hands and side,
On the cross, on the cross;

The sun withholds its rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with demons fight,
On the cross, on the cross.

3 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross;
The rocks they rend the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake
On the cross, on the cross.

4 And now the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross;
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the cross, on the cross;
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross.

5 Where'er I go I'll tell the story,
Of the cross, of the cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross;
Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.

6 Let every mourner rise and cling
To the cross, to the cross;

Let every Christian come and sing,
  Round the cross, round the cross;
There let the preacher take his stand,
  And with the Bible in his hand,
Declare the triumphs through the land
  Of the cross, of the cross.

7. *Remembrance of Calvary.* 6s & 8s.

1 Down from the willow bough
  My slumbering harp I'll take,
And bid its silent strings
  To heavenly themes partake;
How peaceful should its breathings be,
Dear Saviour, when I sing of thee.

2 Love, love on earth appears,
  The wretched throng his way,
He beareth all their griefs,
  And wipes their tears away;
How soft and sweet the strains should be,
Whene'er I sing of Calvary.

3 He saw me as he passed
  In hopeless sorrow lie,
Condemned and doomed to death,
  And no salvation nigh;
O, long and loud the strains should be
Whene'er I sing his love to me.

4 I die for thee, he said,
  Behold the cross arise,
And lo, he bows his head,
  He bows his head and dies;
Soft, soft, my harp, thy breathing be,
Here let me weep on Calvary.

5 He lives! again he lives!
I hear the voice of love,
He came to soothe my fears,
And draws my soul above;
O, joyful now the strain should be,
When thus I sing of Calvary.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

8. **11s & 8s.**

Delightful view of the character of Christ.

1 O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-time resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pasture of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander, an alien from thee.
Or cry in the deserts for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone;
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
Or where with his flocks he has gone.

5 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;

The locks of his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

6 The roses of Sharon the lilies that grow
In vales, on the banks of the streams;
On his cheeks does the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

7 His voice as the sound of the Dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits on his eyelids and scatters delight,
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
And praise him with fulness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word:
He speaks, and eternity filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

9. *Christ crucified.* **C. M.**

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me.

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid,
Receive my soul, he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's iron chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine.

10. *Christ's compassion.* **S. M.**

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry;
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see,
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

BEDDOME

11. **7s & 6s.**

TUNE.—WATCHER, OR WEBB.

1 We all must speak for Jesus,
  Who hath redemption wrought,
Who gave us peace and pardon,
  Which by his blood he bought.
We all must speak for Jesus,
  To show how much we owe
To him who died to save us
  From death and endless woe.

2 We all must speak for Jesus,
  The aged and the young,
With manhood's fearless accents,
  With childhood's lisping tongue.
We all must speak for Jesus,
  His people far and near,
The rich and poor together,
  The peasant and the peer.

3 We all must speak for Jesus,
  Where'er our lot may fall,
Our brothers, sisters, neighbors,
  In cottage and in hall;
We all must speak for Jesus,
  The world in darkness lies;
With him against the mighty,
  Together we must rise.

12. *Christ in the Garden.* **11s.**

1 While nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
And the last rays of daylight were dim in the west;
O'er field by pale moonlight in lonely retreat,
In deep meditation I wandered my feet.

2 I passed a garden, I paused to hear
A voice faint and plaintive from one kneeling there;
The voice of the mourner affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinners part.

3 In appealing to heaven his pitying prayer,
He spake of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life as a ransom he offered to give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.

4 I listened a moment, then turned me to see,
What man of compassion this stranger could be;
When, lo! I discovered, knelt on the cold ground,
The loveliest being that ever was found.

5 His mantle was wet with the dews of the night,
His locks by pale moonlight were glistening and bright;
His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven were raised,
While around him in grandeur stood angels amazed.

6 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayer,
That down on his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears;
I wept to behold him, and asked him his name,
He answered—'TIS JESUS, from heaven I came.

13. *The Atonement.* **P. M.**

1 Saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour, the Lord?
O he died on Calvary
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended, he was extended,
Painfully nailed to the cross;
There he bowed his head and died,
There my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain;
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the dear Lamb.

4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Day was concealed o'er the land;
And the sun refused to shine,
While his majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.

5 When it was finished, when it was finished,
And the atonement was made;
He was taken by the great,
And embalmed in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail mighty Saviour, hail mighty Saviour,
Prince, and the Author of Peace;
Soon he bursts the bands of death,
And triumphant from the earth
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live;
Crying, see my hands and side,
Father, I was crucified
To redeem them. I pray thee forgive.

14. *Sufficiency of the Atonement.* **C. M.**

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I as vile as he
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. COWPER.

15. *The Living Redeemer.* **L. M.**

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives;
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting head.

2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives all glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.

3 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

4 He lives, my kind and gracious friend,
He lives and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 He lives, all glory to his name,
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

16. *Christ the Beloved.* **7s & 8.**

1 My beloved, wilt thou own me,
When my heart is all defiled;
Though thy dying love has won me,
Can I deem thee reconciled.

2 My beloved pass before me,
Never from my sight remove;
Many waters flowing o'er me,
Cannot quench my burning love.

3 My beloved now endue me,
With thine own attractive charms;
May thy spirit sweetly woo me,
Fold me in thy sheltering arms.

4 My beloved safely hide me
In the drear and cloudy day;

Ere the windy storm has tried me,
Hide my trembling soul, I pray.

5 My beloved kindly take me
To thy sympathizing breast,
Never, never more forsake me,
Guide me to the land of rest.

MRS. DANA.

17. **P. M.**

Christ our Conductor and Protector.

1 Dark and thorny is the desert,
Through which pilgrims make their way,
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow
Lie the fields of endless day;
Fiends loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

2 O young soldiers are you weary
Of the roughness of the way,
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay?
Jesus, Jesus will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He, whose thunder shakes creation,
He, who bids the planets roll,
He, who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole;
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command,
They are always hovering round you
Till you reach the heavenly land.

4 There on flowery hills of pleasure
  Lie the fields of endless rest,
Love, and joy, and peace forever
  Reign and triumph in your breast;
Who can paint the scenes of glory,
  Where the ransom'd dwell on high,
There on golden harps forever
  Sound redemption through the sky.

18. **C. M.**

Christ precious to the Believers.

1 Thou, dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
  We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
  Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
  In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
  Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Our Saviour shall be still our theme,
  While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
  When all things else decay.

4 When we arrive in yonder cloud
  With all the favored throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
  And Christ shall be our song.

MADANS' COLL:

19. *Christ the Rock.* **P. M.**

1 We've found the Rock, the travelers cried,
  O Halle. Hallelujah;

The stone that all the prophets tried,
O Halle. Hallelujah.
Come, children, drink the balmy dew,
O Halle. Hallelujah,
'Twas Christ that shed his blood for you,
Sing glory, Hallelujah.

2 This costly mixture cures the soul,
Which sin and guilt had made so foul;
O that you would believe in God,
And wash in Christ's most precious blood.

3 O harken children, Christ is come,
The bride is ready, let us run;
I'm glad, I ever saw the day,
That we have met to sing and pray.

4 There's glory, glory in my soul,
Come, mourner, feel the current roll;
Welcome, dear friends, this know to-night,
It shines around with dazzling light.

5 And in this light we'll soar away,
Where there's no night, but open day;
O children, children, bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross.

6 We'll bear the cross, and wear the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down;
His grace will feed our hungry souls,
While love divine eternal rolls.

7 His fiery chariots make their way
To welcome us to endless day,
There glittering millions we shall join
To praise the Prince of David's line.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

20. *The Christian's Treasure.* **P. M.**

1 Religion is a most glorious treasure,
The purchase of a Saviour's love;
It fills the soul with unbounded pleasure,
And lifts the heart to things above.
It soothes our fears and gives consolation,
It smoothes the way o'er life's rough sea,
'Tis gentle goodness and humble patience,
This heavenly treasure mine shall be.

2 How vain, how fleeting, how transitory
This world with all its pomp and show,
Its vain delight and delusive glory,
I'd gladly leave them all below;
But pure religion will last forever,
And strengthened my glad heart shall be,
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly treasure mine shall be.

3 This earthly temple is now dissolving,
And mortal life will soon be o'er,
These earthly cares and these scenes revolving,
Will pain my eyes and ears no more.
But grace and heaven shall be my story,
While I in Jesus such beauty see,
'Tis meekness, goodness and life and glory,
This heavenly treasure mine shall be.

21. *Heavenly joy on earth.* **S. M.**

1 Come we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place,
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew the Lord;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

WATTS.

22. *Daily devotion encouraged.* S. M.

1 Let sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God;
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thy holy rod.

WATTS.

23. *The Determination.* 8s & 7s.

1 Glory to God that I have found
The pearl of my salvation,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
Up to our heavenly station;
And I'm resolved to follow on,
And never to forsake him,
I'll always keep this narrow way,
Till I do overtake him.

2 Fear not, says Christ, ye little flock,
Heirs of immortal glory,
You are built upon the surest rock,
And the kingdom lies before you;
Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of grace,
And tell the pleasing story,
I'm with my little flock always,
And will bring them home to glory.

24. *Early called.* C. M.

1 In early life, while infant years
Had scarcely gone from me,
My precious Saviour then did speak,
And called unto me.

2 I hardly knew the one that called,
The voice I faintly heard;
Because it was so still and small,
I did not know 'twas God.

3 But as I listened to the voice,
It louder seemed to sound,
Until I fully was convinced,
It came from God alone.

4 The voice did speak of righteousness,
Of the way that I should go;
It taught me that my Saviour died,
To save my soul from woe.

5 Then I beheld that lovely form,
A bleeding on the cross;
Then I did cry, O Jesus save,
O save a sinner lost.

6 At length a reformation came,
And this was new to me,
I wondered what it all should mean,
And I would go and see.

7 I went and heard the Gospel preach'd,
I felt its quickening power,
I felt that God was in the place,
And knocking at my door.

8 My sinful heart and wicked pride
Then barred my Saviour out;
I was not willing for to yield,
And turn myself about.

9 All the young converts loved my soul,
And took me by the hand,
With tender love invited me
To join their little band.

10 I tried to pray, my life was spared,
God granted my request;
Then I did think from day to day,
I would my sins confess.

11 God at this time did work by means
To open my blind eyes,
He caused repentance for to flow,
And then he heard my cries.

12 I yielded to his sov'reign will,
And gave my heart to God;
Then peace did flow into my soul
Through Jesus' precious blood.

13 The peaceful spirit like a dove,
Then caused my lips to sing,
And I was happy in his love,
And free from every sin.

14 I loved my God, I loved his word,
I loved his children too,
I loved the blessed Saviour kind,
I loved his will to do.

15 I trust I then was born again,
And felt the Spirit's power,
And hope that I shall follow Christ
Until my dying hour.

25. *The Happiness of Religion.* P. M.

1 How happy is the man who has chosen wisdom's ways,
And measured out his span to his God in prayer and praise;
His God and his Bible are all that he desires,
To holiness of heart he continually aspires,
In poverty he's happy, for he knows he has a Friend,
Who never will forsake him, and on whom he can depend.

2 He rises in the morning, with the lark he tunes his lays,
And offers up his tribute to his God in prayer and praise,
And then to his labors he cheerfully repairs,

In confidence believing that God will hear
his prayers;
Whatever he engages in at home or abroad,
His object is to honor and to glorify his God.

3 In sickness, pain and sorrow he never will
repine,
While he is drawing nourishment from
Christ the living vine;
When trouble presses heavily, he leans on
Jesus' breast,
And in his precious promises he finds a
quiet rest;
The yoke of Christ is easy, and his burden
always light,
He lives, nor is he weary, till Canaan heaves
in sight.

4 'Tis thus you have his history, through
life, from day to day,
Religion is no mystery, with him 'tis a
beaten way,
And when upon his pillow he lieth down
to die,
In hope he rejoices, for he knows his God
is nigh;
And when life's lamp is flickering, his soul
on wings of love,
He's away to realms of glory there to reign
with Christ above.

26. *The Benefits of Humiliation.* **9s.**

1 Low down in the beautiful valley
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
Where loud storms of envy and folly
May roll on their billows in vain.

2 This low vale is far from contention,
There's no soul can dream of dissension;
No dark wiles of evil invention
Can find out these regions of peace.

3 The low soul in humble subjection
Shall there find unshaken protection,
The soft gales of cheering reflection,
The mind soothes in sorrow and pain.

4 O there, there the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of this beautiful river,
Which flows peace forever and ever,
Where love and joy will always increase.

27. *Debtor to Grace.* 8s & 7s.

1 Come thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy praise,
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above,
Praise the mount I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's redeeming love.

2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God,
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be,

Let thy goodness like a fetter
  Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
  Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
  Seal it for thy courts above.

ROBINSON.

28. *The joyful Travelers.* 7s.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing,
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

CHORUS.—O how happy we shall be,
When we've gained the victory,
Victory, victory,
When we've gained the victory.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our father's trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
Victory, &c.

3 O ye banished seed be glad,
Christ, our advocate, is made
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother, to our souls becomes.
Victory, &c.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son
Bids us undismayed go on.
Victory, &c.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.
Victory, &c. CENNICK.

29. 8s & 7s.

Forsaking all for Christ.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet, how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too,
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me:
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain;
I have called thee Abba Father,
I have set my heart on thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

GRANT.

30. *Walking with God.* C. M.

1 O, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord;
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word.

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still;
But now I feel an aching void,
This world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest,
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;

So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

COWPER.

31. L. M. Double.

The Star of Bethlehem.

1 When marshalled on the nightly plain
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem,
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and dangerous thrall,
It led me to the port of peace;
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem
For ever, and for evermore
The star, the star of Bethlehem.

H. K. WHITE.

32. **L. M.**

The loving kindness of God.

1 Awake my soul in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 When troubles like a gloomy cloud
Have gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

3 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

5 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving kindness in the skies.

MEDLEY.

33. *The praises of God.* **C. M.**

1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed,

From my example comfort take
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The host of God encamp around
The dwelling of the just,
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide:
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

TATE & BRADY.

34. *The Beautiful World.* P. M.

1 We're going home, we've had visions bright
Of that holy land, that world of light,
Where the long, dark night of time is past,
And the morn of eternity dawns at last;
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home:
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,
And the waves of bliss are flowing round.
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

2 We're going home, we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear, and all are free;
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,

And the seraph's anthems blend with its strains;
Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
And beams on a world that is fair and good;
Where stars once dimmed at nature's doom,
Will ever shine o'er the new earth bloom.
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

3 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the seas of bliss:
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness;
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angels cheer,
'Mid the saints that round the throne appear:
Where the conqueror's song as it sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
Through endless years we then shall prove,
The depth of a Saviour's matchless love,
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

35. 7s & 6s.

Come, my brethren, let us try.

1 Come, my brethren, let us try
For a little season;
Every burden to lay by,
Come and let us reason.

2 What is this that casts you down?
What is this that grieves you?

Speak, and let the worst be known.
  Speaking may relieve you.

3 Think on what the Saviour bore
  In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood at every pore,
  To procure our pardon.

4 View him nailed to the tree,
  Bleeding, groaning, dying;
See, he suffered this for thee,
  Therefore, be believing.

36. 8s & 6s.

The Pilgrim's happy lot.

1 How happy is the Pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear,
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
  He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
  From every creature love ;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
  And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view;
  O, those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen,
Their honors, wealth, and pleasure mean,
  I never have, nor want.

4 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies. J. WESLEY.

37. *Not ashamed of Christ.* L. M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee;
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus, sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus, just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning star! bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus, yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

GRIGG.

38. *Good old way.* **L. M.**

1 Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

2 Our conflicts here though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 Though Satan may his power employ,
Our peace and comfort to destroy;
Yet never fear, we'll win the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

4 O, good old way, how good thou art,
May none of us from thee depart;
But may our actions always say,
We're walking in the good old way.

5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view, by faith, the promised land;
Then we will shout, and sing, and pray,
And march along the good old way.

6 When far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll join with those who've gone before,
And shout to think we gained the day,
By walking in the good old way.

39. *Christian experience.* **L. M.**

1 When strangers stand and hear me tell,
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and find him too.

2 My best beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shows his face,
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 In vineyards, planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand,
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engrossed my warmest love,
No earthly charms, my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death, nor hell shall make us part.

5 He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
Nor ear hath heard, nor tongue can tell,
What raptures in his presence dwell.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my love.

40. *The Christian joys.* C. M.

1 My soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice;
In God, my Saviour and my King,
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy
When I've a feast at home,
My sorrows are turned into songs,
The Comrorter is come.

3 Down from above, the blessed Dove
  Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love,
  This is my heavenly feast.

4 This makes me, Abba Father, cry,
  With confidence of soul;
It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
  And that without control.

5 There is a stream which issues forth
  From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream,
  Clear as the crystal stone.

6 These streams do water Paradise,
  And make the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart,
  Hence all my joys do spring.

7 Such joys as are unspeakable,
  And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
  As worldings never knew.

8 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
  From fancy 'tis concealed,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
  And hast to me revealed.

9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
  I taste thy sweetest love;
My soul doth leap, but O, for wings,
  The wings of Noah's dove!

10 Then should I flee far hence away,
  Leaving this world of sin;
Then should my Lord put forth his hand,
  And kindly take me in.

11 Then should my soul with angels feast,
On joys that always last;
Blessed be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

41. *Sons of Zion.* **P. M.**

1 Sons of Zion wake to glory,
And shout a victory won,
Wake, wake, and I'll tell the story,
What Christ, Immanuel's done;
Tell how angels met him coming
From the throne of God on high,
From the courts of the Lord on high,
Clad in vesture like us mortals,
With sorrow at his side he came,
And suffered in our stead;
That we might reign with God on high,
Where angels and archangels shout,
And cherubs sing,
And seraphs say, amen.
Where angels, &c.

2 There songs of praise on harps of gold
Shall be our great employ,
Not half the bliss can ere be told,
What the saints shall there enjoy;
Then sons of Zion wake to glory,
And shout, a victory's won,
Wake, wake, and I tell the story,
What Christ, Immanuel's done;
Tell, how angels met him coming
From the throne of God on high,

From the courts of the Lord on high,
Clad in vesture like us mortals,
With sorrow at his heart he came,
And suffered in our stead,
That we might reign with God, &c.

42. S. M.

TUNE.—OLNEY.

1 The Spirit in our hearts
  Is whispering, sinner, come;
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
  To all his children, Come.

2 Let him that heareth say
  To all about him, Come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
  To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
  Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
  'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
  Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; I wait thy hour;
  Jesus, my Saviour, come.

43. *Christian Watchfulness.* S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,
  A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save,
  And fitted for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
  My calling to fulfil;

O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with zealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And, O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die. C. WESLEY.

44. *The Christian's Home.* 7s.

1 Brethren, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear,
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One who loves us to the end;
Forward then with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below,
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

2 In the world a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares,
Satan with malicious art
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free
Saints shall soon victorious be,
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet,
None betray us into sin
Like the foes we have within;

Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these,
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

45. *Watch and pray.* S. M.

1 My soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
Up to his blest abode. HEATH.

46. *Faithful.* 6s, 10s & 7s.

1 I'll try to prove faithful,
I'll try to prove faithful,
I'll try to prove faithful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.

2 O let us prove faithful, &c.

3 We mean to be faithful, &c.

4 There'll be no more parting, &c.
5 There'll be no more sorrow, &c.
6 There we shall see Jesus, &c.
7 There we shall sing praises, &c.

47. *The Christian Soldier.* P. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
CHORUS.—I'm a soldier for Jesus, O hallelujah!
I love my Jesus, O hallelujah!
O love and serve the Lord!

2 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us on to God?
I'm a soldier, &c.

3 Shall I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas.
I'm a soldier, &c.

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.
I'm a soldier, &c.

5 The saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;

They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
I'm a soldier, &c.

6 When that illustrious morn shall rise,
And all thine armies shine ;
With robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine. WATTS.

48. 12s & 8s.

Exhortation to Activity and Duty.

1 Arise, my soul, arise, shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice in my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above, for me to intercede,
His own redeeming love, is precious for to grieve;
His blood atones for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears, received on Calvary,
They pour effectual prayers, and strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray, his dear anointed one,
He cannot turn away the presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled, his pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child, I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

C. WESLEY.

REVIVALS.

49. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Prayers for a Revival.

1 Saviour, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain,
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

2 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every part looked fresh and green,
All its plants by thee were nourished,
Then how cheering was the scene.
Lord revive us, &c.

3 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord revive us, &c.

4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again,
O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord revive us, &c.

5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers,
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord revive us, &c.

6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord revive us, &c. NEWTON.

50. *The true Penitent.* **C. M.**

1 Hark! hear the sound on earth 'tis found,
My soul delights to hear
Of dying love, that's from above,
And pardon bought so dear.

2 God's ministers, like flames of fire,
Are passing through the land;
The voice is, hear, repent and fear,
King Jesus is at hand.

3 God's people shine with grace divine,
They're sanctified by truth;
The saints in prayer cry; Lord draw near,
Have mercy on our youth.

4 Come, lovely youth, embrace the truth,
And pray with one accord;
Saints, raise your songs with joyful tongues,
To hail the approaching Lord.

51. *Prayers for a Revival.* **C. M.**

1 O breathe a reformation flame,
And fill my soul with love;
O send thy Holy Spirit down,
And cause thy saints to move.

2 Let sinners now begin to feel
  Conviction in their heart,
And cause them now to cry aloud,
  That they may have a part.

3 Show us some token of thy love,
  And hear our humble prayer;
Our neighbors, Lord, we pray may come,
  And in thy blessings share.

4 Deny us not, O Lord, of hope,
  While trusting in thy grace;
We want to see our children come,
  And view thy lovely face.

5 O let them share thy mercy, Lord,
  O let them feel thy power,
O draw them now to taste thy love,
  And we will doubt no more.

6 Alarm the wicked and profane,
  And teach them how to pray;
O may they now be born again,
  And walk the narrow way.

7 Bring down the proud that look with scorn
  Upon thy humble few,
Let meekness now their souls adorn,
  And make them Christians too.

8 I want poor sinners all to come,
  And bow before the Lord,
And pray to Christ whose power can save
  Through his atoning blood.

9 Let every sinner now come out,
  And let us know their case;
And we will pray that God will hear,
  And grant his pardoning grace.

52. *Revival Blessings.* 8s & 6s.

1 The Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
I taste and see the pardon's free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who comes to Christ may live.

4 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our trials and our troubles here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

5 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there;
Now here's my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

53. *Canaan.* 8s & 9s.

1 Together let us sweetly live,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan;
Together let us sweetly die,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

CHORUS.—O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan;
O, Canaan it is my happy home,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

2 If you get there before I do,
I'm bound, &c.
Look out for me, I'm coming too,
I'm bound, &c.

3 I have some friends before me gone,
I'm bound, &c.
And I'm resolved to follow on,
I'm bound, &c,

4 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I'm bound, &c.
While higher still our joys they'll rise,
I'm bound, &c.

5 Then come with me, beloved friend,
I'm bound, &c.
The joys of heaven shall never end,
I'm bound, &c.

54. *The affecting question.* 7s.

1 Hark! my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis the Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought the wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care,
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore
Hope for grace to love thee more.

COWPER.

55. *Praise for Conversion.* **12s & 11s.**

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul, for the work he has done,
Such heavenly peace in my soul has begun;
I'll give him the glory, while on earth I remain,
And when I pass over Jordan I'll praise him again.

2 My soul is immersed in a fountain of love,
My heart and affection's on Jesus above;

Through grace I'm determined, I'll never give o'er,
Till safely I'm landed on fair Canaan's shore.

56. *Why sleep we?.* **11s.**

1 Why sleep we, my brethren? come, let us arise,
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,
O, let us be active; awake! and repent.

2 O, how can we slumber, the Master is come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a home:
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

3 O, how can we slumber, our foes are awake;
To ruin poor souls, every effort they make;
To accomplish their object, no means are untried;
The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.

4 O, how can we slumber! when so much was done,
To purchase salvation by Jesus the Son;

Now mercy is proferred, and justice displayed,
Now God can be honored, and sinners be saved.

5 O, how can we slumber! when death is so near,
And sinners are sinking to endless despair;
Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high prize,
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.

6 O, how can we slumber! ye sinners, look round,
Before the last trumpet your heart shall confound;
O, fly to the Saviour, he calls you to day,
While mercy is waiting, O make no delay.

7 O fly ye, O fly ye, saith Jesus to me,
Thy guilt I will pardon, thy soul I will free;
From the chains that have bound thee, my grace shall release,
And thy stains I will wash, and thy sorrows shall cease.

57. *Heaven begun on earth.* C. M. D.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven,

This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my home in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see,
The land of rest, the saints delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate the day;
We feel that heaven is drawing near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 He soon will more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
Then shall our ransomed spirits go,
And praise the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him we gaze,
And all his glories see,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity. C. WESLEY.

58. *Give me Jesus.* 7s & 4s.

1 I've heard young converts say,
I've heard young converts say,
I've heard young converts say,
Give me Jesus, give me Jesus, give me Jesus,
And you may have all this world besides,
Give me Jesus.

2 When I'm happy hear me sing,
When I'm happy hear me sing,
When I'm happy hear me sing,

Give me Jesus, give me Jesus, give me Jesus,
And you may have all this world besides,
Give me Jesus.

3 When in sorrow hear me pray, &c.

4 In the morning when I rise, &c.

5 At noonday when I pray, &c.

6 At midnight when I sleep, &c.

7 When I'm dying hear me cry, &c.

8 In the resurrection morn, &c.

9 When in heaven we will sing,
When in heaven we will sing,
When in heaven we will sing,
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
By thy grace we are saved.
Blessed Jesus.

59. *The Invitation.* P. M.

1 Come, brothers, will you go along with me,
For to seek a happy home,
And to die in the arms of Jesus?
List in the field of battle,
Fight on the field of battle,
Die on the field of battle,
Glory in our souls.

2 Come, sisters, will you go along with me? &c.

3 Come, sinners, will you go along with me? &c.

4 Backsliders will you go along with me? &c.

30. *Prayers answered.* **L. M.**

1 Pray on, my brethren, in the Lord,
Pray till you feel the power of God,
Pray till you drive your doubts away,
Pray till you see the Gospel day.

2 Pray, for the mourners, see their grief,
Pray till their souls shall find relief,
Pray for the wicked everywhere,
Pray that your garments may be clear.

3 Soon you shall have your hearts desire,
Our God will answer as by fire;
You'll see the effect of fervent prayer,
In the abundant grace you share.

31. *The new Converts.* **6s & 9s.**

1 O how happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the Saviour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What true joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name.

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song,
O that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above,
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever could grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My glad soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the world was quite under my feet.

7 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

62. **7s & 6s.**

The long suffering of God.

PART I.

1 When I set out for glory,
I left the world behind,
Determined for a city,
That's out of sight, to find;
And to glory I will go.

2 I left my worldly honor,
I left my worldly fame,
I left my young companions,
And with them my good name.
And to glory I will go.

3 Some said, I'd better tarry,
They thought I was too young
For to prepare for dying,
But that was all my theme.
And to glory I will go.

PART II.

4 The Lord, he loves the beggar,
Who truly begs indeed;
He always will relieve him,
Whene'er he stands in need.
And to begging I will go.

5 I do not beg for riches,
Nor to be dressed fine,
The garment that he'll give me,
The sun it will outshine.
And to begging I will go.

6 The richest man I ever saw,
Was one that begged the most;
His soul was filled with Jesus,
And with the Holy Ghost.
And to begging I will go.

63. 11s, 7s & 4s.

The old ship Zion.

1 O what ship is this that is now sailing by?
O glory, hallelujah!
'Tis the old ship of Zion,
Hallelujah!

2 Will you tell me what is your Captain's name?
O glory, hallelujah!
'Tis the meek and lowly Jesus,
Hallelujah!

3 What colors do you hoist in time of war?
O glory, hallelujah!
'Tis the bloody robe of Jesus,
Hallelujah!

4 The old ship Zion is a man-of-war,
O glory, hallelujah!
For she never has been taken,
Hallelujah!

5 O what men are those who are going on board,
O glory, hallelujah!
They are passengers for glory,
Hallelujah!

6 Do you think she will be able for to carry us all o'er?
O glory, hallelujah!
Yes, she's carried many thousands, hallelujah,
And can carry as many more, hallelujah!

7 Can you tell when she'll be ready for to sail?
O glory, hallelujah!
Time enough to reach the harbor,
Hallelujah!

8 O what shall we do when we all get there,
O glory, hallelujah!

We will shout and sing forever,
Hallelujah!

9 Is there any body here that is going on board?
O glory, hallelujah!
We will sail along together,
Hallelujah!

64. *The Gospel Ship.* P. M.

1 The Gospel ship is sailing by,
The ark of safety now is nigh;
O sinners, unto Jesus fly,
Improve your day of grace.
CHORUS.—O there'll be glory, glory, O hallelujah!
O there'll be glory.
When all the saints get home.

2 Come, fathers, will you go with me,
Come, mothers, will you go with me;
Eternity you soon shall see,
When saints shall reign on high. *Cho*

3 Come, brothers, will you go with me?
Come, sisters, will you go with me?
Come, neighbors, will you go with me?
And flee the wrath to come, *Cho.*
When all the saints get home?

4 The judgment day is rolling on,
The glass of life will soon be run
Creation with her fiery doom;
The Lord will soon appear, *Cho.*
When saints shall view him near.

5 Now, hark! the trumpet rends the skies,
See, slumbering millions wake and rise
With joy, with terror, and surprise,
The last great day is come *Cho.*
Around the judgment throne.

65. *The Turtle Dove.* L. M. D.

1 Hark! don't you hear the turtle dove,
The token of a Saviour's love?
From hill to hill we hear the sound,
And neighboring valleys all around;
O, Zion, hear the turtle dove,
The token of our Saviour's love,
He comes the barren land to cheer,
And welcome in the jubal year.

2 The winter 's past, the storms are o'er,
We feel the chilling winds no more,
The spring is come, and summer too,
All things appear divinely new;
On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
The resurrection 's drawing nigh,
Behold the nations from abroad
Are flocking to the mount of God.

3 The latter days are verging on,
And fugitives are flocking home,
Behold them crowd the Gospel road,
All pressing to the mount of God;
O, yes! and I will join that band,
And here's my heart, and here's my hand,
With Satan's band no more to be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

4 His banner soon will be unfurled,
And he will come to judge the world,
On Zion's mount we then shall stand,
Surrounded by fair Canaan's land;
The sun and moon shall darkened stand,
And flames consume the sea and land;
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout the great Redeemer's praise.

66. *Call for aid.* **8s.**

1 Brethren, we have met for worship,
And to adore the Lord our God,
Will you pray with all your power,
While we wait upon the Lord;
All is vain, unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One comes down,
Brethren, pray, and heavenly manna
Will be showered all around.

2 Don't you see poor sinners round you,
Slumbering on the brink of woe?
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to let them go?
See your fathers and your mothers
And your children sinking down,
Brethren, pray with all your power,
And the blessings will come down.

3 Don't you see the poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door?
But they've wandered from the Saviour,
And are worse than e'er before;
But the Saviour offers pardon,
If they will to him return,
Brethren, pray with all your power,
And the blessing will come down.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us,
  Moses' sister helped him,
Will you seek the trembling mourners;
  Who are struggling hard with sin;
Tell them all about the Saviour,
  Tell them that He may be found,
Sisters, pray with all your power,
  And the blessing will come down.

67. *Future Hope.* **8s & 7s.**

1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
  Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
  When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
  Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number.—
  Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
  Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God who hath bereft us:
  He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
  When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
  Where no farewell tear is shed.

68. *The Converts joy and duty.* **P. M.**

1 The glorious light of Zion is spreading
  far and wide,
And sinners now are coming into the Gospel
  tide;

The standard of King Jesus doth now in triumph rise,
And sinners crowd around it with bitter shrieks and cries.

2 The suff'rings of the Saviour upon mount Calvary
Are sounding loud to sinners—come, this will set you free;
And while this glorious message is circulating round,
Some souls exposed to ruin, redeeming love have found.

3 And of that happy number I hope that I am one,
And Jesus Christ will finish the work he has begun;
He'll cut it short in righteousness, and I'll forever be
A monument of mercy to all eternity.

4 I am but a young convert, I lately did enlist,
A soldier under Jesus, my Captain, King, and Priest;
I have received my bounty, likewise my martial dress,
A ring of love and favor, a robe of righteousness.

5 And down into the water, young converts love to go,
To serve our Lord and Master in righteous acts below;

To lay our sinful bodies beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of the Saviour when he lay in the grave.

6 Come, all ye elder brethren, who're soldiers of the cross,
Who for the sake of Jesus have counted all things dross;
Come, pray for me, young converts, that we may travel on,
And meet you all in glory where our Redeemer's gone.

SINNERS ENTREATED.

69. 6s, 7s & 5s.

Remember thy Creator.

1 Remember thy Creator,
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes ages night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 Remember thy Creator,
Before the dust returns
To earth, for 'tis its nature,
And life's last ember burns;
Before the God who gave it,
The Spirit shall appear,
He cries, who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.

S. F. Smith.

70. L. M.

TUNE.—DEDHAM.

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

2 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

3 They marked the footsteps that he trod—
His zeal inspired their breast—
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

71. L. M.

The Saviour knocking at the door.

1 Behold, a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Hath waited long, is waiting still,
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
Oh, matchless kindness, and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him ere his anger burn,
His feet departed, ne'er return;
Admit him or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand. GREGG.

72. P. M.

1 Never be afraid to speak for Jesus,
Think how much a word can do;
Never be afraid to own your Saviour,
He who loves and cares for you.
CHO.—Never be afraid, never be afraid,
Never, never, never,
Jesus is your loving Saviour,
Therefore never be afraid.

2 Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
In His vineyard day by day;
Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
He will all your toil repay. *Cho.*

73. 9s & 8s.

Royal Proclamation.

1 Hear the Royal Proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation
Publishing to every creature
To the ruined sons of nature.
CHO.—Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds' loudly crying:
Rebel, sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour. *Cho.*

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing;
Here is life and free salvation
Offered to the whole creation. *Cho.*

4 'Twas for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified,
Conquered death and rose to heaven,
Life eternal 's through him given. *Cho.*

5 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Turn, or you are lost forever,
Oh, now fly unto the Saviour. *Cho.*

6 Here is life, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money;
Mercy flowing like a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain. *Cho.*

7 For this love let rocks and mountains
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightnings, blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises. *Cho*

8 Now our hearts have caught new fire,
Brethren, raise your voices higher,
Shout with royal acclamation
To the King of our salvation. *Cho.*

9 Shout ye saints of every nation
To the bounds of the creation,
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The almighty Prince of Zion. *Cho.*

10 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption,
Angels shout the pleasing story
Through the brighter worlds of glory.
Cho.

74. *The Christian's anxiety.* P. M.

1 With love and pity I look round
Upon my fellow clay,
See, men reject the Gospel sound,
O Lord, what shall I say?
O turn, sinners, turn, may the Lord help you turn,
O turn, for why will you die?

2 My bowels yearn for dying men,
Doomed to eternal woe;
Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain,
If God does not speak too.
O turn, sinners, turn, &c.

3 O sinners, sinners, won't you hear,
When in God's name I come?
Upon your peril don't forbear,
Lest hell should be your doom.
O turn, sinners, turn, &c.

4 Now is the time, the accepted hour,
O sinners come away;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.
O turn, sinners, turn, &c.

5 O don't refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw;

He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.
O turn, sinners, turn, &c.

6 Then where poor mortals shall you be,
If destitute of grace,
When you your injured judge shall see,
And stand before his face.
O turn, sinners, turn, &c.

7 O could you shun that dreadful sight,
How you would wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all searching eye.
O turn, sinners, turn, &c.

8 But death and hell must all appear,
And you among them stand,
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.
O turn, sinners, turn, &c.

9 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.
O turn, sinners, turn, &c.

75. *The Gospel.* C. M.

1 Come, sinners, hear the Gospel word,
Jehovah doth declare;
Repent, believe, while life shall last,
There is no time to spare.

2 Our lives are like an evening gone,
Swift through the breathing air;
O, prepare to meet thy God,
There is no time to spare.

3 Come, O ye sinners! come to Christ,
With all believing prayer;
And plead the merits of his death,—
There is no time to spare.

4 The blood of Christ was shed for you,
To save you from despair;
Let conscience speak, and it will say—
There is no time to spare.

5 Now is the time, your Saviour cries,—
On him cast every care;
Come, then, accept this offer now,—
There is no time to spare.

6 The King of glory 's gone before,
A mansion to prepare;
Oh, seek an interest in his blood,—
There is no time to spare.

76. *The Christian Invitation.* P. M.

1 Come, sinners, to the Saviour,
Every one;
He's died for your behaviour,
Every one;
What could he have done more?
O, no longer then delay;
Haste ye, haste ye, while 'tis day,—
O sinners, come!
What could he have done more? &c.

2 You're all alike invited,
Every one;
Come rich and poor, united,
Every one;
Come, go along with us,
And together we will sing,—
Glory to our God and King,–
O, sinner, come!
And go along with us, &c.

3 Then soon we'll meet in glory,
Every one;
And there repeat the story,
Every one;
Falling at Jesus' feet,
Singing, worthy is the Lamb
That on Calvary was slain,—
O, sinners, come!
And fall at Jesus' feet:
Would you find a welcome there,
You must sue for mercy here;
O, sinners, come. J. G. Perry.

77. *Entreaty.* P. M.

1 Ah, guilty sinner, ruined by transgression,
What shall thy soul do when arrayed in terror?
When God shall command thee covered with pollution,
Up to the judgment?
2 Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice?
Fly to the caverns, court annihilation;

Vain thy presumption, justice still shall triumph
In thy destruction.

3 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the judge in vengeance
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit
Swift to perdition.

4 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet, he is gracious, and with arms unfolded
Waits to embrace thee.

5 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness,
Jesus invites you.

78. *The Invitation and Resolve.* C. M.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come with your guilt and fears oppressed,
And make this last resolve.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Hath like a mountain rose;

I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps he'll hear my prayer;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish, if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

6 But should I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried;
I there should die (delightful thought),
Where ne'er a sinner died.

WINDSON, LANESBORO, FRANKLIN.

79. *Christ will forgive.* **S. M**

1 Come, trembling sinner, come,
And bow before the Lord;
Come as you are to Jesus' feet,
And trust his sacred word.

2 He's promised to forgive,
The soul that trusts his grace;
Repenting sinner, you shall live,
And see his smiling face.

80. *Sinners entreated to reflect.* **S. M.**

1 O! thoughtless sinners think,
Think on your dreadful doom,
Think of that awful burning hell
That lies beyond the tomb.

2 Think of a heaven above
Where joy eternal reigns,
Think of the dying Saviour's love,
His tears, and groans, and pains.

3 Think how he bore the cross,
That he might pardon give;
Then fly to him, ye dying souls,
Repent, return, and live.

D. M. C. STEDMAN.

81. *Sinners invited.* **8s, 7s & 4s.**

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.

CHORUS.—Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh. *Cho.*

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him. *Cho.*

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all. *Cho.*

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Low your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies. *Cho.*

82. 12s & 11s.

The Saviour's Invitation.

1 Will you come to the cross I have died on for you,
To save you from death which was justly your due?
Will you—will you—will you—will you come to the cross?

2 And while at my feet in contrition you lie,
I'll hush with my love every penitent sigh;
Say, will you—will you—will you—will you take up the cross?

3 'Tis your Saviour that calls, 'tis your God that implores
You sinners to turn and embrace His dear cause;
Say, will you—will you—will you—will you turn and be free?

4 Be free from the world, its temptation and care,—
And take up the cross, it is easy to bear;
Say, will you—will you—will you—will you take up the cross?

5 'Twill be feet for the lame and support for the frail,
And a weapon of war when thy foes shall assail;
Say, will you—will you—will you—will you take up the cross?

83. *Will you go.* **P. M.**

1 We're trav'ling home to heaven above, will you go, will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love, will you go, will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed Kings and Priests to God,
And millions more are on the road, will you go, will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb, will you go, will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name, will you go, will you go?
The crown of life we soon shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share, will you go, will you go?

3 The way to heaven is free to all, will you go, will you go?
For Jew and Gentile, great and small, will you go, will you go?
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now with saints for glory start, will you go, will you go?

4 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
will you go, will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again, will you
go, will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee .
Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see, will you
go, will you go?

5 O could I hear some sinner say, I will go!
I will go!
I'll start this moment clear the way, let me
go! let me go!
My old companions fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell, I will
go! I will go!

84. *Christian Fellowship* S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

85. 10s & 12s.

Careless sinner warned.

1 O careless sinner, come, pray, now attend,
This world is not your home, it soon will end ;
Jehovah calls aloud, forsake the thoughtless crowd,
Pursue the road to God, and happy be.

2 No happiness you'll find while thus you go.
No peace unto your mind, but pain and woe
Attend you every day while far from God you stray,
O, sinner, come away, and ever live.

3 How many calls you've had. I call again;
How can you be so bad, so full of sin
As to refuse the voice which calls you to rejoice
In making heaven your choice and shuning hell.

4 Nor do I call alone; the Saviour too,
E'en with his dying groan, cries, bid adieu
To all your lovers now, and to his sceptre bow,
And he will tell you how to live anew.

5 But if you will refuse, down, down you'll go,
And with the wicked choose the road to woe;
Alas! how can you slight the rays of Gospel light,
And sink in endless night, where silence reigns.

86. *Expostulation.* 8s & 7s.

1 Now the Saviour stands a pleading,
At the sinners bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners part.
Cho.—Sinners, can you hate the Saviour?
Will you trust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his charms.

2 Now he pleads his sweat and bloodshed,
Shows his wounded hands and feet;
Father, save them, though they're blood-red,
Raise them to a heavenly seat.

3 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day;
Turn from all your vain behaviour,
O, return, repent, and pray.

4 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
Now receive, and, O, adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.

87. *Stop, poor Sinner.* **P. M.**

1 Stop, poor sinner stop, and think,
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
On the verge of ruin stop,
Now the friendly warning take,
Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that great day
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar,
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair;
All your sins will round you crowd,
You shall mark their crimson dye,
Each for vengeance, crying loud,
And what can you reply.

4 Though your hearts were made of steel,
And your forehead lined with brass,
God, at length, will make you feel,
He will not let you pass;
Sinners, then, in vain will call,
Those who now despise his grace,
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

NEWTON.

88. *The Gospel Feast.* P. M.

1 Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
You need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
Through grace, free grace,
To all the Jews and Gentile race.

2 Sent by the Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all;
Come, all the world, come sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.
Through grace, &c.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers, after rest;
Ye poor and maimed, ye halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
Through grace, &c.

4 My message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
Through grace, &c.

5 His love is mighty to compel,
His conquering, consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.
Through grace, &c.

89. *The Jubilee proclaimed.* **H. M.**

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ransomed sinners home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin atoning Lamb,
Redemption by his blood;
Through all the lands proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The Gospel trumpet, hear
The news of pardoning grace,
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made,

Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mourning souls be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
TOPLADY.

90. *Turn ye, for why will you die.* **11s.**

1 O, turn ye, O, turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh;
Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit, says come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come, wretched, come, starving, come, just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe;
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome, he bids you, come home.

4 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain;

To bear up your spirits when summon'd to
die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high.

5 Come, give us your hand and the Saviour
your heart,
And trusting in heaven we never shall part;
O, how can we leave you? why will you
not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at
home.

91. *The last call of Mercy.* **P. M.**

1 'Tis the last call of mercy
That lingers for thee,
O sinner receive it,
To Jesus now flee;
He often has called thee,
But thou hast refused,
His offered salvation,
And love is abused.

2 If thou slightest this warning
Now offered at last,
Thine will be the sad mourning,
The harvest is past;
Salvation I've slighted,
The summer is o'er,
And now there is pardon,
Sweet pardon no more.

3 'Tis the last call of mercy,
O steel not thy heart,
For now she is rising
From earth to depart.

The last note is sounding
  The true midnight cry,
The bridegroom is coming,
  Obey, lest you die.

4 'Tis the last call of mercy,
  O, turn not away,
For now swiftly hasteth
  The dread vengeance day;
The Spirit invites you,
  And pleads with you, come,
O come to life's waters,
  Nor thirstingly roam.

5 'Tis the last call of mercy
  That lingers for thee,
Break away from thy bondage,
  O, sinner, be free;
Be not a sad mourner,
  When harvest is past,
And summer is ended,
  To perish at last.

BACKSLIDINGS.

92. **P. M.**

Mourning over departed Comforts.

1 O thou who driest the mourners' tear,
  How dark this world would be,
If pierced by sins and sorrows here,
  We could not fly to thee;
The friends who in our sunshine live,
  When winter comes, are flown.
And he who has but tears to give
  Must weep those tears alone.

2 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
  Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
  Breathes sweetness out of woe.
When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
  And e'en the hope that threw
A moments' sparkle o'er our tears,
  Is dimmed and vanished too.

3 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
  Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
  Our peace-branch from above.
The sorrow touched by thee grows bright
  With more than rapturous ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
  We never saw by day. MOORE.

93. *Longing for Christ.* **P. M.**

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
  When Jesus no longer I see,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers
  Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
  The fields strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in him,
  December 's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
  And sweeter than music his voice,
His presence disperses my gloom,
  And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
  Have nothing to wish or to fear,

No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace, a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul cheering presence restore,
Or bring me to view thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

94. *Return, O Wanderer.* **C. M.**

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
These new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn,
'Tis love invites thee near.

T. HASTINGS.

95. *The Christian's solemn Inquiry.* **7s.**

1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly sure can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew the Saviour's love?
When I turn mine eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild,
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

3 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do,
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sins a grief and thrall,
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

4 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun,

Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun;
Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray,
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

NEWTON.

PENITENT.

96. *Godly sorrow at the Cross.* **C. M.**

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
CHORUS.—Remember me, remember me,
Dear Lord, remember me;
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree. *Cho.*

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin. *Cho.*

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears. *Cho*

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe,
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do. *Cho*

WATTS.

97. L. M.

A penitent pleading for Pardon.

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hopes still hovering round thy word;
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

WATTS.

98. *The Prodigal Son.* C. P. M.

1 Afflictions though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stop'd the Prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent.
Cho.—I die with hunger here, he cries,
I starve in foreign lands,
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

2 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck,
Of his rebellious child. *Cho.*

3 Father, I've sinned, but, O, forgive!
Enough, the father said;
Rejoice my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.
Cho.—I die with hunger now no more,
Nor starve in foreign lands,
My father's house has bread in store,
And bounteous are his hands.

4 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around:
My son was dead and lives again,
Was lost, but now is found. *Cho.*

5 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals
To call poor sinners home,
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come. *Cho.*

99. PRAYERS. **C. M.**

At the opening of a Prayer Meeting.

1 Within these doors, assembled now,
We wait thy blessing, Lord;
Appear within our midst, we pray,
According to thy word.

2 May some sweet promise be applied
When we attempt to read,
For this alone can give support
In every time of need.

3 O breathe upon our lifeless souls,
And raise our drooping hearts,
That we may see thy smiling face
Before we hence depart.

4 And now, O blessed Spirit, come,
We long to see thee move;
Strengthen our faith, revive our zeal,
And fill us all with love.

100. *The House of Prayer.*

TUNE.—THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

1 I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the House of Prayer?
I have prized it long as a holy place,
Where my gracious God shows his smiling face;
Do you ask me why I linger here?
Why the place to me is so sweet and dear?
Here my soul was sav'd from the fowler's snare,
And a sacred place is the House of Prayer

2 'Tis a place of peace, and a place of rest,
And of all the earth this place is the best,
Here we feast on love and abound in joy—
Our hearts beat high with hope, and our tongues we employ
In the praise of him who came to save
From the guilt of sin, and the power of the grave,
His love and truth we here declare,
And we love to pray in the House of Prayer.

3 Here the meek and the lowly in heart agree
To raise the voice while they bend the knee,
And gentle showers of grace distil,
Our hearts to cheer, our souls to fill;
Let the vain and proud this place pass by,
Let them scorn the thought to linger nigh,
But I love it, I love it, and will declare
That there is no place like the House of Prayer.

4 No place like this beneath the sun,
But there'll be a place in the world to come,
Where the wicked will not trouble the blest,
Where the weary soul will forever rest,
Where the prayer of faith finds its great reward,
And the faithful one will be with the Lord;
But until my soul shall enter there,
Let me still delight in the House of Prayer.

101. C. M.

Versification of the Lord's Prayer.

NOTE.—The following versification of the Lord's Prayer was composed by DR. JUDSON, March, 1825, while in prison at Ava, in Burmah, and is said to be comprised in fewer words than the original Greek and in two more only than the common translation.

1 Our Father, God, who art in heaven,
  All hallowed by thy name,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
  In earth and heaven the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread,
  And, as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
  Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not,
  From evil set us free,
The kingdom, power, and glory, Lord,
  Ever belong to thee.

102. *The nature of Prayer.* C. M.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
  Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
  That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
  The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
  When none but God is near.

2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
  That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
  The Majesty on high;

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

MONTGOMERY.

103. *There's nothing like Prayer.*

AIR.—SWEET HOME.

1 When torn is the bosom by sorrow and care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains;
Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2 When far from the friends we hold dearest to part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart;
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
But how hurtfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The syren sings sweetly, and silently charms;

We listen, love's loiter, till caught in the snare,
But looking to Jesus we conquer by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
Heaven pours its full streams through no medium like this;
And till we the seraph's full ecstacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

MISS ANN LUTTON, *of Ireland.*

104. *Exhortation to Prayer* L. M.

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright:
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creatures dear
With the sad tale of all your care.

COWPER.

105. *The Bower of Prayer.* **P. M.**

1 To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,
And go from my home it affects not my heart
Like the thoughts of absenting myself for a day
From that blest retreat I have chosen to pray.

2 Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,
And woven their branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.

3 The early shrill notes of the lov'd nightingale,
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell
To call me to duty—while birds in the air
Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the breezes, perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine!

But sweeter, O sweeter, superlative, were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus, my Saviour, deigned often to meet,
And blest with his presence his humble retreat;
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
And gave me a foretaste of heaven in prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;
Well knowing my Saviour resides everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

106. *The Demand.* **C. M.**

1 O, for a heart that loves to pray,
To converse with the Lord;
Fain would I give myself away,
And lean upon his word.

2 O, for invigorating grace,
To raise my soul above;
O, for that heavenly mindedness,
That Satan cannot move.

3 O for that fortitude which can
My every fear control;
Then would the dread of sinful man
No more disturb my soul.

4 Lord, thou canst conquer every foe—
Thy grace can all supply.
Amen! O Lord, may it be so,
Let my corruptions die.

HEAVENLY ANTICIPATIONS.

107. **L. M.**

Delight in the worship of God.

1 Far from my thoughts vain world begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Ne'er did the angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

WATTS.

108. *Christ the way.* **L. M.**

1 Jesus my all to heaven is gone,
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy Prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's Highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned, because I found it not;
My grief and burden long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither soul, I am the way.

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou blest Lamb
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
My sinful heart to thee I give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—"Behold the way of God."

CENNICK.

109. *The Eden of Love.* **P. M.**

1 How sweet to reflect on the joys that
await me
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall
greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the
blest;
Encircled with light, and with glory en-
shrouded,
My happiness perfect, my minds' sky un-
clouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure un-
bounded,
And range with delight through the Eden
of Love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestial,
In loud hallelujah's their voices will raise;
The songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond: "To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love."

3 Then hail, blessed state, hail ye songsters of glory,
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow through Jesus's love;
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me when freed from probation,
My heart's now in heaven the Eden of Love.

J. J. Hix.

110. *Way to Heaven.* **8s.**

1 There is a heaven o'er yonder skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies;
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again 'tis not for me.
CHO.—But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, O, hallelujah,
Hallelujah Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

2 The way is difficult and straight,
And narrow is the Gospel gate;
Ten thousand dangers are therein,
Ten thousand snares to take men in. *Cho.*

3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land. *Cho.*

4 Come life, come death, come then what will,
Christ's footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.
For Jesus, &c.

111. *The Christian's Hope.* **8s & 6s.**

1 O glorious hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;

For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me, come.

3 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest;
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breast.

112. *Baptism of Christ.* **C. M.**

1 Thus was the great Redeemer plunged,
In Jordan's swelling flood;
To show he must be soon baptized
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body raised
Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey:
In thy own footsteps tread;
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

113. *Longing to be there.* **P. M.**

1 Let me go to my home, to my haven of rest;
Let me go to that home, of all others the best:
With the sweet singers, there 'mid the heavenly choir,
Ascribing all glory to God evermore:
For I love my dear Saviour,
And I fain would be there.

2 In our Father's own house there are mansions of rest,
As the Saviour has told us, for the souls of the blest,
And he's gone to prepare all his children a place,
And will soon take them there to behold his dear face·
For he loves all truly his own,
And will there them embrace.

3 Come, my neighbors and friends, will you go with me there?
Will you go to this home, or the land of despair?
Be entreated, we pray, and come with us to-day,—
All heaven invites you, come away, come away
To the arms of our Saviour:
Danger waiteth delay! J. G. Perry.

114. *The Saint's Sweet Home.*

1 'Mid scenes of confusion, and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
Chorus.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;

In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home. *Cho.*

3 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon tney decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,—
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven. *Cho.*

4 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms,
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home. *Cho.*

115. *The Christian's triumph.* P. M.

1 Joyfully, joyfully onward I roam,
Bound for the land of the bright world to come;
Angelic choristers welcome me on,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home;
Soon shall I pass from the dark vale of woe
Home to the land of the righteous I'll go;
Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherished now sleep in the ground,
But they'll awake when the last trump shall sound,
Singing to cheer me as upward we soar,
Joyfully meeting our Lord in the air;
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear,
Harps of the blessed your voices I'll hear;
Ringing with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death with his weapons of war has laid low
Many a pilgrim who feared not the blow;
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will they come home;
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone,
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

116. *Going home.* **P. M.**

1 We are marching to a blissful home,
Going home, going home;
Where sin and sorrow ne'er can come,
Going home, going home;
All those in yonder peaceful clime,
Uncompassed by the woes of time,
Our souls shall know the joys sublime
Of that home, of that home.

2 Lonely and sadly we pass along,
Going home, going home;

Hoping to join the ransomed throng,
  Going home, going home;
Through deserts dark and drear we stray,
And wait with longing hearts the day
When God shall wipe all tears away,
  In our home, in our home.

3 Lift up your hearts, ye weary saints,
  Going home, going home;
Soon ye shall end your sad complaints,
  In your home, in your home;
Weeping endureth for a night;
But soon the morn of glorious light
Shall on us pour its radiance bright,
  In our home, in our home.

4 Come, sinners, with us journey on,
  To our home, to our home;
Where toils and trials never come
  To our home, to our home;
And know that Jesus died for thee,
He would thy face in glory see,
And hear thy songs of victory,
  Sinners come, sinners come.

117. *The dying Christian.* **11s.**

1 My soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue,
Could I meet with angels I'd sing them a
  song;
I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his
  charms,
And beg them to bear me to his loving
  arms.

2 Methinks they're descending to hear while I sing,
Well pleased to hear mortals a praising their King;
O, angels!—O, angels! my soul's in a flame,
I faint in sweet rapture at Jesus' name.

3 O Jesus! O Jesus! thou balm of my soul,
'Twas thou, my dear Jesus, that made my heart whole;
O bring me to view thee, thou precious sweet King,
In ocean's of glory thy praises to sing.

4 Sweet Spirit attend me, till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me until I'm called home;
Though worms, my poor body may claim as their prey,
'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noon-day.

5 The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd to blood,
The mountains all melt at the presence of God;
Red lightnings may flash, and loud thunders may roar,
All this cannot daunt me on Canaan's blest shore.

118. *Sweet land of rest.* **C. M.**

1 Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know—
No peaceful sheltering dome:
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succour to his breast,
And he'll conduct me home.

4 I would at once have quit this place,
Where foes in fury roam;
But ah, my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I viewed the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sighed for home.

6 Weary of wand'ring round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground
And dwell with Christ at home,

119. *The everlasting song.* **C. M.**

1 Earth has engrossed my love too long,
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits,
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delight
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains
Circle the throne around,
And move, and storm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs,
Jesus, my love they sing!
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
O, for some heavenly notes to bear,
My spirit to the skies. WATTS.

DEATH.

120. **8s & 5s.**

Life, the index of eternity.

1 And am I only born to die,
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree;
What, after death for me remains,
Celestial joys or hellish pains,
To all eternity?

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,

And props this house of clay;
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne.

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy,
But, O, when both shall end;
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness;
Ah, write thy pardon on my heart,
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

121. *Meditation on the Tomb.* **C. M.**

1 Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds
In every funeral knell.

2 Once you must die, and once for all
The solemn purport weigh;
For know that heaven or hell is hung
On that important day.

3 Those eyes so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake the Judge to see,
And every word and every thought
Must pass his scrutiny.

4 O may I, in the Judge, behold
My Saviour and my Friend,
And far beyond the reach of death
With all his saints ascend.

122. *The promised Land.* P. M.

1 I have a Father in the promised land,
I have a Father in the promised land,
My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.
Cho.—I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land.
My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.

2 I have a Saviour in the promised land,
I have a Saviour in the promised land,
My Saviour calls me, I must go,
To meet hin in the promised land,
Cho.—I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,
My Saviour calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.

3 I have a crown in the promised land,
I have a crown in the promised land,
When Jesus calls me, I must go,
To wear it in the promised land.
CHO.—I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,
When Jesus calls me, I must go,
To wear it in the promised land.

4 I hope to meet you in the promised land,
I hope to meet you in the promised land,
At Jesus' feet a joyous band:
We'll praise him in the promised land.
CHO.—We'll away, we'll away to the promised land,
We'll away, we'll away to the promised land,
At Jesus' feet a joyous band:
We'll praise him in the promised land.

123. *Death of Christian Friends.* C. M.

1 Why do we mourn, departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

5 Thence he arose ascended high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations, under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies. WATTS.

124. *All is well.* **P. M.**

1 What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame?
Is it death, is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame?
Is it death, is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall the King of Glory see,—
All is well, all is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me,—
All is well, all is well;

My sins are pardoned, pardoned I am free,
All is well, all is well;
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper skies,—
All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory,—
All is well, all is well;
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well, all is well;
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home,—
All is well, all is well.

4 Hark, hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me,—
All is well, all is well;
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,
All is well, all is well;
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view,—
All is well, all is well.

125. P. M.

Dying Christian.

1 What is it that steal's o'er my frame?
Its death I do believe,
And Jesus stands with open arms
My spirit to receive;
And when I get to heaven above,
No one will on me frown,

For I shall be an angel bright,
And wear a glorious crown.
CHO.—O my mother, don't you weep for me,
I'm dying, but I happy am,
I soon shall Jesus see.

2 See, there are angels round my bed,
Dear father, don't you cry,
Waiting to take my spirit home,
To mansions in the sky;
And when I reach that peaceful home,
How happy I shall be,
For I shall be an angel bright
To all eternity.
O my father, &c.

3 So now my dearest brothers,
You soon must bid adieu,
Whilst I linger on this death bed,
I have a heavenly view;
I hope we soon shall meet again,
Shall meet to part no more,
And then how happy we shall be
On Canaan's peaceful shore.
O my brothers, &c.

4 Farewell my dearest sisters,
I have not lived for naught,
I know that by the blood of Christ
My pardon has been bought;
It was at the Sunday-school I learnt,
My teacher told me there,
That against the child's appeal
God never shuts his ear.
O my sisters, &c.

5 Farewell, my friends, farewell forever,
I can no longer stay,
My Jesus still is standing by
To beckon me away;
And when I leave this sinful world,
Dear sister, don't you cry,
For I have got a glittering crown
To mansions in the sky.
O my parents, &c.

JUDGMENT.

126. *Pleading for acceptance.* **C. P. M.**

1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To call thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now—
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call.

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place
In that expected day;
Thy pard'ning voice, O, let me hear,
To still each unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found
When the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loud through all the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of boundless grace.

OUNGTON'S COLL.

127. 8s & 6s.

Mourning at Judgment.

1 The judgment day is rolling on,
The judgment day is rolling on,
The judgment day is rolling on,
As fast as time can move.
CHORUS.—Oh, there will be mourning,
Mourning, mourning, mourning,
At the judgment seat of Christ.

2 This congregation there may part,
There wives and husbands soon may part,
There friends and neighbors soon may part,
May part to meet no more. *Cho.*

3 Parents and children there may part,
Brothers and sisters there may part,
Pastors and people there may part,
May part to meet no more. *Cho.*

4 The heirs of glory there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Th'blood wash'd comp'ny there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.
O there will be glory, &c.

128. *The Judgment Day.* **C. M.**

1 That awful day will surely come,
  Th'appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
  And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
  Thou sovereign of my heart;
How could I bear to hear thy voice,
  Pronounce the sound, *Depart.*

3 What! to be banished from my life,
  And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
  Yet death forever fly?

4 O wretched state of deep despair,
  To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
  I must not taste his love.

5 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
  And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
  My spirit cannot rest. WATTS.

129. *The Eden above.*

1 We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
  The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;

Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go;
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

2 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we will prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go?
Oh yes, we will go to the Eden above.

3 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee;
We halt yet a moment as onward we move:
Oh come to the Lord; in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

130. *The Saint's Home.* **P. M.**

1 We speak, we speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair;

And oft are its glories confess'd, confess'd,
But what must it be to be there.

2 We speak, we speak of its pathway of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare;
Of its wonders and pleasures untold, untold,
But what must it be, to be there?

3 We speak, we speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care;
From trials without and within, within,
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak, we speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear;
Of the raptures which every heart shall move,
But what must it be to be there?

5 May we, may we, then, midst pleasure or woe,
For that kingdom our hearts now prepare;
And shortly we also shall know, shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

131. *This world not our own.*

TUNE.—OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

1 There is a world of peace and pleasure,
Faith can discern;
Where lies my best, my dearest treasure,
There's where my heart doth turn;

Here, o'er this ruin'd dark creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the great salvation,
And for my own blest home.
CHO.—All the world is dark and dreary,
Everywhere I roam;
O pilgrims, how my heart grows weary,
Far from my own blest home.

2 There are those mansions full of glory,
By Christ prepared;
Where we'll recount the wondrous story,
Where joys divine are shared;
Then all the sons of God united
Joyful we'll sing;
O what a shout from souls delighted,
All heaven and earth will ring. *Cho.*

3 Still, best of all, to see the Saviour
There on the throne;
Smiles shouting forth his love and favor,
And meeting all his own;
When shall we hear that voice inviting,
"Ye blessed come!"
When shall we joyful, then uniting,
Praise God that we're at home. *Cho.*

132. C. M.

Hope of Heaven, our support on Earth.

1 When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies;
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled;

Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

5 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright-shining like the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun. WATTS.

133. S. M.

Joy in the Salvation of Sinners.

1 Who can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King
His saving power displays?

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy, conquered, fall?
When grace and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all?

3 Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing?

SWAIN.

134. **7s & 8s.**

There is a land of pleasure.

1 There is a land of pleasure,
  Where streams of joy forever roll.
'Tis there I have my treasure,
  And there I hope to rest my soul;
Long darkness dwelt around me,
  With scarcely once a cheering ray,
But since my Saviour 's found me,
  A light has shown about my way.

2 My way is full of danger,
  It is the path that leads to God,
Then like a valiant soldier
  I'll dauntless keep the happy road;
Now I must gird my armor on,
  My helmet, breast-plate, and my shield,
And fight the fight of Canaan,
  Until I gain the heavenly field.

3 I'm on my way to Canaan,
  Still guided by my Saviour's hand,
O come along, dear sinner,
  And see Immanuel's happy land;
To all that stay behind me
  I bid a long, a long farewell,
O come, or you'll repent it,
  When you have reached the gates of hell.

4 The vale of tears surround me,
  And Jordan's current rolls before,
O how I stand and tremble,
  To hear the dismal waters roar;
Whose hand shall then support me,
  And keep my soul from sinking there,

From sinking down to darkness,
To the black regions of despair.

5 The waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave.
If Jesus will stand by me,
I'll ride safe o'er on Jordan's wave:
His word has calmed the ocean,
His lamp has cheered the gloomy vale,
O may this friend be with me,
When through the gates of death I sail.

6 Then come thou King of terrors,
And with thy weapons lay me low,
I soon shall reach that region,
Where everlasting pleasures flow;
Now, Christians, I must leave you
A few more days to suffer here,
Through grace I soon shall see you,
My soul exults, I'm almost there.

7 But, O, the thoughtless company,
That crowd the road that leads to woe,
For them I'm filled with sympathy,
I soon must bid them a long adieu;
O, sinner, must I leave you
No more to join your social band,
No more to stand before you
Till at the judgment seat we stand?

8 Soon the archangels trumpet
Shall shake this globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll;

Then shall I see my Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels, come
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransom'd people home.

135. *Heaven in prospect.* **C. M.**

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day,
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore,
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away. S. Stennett.

MISSIONS.

136. *Universal Hallelujah.* **7s & 6s.**

1 When shall the voice of singing
  Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
  With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
  And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended
  In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
  The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
  Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
  Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
  In one eternal sound.

PRATT'S COLL.

137. **8s, 7s & 4s.**

Truth spreading.

1 Look, ye saints! the day is breaking,
  Joyful times are near at hand,
God, the mighty, God is speaking
  By his word in every land;
    Day advances,
  Darkness flies at his command.

2 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
  Let thy people see thy power,

Let the Gospel be victorious
Through the world forever more;
Then shall idols
Perish while thy saints adore.

KELLY.

138. *Missionaries charged.* **8s & 7s.**

1 Onward, onward, men of heaven,
Bear the Gospel banner high,
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky,
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray,
Bid the hardy forest ranger,
Hail it, ere he fades away.

2 Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its ray of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow;
India marks its lustre stealing,
Shivering Greenland leaves its rays,
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or mild in feature,
Dark in spirit though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free;
Lo! they haste to every nation,
Host on host the ranks supply;
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

SIGOURNEY.

BAPTISM.

139. *Salem's Bright King.* **P. M.**

1 Salem's Bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient times to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his Master's will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased in what he'd done,
And owned him from the skies.

3 "This is my Son!" Jehovah cries,
The echoing voice from glory flies,
"O, children, hear ye him;
Hark! 'tis his voice, behold! he cries,
Repent, believe, and be baptized,
And wash away your sins."

4 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's Bright King has marked the way,
And has a crown prepared;
O, then arise, and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

5 Believing, children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise;
See, here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour calling "come,"
O, children, be baptized.

6 Behold! his servant waiting stands
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer
Down by the water side.

140. 8s, 7s & 4s.

To be sung after the administration of the ordinance of Baptism.

1 Now, since I have been baptized
In the triune sacred name,
May I, Saviour, by thee guided,
Bear the cross, despise the shame;
By thy spirit
Seal me thine, forever thine.

2 Purge my heart, preserve my conscience,
From the love and guilt of sin,
If I'm of thy dear bought purchase,
Cleanse me, make me pure within;
Saviour keep me
Ever near thy sacred side.

3 Then, when I am done with shadows,
And my trials here shall cease,
May I, Jesus, in thy presence,
Dwell in sweet eternal peace;
There to praise thee
For thy free amazing grace.

141. *Christ's Example.* **L. M.**

1 Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave;
Come, see the sacred path he trod,
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face;
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine,
Let endless glories round him shine;
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

JUDSON.

142. C. M.

Following Christ in Baptism.

1 Buried beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies,
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And in the Lord's appointed way
Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain;
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

BEDDOME.

143. *Hinder me not.* **C. M.**

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue,
"Hinder me not," ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not!" shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties and through trials too
I'll go at his command,
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be:
"Hinder me not!" come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee. RYLAND.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

144. *Christ's sufferings, our hope.* **L. M.**

1 We come around thy table, Lord,
Examined by thy holy word,—
And so partake the bread and wine,
Emblems of Thee—for sinners slain.

2 Thy body broken on the tree,
For us thy blood was poured out free,
That we might eat, and drink, and live,
Christ, for us, thus his life did give.

3 O sing ye—God, so loved each one,
He gave his own begotten Son

To die, that who in him believed,
Might all be ever blest and saved.

4 Great God, our Saviour, and our King,
We feel thy spirit, now, within;
Our bosoms heave with heaven in view,
With joys that sinners never knew.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By all the fallen blood-bought host,
Be everlasting praises sung,
Now, and forever more,—Amen.

J. G. PERRY.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

145. *Morning Hymn.* **7s.**

1 Now the shades of night are gone,
Now is past the early dawn;
Lord, we would be thine to-day.
Drive the shades of night away.

2 Make our souls as noonday clear,
Banish every doubt and fear;
In the vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.

3 When our work of life is past,
O receive us all at last,
Labor then will all be o'er,
Since dark night will be no more.

146. *Early Devotion.* **C. M.**

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high,
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

5 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear. WATTS.

147. *Evening Prayer.* **L. M.**

1 O Lord! at evening's close, this night,
Come, and renew our hearts aright;
Help us thy mercies to rehearse,
And praise Thee in harmonious verse.

2 May we this night have quiet rest,
And peace with all, within our breast;
And let thy angels come, we pray,
And guard us till the coming day.

3 Then give us wisdom from above,
And faith, and hope, and perfect love;
That we may act our humble part
With kindest feelings from the heart.

4 And when our work is done below,
Then may our souls to glory go;
There dressed in robes of spotless white,
With saints and angels to unite.

J. G. PERRY.

148. *Evening Hymn.* S. M.

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun;
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove;
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HARTFORD SELECTION.

149. **6s & 8s.**

The Blessings of Friendship.

1 How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper station move;
And each fulfil his part
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'Tis like the ointment shed,
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

UNION.

150. *Union Hymn.* **8s.**

1 From whence doth this union arise
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
As distance and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My brethren are dear unto me,
  Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be
  In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Why then so unwilling to part,
  Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
  At a distance we cannot remain.

5 O when shall we see that bright day,
  And join with the angels above;
Set free from these prisons of clay,
  United in Jesus' love?

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
  And all his bright glories shall see:
Singing, Hallelujah! Amen!
  Amen! even so let it be.

BALDWIN.

151. *Christian Union.* **8s & 6s.**

1 Attend ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
  And feel a blessed *union.*

2 When first he view'd me from on high,
And saw my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he passed by,
  With God you have no *union.*

3 But when my Saviour took me in,
And with his blood did wash me clean,

'Twas then I hated every sin,
And, O, what seasons I have seen,
Since first I felt this *union.*

4 I praised the Lord, both, night and day,
From house to house I went to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I always had some word to say
About this heavenly *union.*

5 I wonder why old saints don't sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannah's to their King,
Who brought their souls to *union.*

6 Return, backsliders, come away,
And learn to do, as well as say;
Be careful that you watch and pray,
Come, bear your cross from day to day,
And then you'll feel this *union.*

7 Soon all the saints now here below,
Will leave these climes of pain and woe,
And they will home to glory go,
And then they'll see, and hear, and know,
And feel this heavenly *union.*

8 Then we the glorious Lamb shall see,
Who groaned and died upon the tree,
And spilt his blood for you and me,
That we might his salvation see,
And feel this glorious *union.*

9 When we recount life's dangers o'er,
Review the labors which we bore,
And see ourselves safe on the shore,
With love our conqueror we'll adore,
And feel increasing *union.*

10 When countless years have roll'd away,
Our vigor suffering no decay,
We'll all as one with rapture say,
We still remember well the day,
Our souls first felt this *union.*

11 Hail, glorious Jesus! reign on high,
'Tis thou that brought us rebels nigh,
We'll shout redemption through the sky,
And praise thee to eternity.
For such a glorious *union.*

152. *Gratitude.* **C. M.**

1 When all thy mercies O my God;
My rising soul surveys—
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder love, and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul,
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 When, in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice
More to be fear'd than they.

5 Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliss,
Has made my cup run o'er;

And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

7 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

8 When nature fails, and day and night,
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O, Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

9 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise. ADDISON.

PARTING.

153. **6s & 5s.**

When shall we meet again.

TUNE.—UNITY.

1 When shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever,
When will peace wreath her chain,
Round us, forever;
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no, never.

2 When shall love freely flow,
  Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
  Changeless, forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fear of parting chill,
  Never, no, never.

3 There, to that world of light,
  Take us, dear Saviour,
May we all there unite
  Happy, forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispell,
  Never, no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again,
  Meet ne'er to sever,
There will peace wreathe her chain,
  Round us, forever.
Weary saints then repose,
Free from all worldly woes,
Our songs of praise shall close,
  Never, no, never.

154. *When shall we meet again.* **7s.**

1 When shall we all meet again,
When shall we all meet again,
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls,
And in fancy's wide domain
Oft shall we all meet again.

3 When our burnish'd locks are gray,
Thin'd by many a toil-spent day,
When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
Long may this lov'd bower remain,
Here may we all meet again.

4 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

155. *Parting Hymn.* L. M.

1 Brethren and sisters ere we part
Join every voice and every heart,
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there released from toil and pain,
Beloved, we shall meet again.

156. *Parting Hand.* **L. M**

1 My Christian friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts in sweetest union prove;
Your friendship 's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your company 's sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear;
Yet, when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords about my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loth we are to leave the place,
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my drooping mind;
But duty makes me understand
That we must take the parting hand.

5 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while:
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say our Father's will be done.

PART II.

6 My dearest friends in christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies;
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.

7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

8 You mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his grace, in Canaan's land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

9 And now my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O, may we meet on Canaan's shore.

10 I hope you'll all remember me,
If you on earth no more I see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

11 O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought;
When in that happy, happy land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

157. *The Parting Hymn.* **8s & 7s.**

1 Jesus, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all go home a praising,
And rejoicing in thy love.
CHO.—Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin. *Cho.*

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home;
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one. *Cho.*

158. *Dismission.* **8s, 7s & 4s.**

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For the Gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives be found·
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

BURDER.

SEAMEN.

159. *Life's Billows.* **8s.**

1 Toss'd upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe;
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well," thy constant cheer.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Darkly though the storm-clouds scowling,
O'er the sailor's anxious head;
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still.
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry;
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er,
Safely moor'd in heaven's wide heaven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

CHRISTIAN LYRE.

NEW YEAR.

160. *Uncertainty of Life.* **7s.**

1 While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below,
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew,
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view;

Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love,
And when life's short tale is told
May we dwell with thee above.

NEWTON.

DONATIONS.

161. *Pastor's Welcome.* **P. M.**

1 Kind friends, we welcome you with hearts sincere,
As for a work of love—you gather here!
To all we pray—as gracious gift from heaven—
"A happy New Year" may indeed be given.

2 Yes, a happy New Year! how much of good
Is garnered in that oft repeated word;
Yet may its blessings—numerous as they are—
Each neighbor kind, in all their fullness share.

3 All *nature* gives—is giving every *hour*—
Strength to the oak, and beauty to the flower;
From sweet *experience* may we all believe,
More blessed 'tis to give than to receive.

4 But 'mid the pleasures of this festive hour,
Let us remember heavenly love and power;
God *gives* his Son, and all things to *enjoy:*
Then let his praise our thankful tongues employ.

5 The truest earthly bliss that mortal finds,
Is social converse, sweet with kindred minds;
When each to each doth utter, in his turn,
Those "thoughts which breathe in words that burn."

6 We love the man with *heart* as well as mind,
Whose sympathies extend to all mankind;
Who tries to make all happy, good and free,
And join their hearts in bond of amity.

7 Eternity bound voyagers may be *madly* gay,
Still in *calm* joy we'll pass the eve away;
And as it flies, let our best feelings move,
To knit our hearts in closer bands of love.

8 As from this pleasing port, this happy day,
We spread our waiting sails and speed away,
Guide us, O Lord! o'er life's uncertain sea,
Safe to the Port of Peace—to Heaven and Thee!

REV. A. BRONSON.

162. *Pastor's Welcome.* L. M.

1 Dear flock—with willing feet you've come
To greet your Pastor at his home;
Hands full, eyes bright, and hearts all warm,
The *friendly visit* to perform.

2 O welcome! welcome! to our hearts;
What sacred joy this hour imparts;
Matrons and sires we're glad you've come,
Children and youth, for you there's room.

3 The silken cords of love, how sweet
That twine around each social heart;
The music from those chords, how grand,
How good — when touched by skilful hands.

4 But there are ties more sacred still,
When Christian love each heart doth fill;
Pastor and people then are found
In golden chains together bound.

TO THE CHURCH.

5 Dear members of my pastoral care,
For whom I offer daily prayer,
My hope, my joy, my crown, stand fast—
You'll swell the victor's song at last.

TO THE CONGREGATION.

6 Receive the Gospel I proclaim,
And love the Saviour's precious name;
Without delay, with one accord,
With all the heart, turn to the Lord—

TO THE CHOIR.

7 Ye smiling happy choral band,
While in the house of God ye stand,
Jehovah keep your hearts in tune,
To swell the notes of praise as one.

TO THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

8 Dear members of the Sabbath-school,
To you I turn—my heart is full;
O, may you seek and love the truth,
And come to Christ in early youth.

9 May all our hearts be joined in love,
Until we meet in realms above,
Our blest Redeemer to adore,
And sing his praise forever more.

REV. A. BRONSON.

163. *Donation Hymn.* **8s.**

1 *We welcome you*, friends, to our home,
In our hearts you before were enshrined;
With hands full of gifts you have come,
The marks of affection, most kind.

2 *We wish you a happy New Year*,
With emotions we would not suppress;
But the strength of our feeling, we fear,
We never shall fully express.

3 *We thank you*—we thank you, kind friends,
Our bosoms with gratitude glow;
While upward our prayer now ascends,
That God would his blessing bestow.

4 Blest Saviour, we bow at thy feet
With fervor of soul, to implore
Thee all this dear circle may meet,
To love and to sing evermore.

MRS. WILCOX.

MISCELLANEOUS.

164. *The Angel of Grace.* **S. M.**

1 Thou very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed;
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people led.

2 Angel of Gospel grace
Fulfil thy mission here,
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's cause appear.

3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy might;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessing from above,
And ever on thy people reign
The manna of thy love.

165. *Wonder of Mercy.* **11s.**

1 Come, brethren and sisters, that love my dear Lord,
I pray give attention and ear to my word;
What a wonder of mercy behold now I see,
What a tender kind Saviour has done for poor me.

2 I was led by the devil till lost and distress'd,
I thought that in torment I soon would be cast;
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 O sinner, said Jesus, for you I have died,
All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied;
The guilt was remov'd, and my soul did rejoice,
The blood was applied, then the witness and voice.

4 On my low bending knees before God did I fall,
And glory to Jesus, for he's all in all;
The heart of his rebel was bursted in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven and peace upon earth,
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth;
Your sins are forgiven, my Saviour did say,
O! witness, kind heaven, on this my birth-day.

6 My soul it was humble'd, I fell to the ground,
The time of refreshing from heaven I found;
O Lord, thou hast ravished my soul with thy charms,
Let me die, like old Simeon, with Christ in my arms.

166. *I'm a Pilgrim.* **P. M.**

1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I'm going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 O that city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3 There the glory is ever shining,
O my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here, in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long wandered forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

4 Father, mother, and sister, brother,
If you will not journey with me, I must go,
For since your vain hope you still will cherish,
Should I, too, linger, and with you perish?
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

5 Farewell neighbors, with tears I've warn'd you,
I must leave you, I must leave you, and be gone;
With this your portion, your hearts desire,
Why will you perish in raging fire?
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

6 Farewell dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed;
For he who formed thee, will soon restore thee,
When sin and death in thee no more shall be.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

167. *An earnest Desire.* **S. M.**

1 Born to be born again!
A life beyond the grave!
A death that daily dies to sin!
A Saviour who can save!

2 A life of righteousness!
A home above the sky!

A Father, God, who deigns to bless
With joys that never die.

3 An entrance to that land,
Where milk and honey flow;
A right unto the tree of life.
And fruits thereon that grow.

4 A paradise with God,—
A seat at his right hand,—
And songs of praise, on harps of gold;
Amid the angel band.

5 O may this happy birth,
And new life, Lord, in Thee,—
And all the joys of such a death,
And heaven our portion be.

J. G. PERRY.

168. *The slow Travelers.* **P. M.**

1 O happy souls, how fast you go,
And leave me here behind;
Don't stop for me, for now I see,
The Lord is just and kind.

2 Go on, go on, my soul says go,
And I'll come after you;
Though I'm behind, yet I can find,
I'll sing hosanna, too.

3 God give you strength that you may run,
And keep your footsteps right;
Though fast you go, and I so slow,
You are not out of sight.

4 When you get to those worlds above,
And all their glories see;
When you get home, your work is done,
Then look ye out for me.

5 For I will come fast as I can,
Along the way I'll steer;
Lord, give me strength, I shall at length
Be one among you there.

6 There altogether we shall be,
Together we shall sing;
Together shall we praise our God
Our everlasting King.

169. *A Wrestle for a blessing.* **7s.**

1 Nay, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bound:
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner in despair,
Sought thy mercy seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many years have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet, have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up, but thou.

6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need,
This emboldens me to plead;

After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No, I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

170. *The Christian Band.* P. M.

1 O, we're a band of brethren dear,
I belong to this band, hallelujah;
Who live as pilgrim strangers here,
I belong to this band, hallelujah.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
I belong to this band, hallelujah.

2 The prophets and apostles too,
All belong to this band, hallelujah;
And all God's children here below,
I will be in this band, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, &c.

171. *The value of truth.* L. M.

1 The worth of truth no tongue can tell,
'T will do to buy, but not to sell;
A large estate that soul has got,
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
More rich than pearls and rubies are—
More worth than gold and silver coin,
O, may it always in us shine.

3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free
And sets the soul at liberty,

From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed—
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O happy they who in their youth
Are brought to know and love the truth;
For none but they whom truth makes free,
E'er can enjoy true liberty.

6 Truth like a girdle let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair;
And never let it once be told,
The truth by us was ever sold.

172. *The old Israelites.* 12s & 9s.

1 The old Israelites knew, what it was they must do,
If fair Canaan they would possess,
They must still keep in sight, of the pillar of light,
Which led on to the promised rest;
The camps on the road could not be their abode,
But as oft as the trumpet should blow,
They all glad at a chance of a further advance,
Must then take up their baggage and go.

2 I am thankful indeed for the heavenly need,
Which before me has hitherto gone,

For that pillar of love, which doth onward still move,
And doth gather our souls into one;
Now the cross bearing throng are advancing along,
As a closer communion doth flow,
Now all who would stand on the promised land,
Let them take up the cross and go.

3 What though some in the rear preach of terror and fear,
And complain of the trials they meet,
Though the giants before, with great fury doth roar,
I'm resolved I will never retreat;
Our numbers are few and we are weak it is true,
And the sons of old Anakor's tall,
But while I see a track, I will never go back,
But go on at the risk of all.

173. SIN, AND ITS RESULT. L. M.

1 God made the heavens, earth and hell;
He made the rivers, seas and air;
He made all things that in them dwell;
But did not make all as they are.

2 No, the angelic hosts of light,
In yonder high and heavenly world,—
Who have rebelled against his might,
And from its battlements were hurled.--

3 We're made upright, endowed with power,
To serve their great Creator, God;
But fell in an unguarded hour,
Without reprieve, beneath his rod.

J. G. PERRY.

174. *The Family Bible.* P. M.

1 How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful emotions, and innocent love;
When blessed with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from above;
I still view the chair of my father and mother,
The seats of their offsprings as ranged in each hand;
And that richest of books, which excels every other,
The Family Bible which lay on the stand:
The old fashioned Bible, — the dear blessed Bible. —
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day and for safety by night;

Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band;
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand;
The old fashioned Bible, &c.

3 Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore;
Yet, how can I doubt my Redeemer's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand;
O, let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible, that lay on the stand.
The old fashioned Bible, &c.

175. 12s, 10s & 11s.

The Christian's desire.

1 How happy, how glorious, how joyful to feel,
I want to feel more happy, I want to have more zeal;

I want to be more perfect, I want my heart pure,
That all things with patience I may well endure.

2 I want to feel more cheerful, I want to feel more mild,
More like my blest Master, and more like a child;
More humble, more thankful, more pleasant in mind,
More watchful, more prayerful, more loving and kind.

3 I want to have more wisdom, which comes from above,
I want to be more harmless, and more like a dove;
I want my heart cleansed from sins filthy stains,
Have God-like contentment, which is a great gain.

4 I want to be stripped of all human pride,
All anger and malice I would lay aside;
From sin and from bondage I would be set free,
And live my dear Saviour, live only to thee.

5 I want my affections set on things above,
I want my heart filled with the purest of love;
I want my faith stronger, my anchor hope sure,
And like a good soldier all hardness endure.

6 Come, brothers and sisters, come, aged and youth,
And all who are willing to walk in the truth;
Come, fill up your vessels with union and love,
And on our blest journey we'll joyfully move.

7 When time is no more, and from earth we remove,
To dwell in th'regions of pure light above;
With saints and with angels we'll praise him again,
And sing hallelujah, forever. Amen.

176. *The pure Testimony.* **P. M.**

1 The pure testimony pour'd orth in the Spirit,
Cuts like a keen and a two-edged sword :
And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented,
Because they're condemn'd by the word.
The pure testimony discovers the dross,
While wicked professors make light of the cross ;
But Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.

2 Is not the time come for the church to be gathered
Into the one Spirit of God ?
Baptiz'd by one Spirit into the one body,
Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood ?
They drink in one Spirit which makes them all see
They're one in Christ Jesus, wherever they be,
The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.

3 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,
And let the world hear it again ;
O come ye from Babylon, Egypt and Sodom,
And make your way over the plain ;
And gird on your armour, ye saints of the Lord,
For Christ will direct you by his living word ;
The pure testimony will cut like a sword.

4 The great prince of darkness is mustering his for-
To make you his pris'ners again, [ces,
By flatt'ries, reproaches, and vile persecution,
That you in his cause may remain:
But shun his temptations, wherever they lay,
And mind not his servants whatever they say,
The pure testimony will give you the day.

5 The world will not persecute those that are like
But hold them the same as their own; [them,
The pure testimony cries up, separation,
And calls you your lives to lay down.
Come out from their spirit and practices too,
The track of the Saviour keep still in your view;
The pure testimony will cut its way through.

6 A battle is coming between the two kingdoms,
The armies will gather anon;
The pure testimony and vile persecution
Will come to close battle ere long:
Then wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,
And walk in the Spirit, as Jesus hath done,
In pure testimony you will overcome.

7 The pure testimony is not to establish
The selfish devices of men:
The systems of parties it never advances,
Nor seeks worldly honor or gain:
'Tis moved in the temple of the holy soul,
And then into words in a torrent doth roll,
In pure testimony and love with control.

177. *A little while longer.* 9s & 8s.

1 A little while longer here below,
A little while longer here below,
A little while longer here below,
And home to glory we shall go.
Cho.—For I'm happy now, and shall be then,
If I hold out on my journey's end.

178. *The Midnight Cry.* P. M.

1 The midnight cry in mercy sounds,
  The faithful watchman lifts his voice,
Its thrilling tones re-echo round,
  To bid the saints rejoice:
The virgins rise, break forth and sing
  The glorious advent of our King,
The midnight cry in mercy sounds,
  Go forth to meet your Lord.

2 Blow! watchman, blow a certain sound,
  For dark and dangerous is the night,
And daring scoffers thicken round,
  The evil servants smite;
The faithful ones strict watch-care keep
  With lamps well trimm'd, nor can they sleep,
The midnight cry in mercy sounds,
  Go forth to meet your Lord.

3 Through midnight hour, God's words shed light,
  Its brilliant rays dispel the gloom,
The pilgrim's pathway now grows bright,
  The King is coming soon;
Then tune your harps once more and sing
  Your sweetest strains to Zion's King,
The midnight cry in mercy sounds,
  Go forth to meet your Lord.

4 Behold! he comes—the mighty one,
  Ye virgins rise! go forth, him meet,
Dry up your tears, the Bridegroom comes
  His weeping bride to greet;

The trumpet sounds—the day has broke,
The living changed, the dead awoke,
To blend their songs in gushing strains,
All hail! Messiah reigns.

179. **8s & 6s.**

The Christian's Privilege.

1 Arise, and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold, the light is come,
The glorious conq'ring King is near,
To take his exiles home;
The trumpets thund'ring through the sky,
To set poor sinners free,
The day of wonders now is nigh,
The year of Jubilee.

2 Arisé, ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear,
All tongues, all languages shall come
Their final doom to hear;
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round,
While Gabriel with his silver trump
Echoes the dreadful sound.

3 The glorious news of Gospel grace
With sinners now is o'er,
The trump of Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more;
The watchmen have all left their walls,
And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.

4 Come, all ye pilgrims of the Lord,
Whose hearts are joined in one,

Hold up your hearts with courage bold.
Your race is almost run;
Above the clouds behold him stand,
And smiling bid you come,
While angels beckon you away,
To your eternal home.

180. *The fall of Babylon.* **8s.**

REV. XXIV.

1 Hail the day so long expected,
Hail the year of full release,
Zion's walls are now erected,
And her watchmen publish peace;
From the distant courts of Sinai
The shrill trumpets loudly roar:
CHO.—Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,
Babylon is fallen to rise no more.

2 Hark! and hear the people crying,
See the city disappear,
Trade and traffic all are dying,
So we sink and perish here;
Sailors that have brought her traffic,
Crying from her distant shore,
Cho.—Babylon is fallen, &c.

3 All the merchants cry with wonder,
What is this that comes to pass,
Murmuring like the distant thunder,
Crying out, alas! alas!
Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,
Priests and people, rich and poor.
Cho.—Babylon is fallen, &c.

4 Lo, her captains are returning,
Up to Zion see them fly,

While the smoke of Babel's burning
Rolls across the darkened sky;
Now's the day of consumation,
When she shall fall to rise no more.
Cho.—Babylon is fallen, &c.

5 Zion's children, raise your voices,
And the joyful news proclaim,
Now the heavenly host rejoices,
And re-echoes back the same;
See the ancients of the city,
Terrified at the uproar.
Cho.—Babylon is fallen, &c.

6 Tune your harps, ye heavenly choirs,
Shout ye followers of the Lamb,
See the city all on fire,
Clap your hands, and blow the flame;
Now behold this awful kingdom,
All consuming in her gore.
Cho.—Babylon is fallen, &c.

181. *Hail, thou blest morn.* **P. M.**

1 Hail, thou blest morn, when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descend;
Shepherds go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guide the bright angels attend.
Cho.—Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Shine on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
Cho.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine. *Cho.*

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor. *Cho.*

182. *Historical Hymn.* **P. M.**

1 Where is now a righteous Noah?
Where is now a righteous Noah?
Where is now a righteous Noah?
Safely in the promised land?
He went up through a flood of water,
He went up through a flood of water,
He went up through a flood of water,
Safe into the promised land.

Cho.—By and by we will go and meet him,
By and by we will go and meet him,

By and by we will go and meet him,
Safe into the promised land.

2 Where is good old Enoch and Elijah, &c.
They went up both soul and body, &c.

3 Where are now the ancient worthies, &c.
They went up through a fiery furnace, &c.

4 Where is now a praying Daniel, &c.
He went up through a den of Lions, &c.

5 Where O now is Paul and Silas, &c.
They went up through tribulation, &c.

183. **P. M.**

The Poor Wayfareing Man.

1 A poor wayfaring man of grief,
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay;
I had no power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet, there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

2 Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered, not a word he speak,
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all, he blest and break,
And ate; but gave me part again,
Mine was an angel's portion then.
And while I fed with eager haste.
The crust was manna to my taste.

MONTGOMERY.

184. *The Dove.* C. M.

1 O tell me where the dove has flown
To build her downy nest,
And I will rove this world all o'er,
To win her to my breast.

2 I sought her in the groves of love,
I knew her tender heart ;
But she had flown ! the Pensive Dove
Had felt a traitors dart.

3 I sought her on the flow'ry lawn,
Where pleasure holds her train ;
But fancy flies from flower to flower,
So there I sought in vain.

4 Faith smiled and shed a silent tear,
To see me search around ;
Then whispered, "I will tell you where
The dove may yet be found."

5 By meek religion's humble cot
She builds her downy nest ;
Go seek the sweet secluded spot,
And win her to your breast.

185. C. M.

1 The day approacheth, O my soul,
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life,
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another day more awful, dawns;
And lo ! the Judge appears ;
Ye heavens, retire before His face,
And sink, ye darkened stars.

3 Yet does one short, preparing hour,
One precious hour remain ;
Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

186. *The way to glory.* **H. M.**

1 Through tribulation deep
The way to glory is,
This stormy course I keep
On these tempestuous seas.
By waves and winds
I'm tossed and driven,
Freighted with grace and bound for heaven.

2 Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful huricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er my sides break in ;
But still my little ship out-braves
The blustering winds and surging waves.

3 When I in my distress
My anchor hope can cast,
Within thy promises
It holds my vessel fast ;
Safely she then at anchor rides
Midst stormy winds and swelling tides.

4 The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know ;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show ;
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.

5 When through this gulf I get,
(Though rough, it is but short),
The pilot angels meet,
And bring me into port;
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe for evermore.

187. P. M.

A Dialogue.—Lions in the way.

Altered by B. Benedict,

1 Come, precious soul, and let us take
A walk becoming you and me;
And whither, my dear friend,
Shall we our footsteps tend,
To Gethsemane or Calvary?

2 O, Calvary is a mountain high,
'Tis much too hard a task for me;
And I had rather stay
In the broad and pleasant way,
Than to walk in gloomy Gethsemane.

3 It would not seem such a mountain high,
Nor such a task, dear friend, for thee;
If you but loved the man,
Whose wisdom laid the plan
Of climbing the mountain Calvary.

4 No pleasing prospect I can see,
It is a lonely way for me;
And I have heard them say,
There are lions in the way,
And they lurk in the mountain Calvary.

5 O, 'tis a pleasant peaceful way,
No lions shall the faithful see;

But you shall have a guard,
The angels of the Lord,
To lead you up mount Calvary.

6 O, tarry not in all the plain,
The lions shall before thee flee;
If you but love the man,
Whose goodness laid the plan
Of climbing the mountain Calvary.

188. *Rest for the Weary.* **P. M.**

1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
Cho.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you—
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

189. *Shall we meet beyond the river?*

1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where in all the bright forever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
CHORUS –Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll.

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor
When our stormy voyage is o'er,
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore? *Cho.*

3 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls in harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound? *Cho.*

4 Shall we meet with the loved ones
Torn on earth from our embrace,
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face? *Cho.*

5 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour
When he comes to claim his own,
Shall we hear him bid us welcome,
And sit down upon his throne. *Cho.*

190. P. M.

Creation in praise to its Author.

1 Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
While all th' adoring thrones around,
His boundless mercy sing:
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above,
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as gray ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ;

Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the [sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

5 Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne:
Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
An image of his own.

6 Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal SOURCE OF LOVE,
With youth's enliv'ning fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sing his bless'd name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.—OGILVIE.

191. *Measure of Man's days.* **L. M.**

1 As flies the shuttle o'er the loom,
So mortals hasten to the tomb,
As ships that skim the raging sea,
Or eagles darting on their prey.

2 As vanishes the fleeting shade,
As flowers before the evening fade;
Such is the life of feeble man.
His days are measured by a span.

3 I would not wish on earth to stay,
Beyond this short uncertain day;

But, Lord, prepare my soul to do
The work appointed me below.

4 With willing heart and active hands,
Lord, I would practice thy commands;
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as I would wish to die.

192. *I'm a Traveler.* P. M.

1 I'm a traveler to a home,
Where all is fair,
Where the saints in glory stand,
And heaven is there;
Dark and thorny is the way,
Hither I come,
Ask me not with you to stay,
Yonder's my home.

2 I'm a weary trav'ler here,
I must go on,
For my journey's end is near,
I must be gone;
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away,
Pleasures that forever live,
I cannot stay.

3 I'm a trav'ler to a land,
Where all is fair,
Where is seen no broken band,
Saints all are there;
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad,
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

4 I'm a trav'ler, and I go
  Where all is fair,
Farewell, all I've loved below,
  I must be there;
Worldly honors, hopes and gain,
  All I resign,
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,
  If heaven be mine.

5 I'm a trav'ler, stop me not—
  Upward's my way,
Yonder is my rest and lot,
  I cannot stay;
Farewell earthly pleasures all,
  Pilgrim I roam,
Hail me not, in vain you call,
  Yonder's my home.

193. **7s & 6s.**

O, when shall I see Jesus.

1 O, when shall I see Jesus,
  And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain
  Drink everlasting love;
When shall I be delivered
  From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
  Drink endless pleasures in.

2 But now I am a soldier,
  My Captain 's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
  And bids me, not give o'er;
And says, if I prove faithful,
  A righteous crown he'll give,

And all his valiant soldiers
  Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
  To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus
  On wings of love I'll fly;
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
  I bid you all adieu,
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
  And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles,
  And trials on your way,
Then cast your cares on Jesus,
  And don't forget to pray;
Gird on the heavenly armor
  Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
  He'll carry you above.

194. *Prayer.* **C. M.**

1 O Lord we bow before thy throne,
  In deep humility
Come meet us here and "make us one"
  In prayer, and faith, and Thee.

2 "Create within" us "a clean heart"
  Our spirits right renew
Then sinners we'll teach, "the good part"
  And they shall love Thee too.

3 Let sinners all a moment pause,
  And think upon their ways,—
Embrace the blessed Saviour's cause,
  And in it spend their days.

4 Thus may we show our love for Thee,
And for our fellow men,—
And in a blest eternity
With saints and angels reign.

J. G. Perry.

195. *Exhortation to Sinners* **C. M.**

1 There is a house not made with hands,
It is the saints sweet home;
Where the dear Saviour pleading stands,
Inviting all to come.

2 Say, will you seek a mansion there?
And strive to enter in?
Or by your actions still declare,
You'd rather die in sin?

3 Arise, and to your Father go,
And tell him what you've done;
And He will meet you then, and know,
He'll own you for his son.

4 Backsliders, O return, believe
In Christ, the living way;
And God, for his dear sake, will save
You in the judgment day.

5 O can you see the bounties spread,
And to the feast not come?
Come now partake the living bread,
You're freely welcom'd home.

J. G. Perry.

196. **C. M.**

1 Jesus, the vision of thy face
Has overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

2 Then while you hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet the minutes roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul.

3 Clasped in my heavenly father's arms,
I could forget my breath;
And loose my life amid the charms
Of so divine a death.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes.

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.

197. 9s, 8s & 6s.

1 Children, children, keep the Lord in view,
And bear the cross he bore for you:
For there's a better time a coming,
Come, go along with me,
For there's reformation spreading,
Go, sound the jubilee,

2 We will bear the cross, and wear the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down.
For there's a better time &c.

3 There is glory, glory in my soul,
Come, mourners, let this current roll;
For there's a better time, &c.

4 Come, mourners, mourners bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross;
For there's a better time, &c.

5 Christ is now a calling, come,
He says, poor souls, for you there's room;
For there's a better time, &c.

6 I am glad I ever saw this day,
We have met to sing, and pray;
For there's a better time, &c.

7 We soon shall rise the mount of God
Beyond old Jordan's swelling flood;
For there's a better time; &c.

198. **P. M.**

1 O, come, my loving neighbors, will you go
to glory with me?
I long to go to heaven to my long sought
rest;
Come, poor mourning sinners, will you go
to glory with me?
I long to go to heaven to my long sought
rest.

Cho.—Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise ye the
Lord,
O, pray ye on, brethren, pray ye on
sisters,
Come, my loving neighbors, and serve
the Lord.

2 O, come, my loving brethren, will you go
to glory with me?
I long to go, &c.
O, come, my loving sisters, will you go to
glory with me?
I long to go, &c.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Methinks I hear young converts say,
they'll go to glory with me,
I long to go, &c.
Methinks I hear old pilgrims say, they'll
go to glory with me,
I long to go, &c.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 King Jesus is my captain—will you go to
glory with me?
I long to go, &c.
I know I do feel happy—will you go to
glory with me?
I long to go, &c.
Hallelujah, &c.

199. C. M.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Cho —We are marching through Immanuel's
ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And soon we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again!

What! never part again?
No, never part again!
What! never part again?
No, never part again!
And soon we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again!

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours. *Cho.*

WATTS.

200. *Immanuel's Land.* P. M.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD was a Scotch divine, who suffered much during the religious persecution in Scotland, but maintained his strong integrity of character and deep-toned piety to the last. At death, his last words were: "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land." The lines following were made up mostly of expressions of his own.

1 The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn—awakes;
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand;
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 There the red rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heart most bloom;
And fills the air of heaven
With ravishing perfume;
Oh! to behold it blossom,
While by its fragrance found,

Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 The King, there in his beauty,
Without a veil is seen;
"It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between;"
The Lamb with his fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 Oh, Christ—he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

5 I've wrestled on t'wards heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide;
Now, like a weary traveler
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening
While sinks life's lingering sand;
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

6 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp,
Now they lie all behind me,
Oh! for a well tuned harp;
Oh, to join, hallelujah,
With you, triumphant band,

Who sing where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

7 Oh, I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved is mine,
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his house divine;
I stand upon his merit,
I know no safer stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

8 I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Filled with his likeness, rise
To love and to adore him,
To see him with these eyes;
'Tween me and resurrection
But Paradise doth stand,
Then—then for glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

9 I have borne scorn and hatred,
I have borne wrong and shame.
Earth's proud ones have reproached me,
For Christ's thrice blessed name;
Where God's seal sets the Fairest,
They've stamped their foulest brand,
But judgment shines like noon-day
In Immanuel's land.

10 They've summoned me before them,
But there I may not come,
My Lord says, "welcome hither,"
My Lord says, "welcome home;"

My kingly King at his white throne
My presence doth command,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

201. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Sinners, can you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above,
Every sentence—O, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it,
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the herald's of the Gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner "pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name;"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor,
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears
And with news of consolation
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the courts of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay;
Rebel sinners,
Glad the message will obey.

202. P. M.

1 I dearly love a little child,
And Jesus loved young children too,
He ever sweetly on them smiled,
And placed them with his chosen few;
When cradled on its mother's breast,
A babe was brought to Jesus' feet,
He laid his hand upon his head,
And blessed it with a promise sweet.

2 "Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
"O suffer them to come to me,
Of such my heavenly kingdom is,
Like them must all my followers be;"
Young children are the gems of earth,
The brightest jewels mothers have,
They sparkle on their throbbing breast,
But brighter shine beyond the grave.

DANA.

203. C. M.

1 Sinners, repent and sin no more,
Believe and be baptized;
O, come to Christ, he is the door
To mansions in the skies.

2 There's nothing here that can endure,
There's nothing sure, a day,
But true religion in the soul,
This, none can take away.

J. G. PERRY.

204. L. M.

The Sinner's portion, and the Saint's hope.

1 Lord, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion's here below,
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last joyful trump shall sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

205. *Coronation Hymn.* C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye martyr's of our God,
Who from His altar call ·
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall;
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call;
The God incarnate! man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Sinners, whose love, can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

7 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

8 O, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

DUNCAN.

206. *Amazing Grace.* **C. M.**

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess within the vail
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve as snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who called me here below
Will be forever mine. NEWTON.

207. *Asleep in Jesus.* L. M.

1 Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Who waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;

Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

5 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venomed sting.

MRS. MACKAY.

208. *Behold the morning sun.* **S. M.**

1 Behold the morning sun,
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given;
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

WATTS.

209. *The Jubilee.* **C. M.**

1 What heavenly music do I hear!
  Salvation sounding free;
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear—
  This is the jubilee!

2 How sweetly doth the tidings roll
  All round from sea to sea;
From land to land, from pole to pole—
  This is the Jubilee!

3 Good news, good news, to Adam's race;
  Let Christians all agree
To sing redeeming love and grace—
  This is the Jubilee!

4 The Gospel sounds a sweet release
  To all in misery;
And bids them welcome home, to peace—
  This is the Jubilee!

5 Jesus is on the mercy seat,
  Before Him bend the knee:
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat—
  This is the Jubilee!

6 Sinners be wise, return and come;
  Unto the Saviour flee;
The Spirit bids you welcome home—
  This is the Jubilee!

7 Come ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
  With songs of harmony;
While on the road to Canaan, sing—
  This is the Jubilee!

210. **L. M.**

Come, children, drink the balmy dew.

1 Come, children, drink the balmy dew,
For Christ has shed his blood for you;
That blood can cleanse the vilest soul,—
O, see the purple torrent roll.

2 Behold the Lamb on Calvary,
He sighs and groans, and dies for thee;
The rocks are rent the sleeping dead,
Awake, because their Jesus bled.

3 Behold the body in the tomb,
The soldiers watching in the gloom;
But angels come at dawn of day;
And bear the Lord of life away.

4 Behold Him rise from Olive's brow,
The clouds His form are hiding now;
He's gone to stand before the throne,
And pray forever for His own.

5 Yet see the sign among the stars,
One like the Son of Man appears;
Now all the tribes of Israel mourn,
To see the Crucified return.

6 Come, sinner, drink the balmy dew,
And let that blood avail for you;
Then say, when His bright hour you see,
It is my Lord, He comes for me.

211. **10s, 6s & 12s.**

Come, let us anew.

1 Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;

His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moments refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 O that each in the day of His coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do;"
O, that each from his Lord may receive the glad word:
"Well and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne." C. Wesley.

212. S. M.

Come to the House of Prayer.

1 Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there,
He makes that house His own.

2 Come to the house of praise
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged hither come,
For ye have felt His love;

Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young! before his throne
Come, now, your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call.

6 Up to Thy dwelling place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace
And heaven on earth be won.

E. Taylor.

213. *Come, weary souls.* L. M.

1 Come, weary souls! with sins distress'd,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Here mercies boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace.

3 Dear Saviour! let Thy powerful love
Confirm our faith—our fears remove;
Oh! sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

Mrs. Steele.

214. *Daughter of Zion.* **11s.**

1 Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness;
Awakė!—for thy foes shall oppress thee no more:
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise!—for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them,
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout!—for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished and Zion is free. FITZGERALD'S COLL.

215. *Dismission Hymn.* **L. M.**

1 Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace. HERT.

216. *Faith, Hope, and Charity.* **L. M.**

1 Faith, hope and charity, these three,
Yet is the greatest, charity;
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart.

2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,
And charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for God is love.

3 The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope with sorrows fading form.

4 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the reach of death and time;
Like the blue skies all-bounding space
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.
MONTGOMERY.

217. *Aspiring for Heaven.* **8s & 7s.**

1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires;
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined;
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of His throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhoring
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still Thy Providence adoring
Faithful subjects to Thy laws;
Lord, with favor still attend us,
Bless us with Thy wondrous love;
Thou, our Sun, our Shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

J. TAYLOR.

218. *Forever with the Lord.* S. M.

1 "Forever with the Lord!"—
So, Jesus, let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A days march nearer home.

3 "Forever with the Lord!"—
Saviour, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,

In death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne--
"Forever, with the Lord!"

MONTGOMERY.

219. *Missionary Hymn.* 7s & 6s.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They calls us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavished kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. HEBER.

220. 8s & 7s.

Christ, the Lamb, enthroned and worshipped.

1 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the notes of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it, love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing,
Bring, O bring the glorious day,

When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King." KELLY.

221. 8s, 7s & 4s.

The expiring Saviour.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" Oh! what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
Heavenly blessing, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints! the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth and heaven uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

EVANS.

222. *Journeying Home.* 8s & 7s.

1 Here we meet to part again,
But when we meet on Canaan's plain.

Cho.—There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above,
In that bright world above,
Shout! shout the victory!
We're on our journey home.

2 Here we meet to part again,
But there we shall with Jesus reign.
Cho.

3 Here we meet to part again,
But when we join the heavenly train.
Cho.

223. *Brothers, will you meet us?*

1 Say, brothers, will you meet us;
Say, brothers, will you meet us;
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore?

2 By the grace of God we'll meet you;
By the grace of God we'll meet you;
By the grace of God we'll meet you
Where parting is no more.

3 Jesus lives and reigns for ever;
Jesus lives and reigns for ever;
Jesus lives and reigns for ever
On Canaan's happy shore.

4 Glory, glory, hallelujah;
Glory, glory, hallelujah;
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
For ever, evermore.

224. 7s & 6s.

Christ, the great Physician.

1 How lost was my condition,
  Till Jesus made me whole,
There is but one physician
  Can cure a sin-sick soul;
Next door to death he found me,
  And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
  His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
  Is light compared with sin,
On every part it seizes,
  But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
  And madness all combined,
And none, but a believer,
  The least relief can find.

3 From men, great skill professing,
  I thought a cure to gain,
But this proved more distressing,
  And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ailed me,
  Some gave me up for lost,
Thus every refuge failed me,
  And all my hopes were crossed.

4 At length this great Physician—
  How matchless is His grace!
Accepted my petition,
  And understood my case;
First gave me sight to view Him—
  For sin my sight hath sealed—

Then bade me look unto Him;
I looked and I was healed.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death;
Come then to this Physician,
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live! NEWTON.

225. C. M.

Christ, precious to Believers.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear,
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary rest.

3 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan excuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath,
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death. NEWTON.

226. *Cradle Hymn.* 8s & 7s.

1 Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

2 Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All, without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

3 How much better thou'rt attended,
Than the Son of God could be;
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

4 Soft and easy is the cradle—
Coarse and hard the Saviour lay;
When his birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

5 Blessed Babe, what glorious features,
Spotless, fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?—
How could angels bear the sight?

6 Was there nothing, but a manger,
That poor sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

7 Soft, my child—I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;

'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arm shall be thy guard.

8 Yet, to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King;
How they served the Lord of glory
Makes me tremble while I sing.

9 See the under shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
There they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His virgin mother by.

10 See the lovely Babe addressing,
Lovely Infant, how He smiled!
When He wept, the mother's blessing,
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

11 Lo, He slumber'd in a manger,
Where the lowing oxen fed—
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no oxen near thy bed,

12 'Twas to save Thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame;
Bitter groans, and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

13 May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all Thy days!
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise.

14 I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire. WATTS

227. **C. M.**

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord."

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
  Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
  And advocate his laws.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know His name—
  His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
  Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne, His promise stands,
  And He can well secure;
What I've committed to His hands,
  Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
  Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
  Appoint my soul a place. WATTS.

228. *Longing for heaven.* **11s.**

1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,
Is enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live away; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;

There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode;
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul. MUHLENBERG.

229. *All one in Christ.* **S. M.**

1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found,
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the Church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

BEDDOME.

230. *Indebtedness to Christ.* **C. M.**

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
  Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
  His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare
  Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair,
  Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
  And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
  And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
  And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
  And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
  He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
  And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive,
  Such proofs of love divine;
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
  Lord! they should all be Thine.

S. Stennett.

231. *Cross and Crown.* **C. M.**

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
  And all the world go free;
No, there's a cross for every one,
  And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home, my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.

G. N. Allen.

232. C. M.

God's goodness.

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes my waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay,
To Him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven on which He sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak His praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be Thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night. Watts.

233. *Jehovah's Praise* C. M.

1 O no, we cannot sing the song,
Made for Jehovah's praise;
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings
To Zion's gladsome strains.

2 They bid us be in cheerful mood,
And dry those tears so sad;
But Judah's hearths are desolate,
And how can we be glad?

3 Silent our harps o'er Babel's stream
Are hung on willows wet,
And Zion though we no more see,
We never can forget.

4 Sad be the notes, the plaintive wail,
Our lyres must falter here;
Echoes of songs within the vail,
Celestial, sweet, and clear.

5 O memory! can those strains on high
Grow silent and unknown?
Can death's deep pall enshroud our eyes,
And hide yon glitt'ring throne.

6 Jerusalem! thy banished ones—
Prove anguish and regret—
But endless curses rest on them,
If thee they e'er forget.

234. *Onward Christian.* 8s & 7s.

1 Onward, Christian, though the region,
Where thou art is drear and lone;
God has sent a guardian legion
Very near thee—press thou on!

2 Listen, Christian, their hosanna
  Rolleth o'er thee,—"God is Love,"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
  Upward ever, heaven's above.

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
  Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother,
  Jesus trod it—press thou on!

4 By this world be wiser, stronger,
  For thy life of pain and peace,
While it needs thee, O no longer
  Pray thou for thy quick release.

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather
  That thou be a faithful son,
By the prayer of Jesus—"Father,
  Not my will, but thine be done.

235. *Rendering thanks.* L. M.

1 O, render thanks to God above,
  The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past,
  Hath stood and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
  Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
  His tribute of immortal praise.

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
  Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
  Let Thy salvation visit me.

4 O, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
His mercy firm through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

236. *Guilty Sinners.* C. P. M.

1 O Thou that hearest the prayer of faith,
Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on Thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my God hath done,
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And His availing blood;
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart—
Thy Maker is Thy friend.

4 The king of terrors then should be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me, come away;
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings
To everlasting day.

237. **C. M.**

"O, 'twas a joyful sound to hear."

1 O, 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say:
"Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep the festal day!"

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers;
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers

3 O, pray we then for Salem's peace—
For they shall prosp'rous be;
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to Thee.

TATE & BRADY.

238. *Palms and Crowns.* **7s.**

1 Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away;
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors, they.

2 Yet the conqueror's bring their palms
To the Lamb round the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Vict'ry through his cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords:—
Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow:
"Twas their Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood that made them so."

5 Who are these, on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt and fear, and suff'ring felt,
But we're saved by sov'reign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls translated thus
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

MONTGOMERY.

239. *Salvation.* C. M.

1 Salvation! O, the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound. WATTS.

240. *Sweet day of rest.* L. M.

1 Sweet is the work, my Lord, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till their breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below:
And every power finds sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy. WATTS.

241. *The Psalmist.* **L. M.**

1 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess,
But the blest volume Thou hast writ,
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;

Till Christ has all the nations bless'd,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

WATTS.

242. *The Morning Light.* **7s & 6s.**

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,-
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

243. C. M.

TUNE.—DEDHAM.

1 O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord,
And all that in me is
Be ye stirred up, his holy name
To magnify and bless.

2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

3 Such pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear;
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship him in fear.

4 The Lord prepared hath his high throne
In heaven firm to stand ;
And every thing that being hath
His kingdom doth command.

5 O bless the Lord, all ye his works,
Wherewith the world is stored,
In his dominions everywhere;
My soul, bless thou the Lord.

244. *The Harp.* L. M.

1 There is a harp whose thrilling sound
Swells through the choir of heaven above;
'Mid the blue arch the notes resound,
While angels catch the song of love.

2 'Tis when beyond this vale of tears
A sainted spirit wings its way,
And pure before the throne appears,
In robes of bright, ethereal day.

3 Hark! the glad shout of sacred joy,
In choral numbers, loud and long;
Th' angelic host their harps employ,
And hallelujah's swell the song.

245. *The true Friend.* 8s & 4s.

1 There's a friend above all others,
O, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
O, how He loves!

2 Blessed Jesus!—would'st thou know Him?
O, how He loves!
Give thyself e'en this day to Him,
O, how He loves!

Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
Doubts and trials do they tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
O, how He loves!

3 Love this Friend who longs to save thee,
O, how He loves!
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,
O, how He loves!
Think no more than of to-morrow,
Take His easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
O, how He loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
O, how He loves!
Backwards all thy foes be driven,
O, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory He will guide thee—
O, how He loves!

5 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
O, how He loves!
Nought can cleave this love asunder,
O, how He loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation—
O, how He loves!

6 Let us still this love be viewing,
O, how He loves!
And though faint, keep on pursuing,
O, how He loves!

He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when passed o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song for ever,
O, how He loves!

246. *The Voice of Free Grace.* **12s.**

1 The voice of free grace cries, escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race, Christ hath opened fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.

2 Ye souls that are wounded! O flee to the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy—'tis infinite favor;
Your sins are increasing—escape to the mountain,—
His blood can remove them—it flows from the fountain.

3 O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly glorious
O'er sin, death and hell, Thou art more than victorious;
Thy name is the theme of the great congregration,
While angels and men raise the shout of salvation.

4 With joy shall we stand when escaped to the shore,
With harps in our hands we'll praise him the more;

We'll range the sweet plains on the bank
of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.
THORNBY.

247. *Evening Hymn.* L. M.

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far His power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait, Thy voice to raise my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.
WATTS.

248. *Zion.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine.

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;

Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove,
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light. KELLY.

249. C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. WATTS.

250. *Mourning.* **6s & 7s.**

1 Oh, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat,
When this world is burning
Beneath Jehovah's feet,
CHO.—Friends and kindred there will part,
Will part to meet no more;
Wrath will sink the rebel's heart,
While saints on high adore;
Oh! there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat.

2 Oh, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat,
When the trumpets warning,
The sinner's ear shall greet.

3 Oh, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat,
When from dust returning,
The lost their doom shall meet.

4 Oh, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat,
Justice, ever frowning,
Shall seal the sinner's fate.

251. *Saint's Home.* **P. M.**

1 I have started for Canaan, must I leave you behind?
Will you not go up with me? come, make up your mind,
The land lies before us, 'tis pleasant to view;
Its fruits are abundant, they're offered to you.

Come, come friends, friends, come ; I've
started for Canaan,
O, will you not come?

2 What can tempt you to linger, or turn
from the way?
The fields are all blooming, as blooming
as May,
The music is charming, the harmony pure,
The joys, there are lasting, they ever endure.
Come, come friends, friends, come, &c.

3 You have friends in that country most
dear to your heart,
Do you not wish to meet them where
friends never part?
Then start in a moment, no longer delay,
While you stop to consider, the night ends
the day.
Come, come friends, friends, come, &c.

4 'Tis the last call of mercy; O turn, lest
you die;
Give your heart to the Saviour, to-day he
is nigh;
While his arms are extended, while his
children all pray;
Will you not join our number? come, join
us to-day.
Come, come friends, friends, come, &c.

252. *The Shining Shore.* **8s & 7s.**

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,

Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning;—
For oh! we, &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Whose golden harps are ringing;
For oh! we, &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says come and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!
For oh! we, &c.

253. *The Chariot.* 12s.

1 The Chariot! the Chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire;
Lo, self-moving, it drives on its path-way of cloud,
And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around Him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths, of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet the dead have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb, and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word.

5 In mercy, in mercy, look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven!
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven. MILMAN.

254. *Christ's Church.* P. M.

1 Like a ship, see the church, through the ocean she rolls ;
She's freighted with grace and well mann'd out with souls !
'Midst whirlwinds and tempests she sails through the world,
While storms of temptation against her are hurled.

2 She's bound from the world, through the tempest she flies,
She mounts o'er the billows, is bound for the skies ;
While Christ stands at helm no danger she'll fear,
Her Captain and Pilot knows which way to steer.

3 She stops not to anchor in harbours below,
But o'er life's rough billows her true course doth go ;
The highlands of Heaven she still keeps in view ;
Intends there to anchor and there land her crew.

4 She's hated by worldlings, despised by fools,
Who sail the black sea till they shipwreck their souls !

She kindly invites them their course to bewail,
Yet tarries not for them, but spreads the more sail.

She's rapidly sailing with strong gales of love,
And soon will strike soundings on fair coasts above ;
Make the highlands of Heaven, and enter the road,
And anchor for e'er in the kingdom of God !

255. *Subdued by the Cross.* C. M.

1 In evil, long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stop'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree
In agonies of blood ;
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Shall I forget that look ;
He seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins, his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave; which said,
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I died that thou may'st live,

7 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirits now were filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed.

256. 8s & 7s.

Waiting by the River.

1 We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.
CHORUS.—We are waiting by the river.
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman;
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Though the mist hangs o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar;
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted on the other shore.
CHORUS.—We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore.

Only waiting for the boatman;
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

3 And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams,
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

CHORUS.—We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman;
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

4 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we too have crossed the tide.

CHORUS.—We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman;
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

5 When we've passed that vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide;
In that bright and glorious city,
We shall ever more abide.

CHORUS.—We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman;
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

257. *Well Beloved.* P.M.

1 Don't you see my Jesus coming?
Don't you see him in yonder cloud
With ten thousand angels round him?
See how they do my Jesus crowd!
CHO.—Well beloved, blessed Saviour,
Well beloved, Priest and King,
Glory to the Lamb for ever;
For us he did salvation bring.

2 Don't you see his arms extended!
Don't you hear his charming voice?
Each loving heart beats high for glory,
Oh! my Jesus is my choice.
CHO.—Well beloved, blessed Saviour,
Well beloved, Priest and King,
Glory to the Lamb for ever;
For us he did salvation bring.

3 Don't you see the saints ascending?
Hear them shouting through the air!
Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding,
Now his glory they shall share.

4 Don't you see the heavens open!
And the saints in glory there?
Shouts of triumph bursting round you.
Glory, glory, glory, hear. *Cho.*

5 Come, backsliders, tho' you've pierc'd him,
And have caus'd his church to mourn;
Yet you may regain free pardon,
If you will to him return. *Cho.*

6 Now behold each loving spirit,
Shout the praise of his dear name;
View the smiles of their dear Jesus,
While his presence feeds the flame. *Cho.*

7 There we'll range the fields of pleasure,
By our dear Redeemer's side;
Shouting glory, glory, glory,
While eternal ages glide. *Cho.*

258. *Love to God.* **P. M.**

1 Almighty love inspire
My soul with sacred fire,
And animate desire,
My soul to renew;
I love my blessed Jesus,
On whom each angel gazes,
And sympathy increases
About the ethereal blue.

CHORUS.—And, O, give him glory,
And, O, give him glory,
And, O, give him glory,
For glory is his own;
Yes, you may give him glory,
And I will give him glory,
We'll shout and give him glory,
When we arrive at home.

2 My tender hearted Jesus,
Thy love my soul amazes,
Thou did'st die to save us,
When lost and undone;
No seraph could redeem us,
No angel could retrieve us,
No arm could relieve us,
But Jesus alone. *Cho.*

3 In him I have believed,
He has my soul retrieved,
From sin he has redeemed
My soul, which was dead!
And now I love my Saviour,
For I am in his favor,
And hope with him forever
The golden streets to tread. *Cho.*

4 Yet here awhile I stay
In hopes of that glad day,
When I am call'd away,
To the mansions above,
There to enjoy the treasure
Of unconsuming pleasure,
And shout in highest measure,
Hallelujahs of love. *Cho.*

5 In hopes of seeing Jesus,
When all my conflict ceases,
To him my love increases,
To worship and adore;
Come, then, my blessed Saviour,
Vouchsafe to me thy favor,
To dwell with thee forever,
When time shall be no more. *Cho.*

6 Then, in the blooming garden
Of Eden, gain'd by pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan
We'll worship the Lamb;
We'll sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus, sweet, composes
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name. *Cho.*

7 See, yonder is the glory,
It lies but just before me,
And then we'll tell the story
Of all redeeming love ;
And then we shall forever
Drink of the flowing river,
And ever, ever, ever,
Surround the throne of love.

CHORUS —O there we'll give thee glory,
O there we'll give thee glory,
O there we'll give thee glory;
And sing the song of love;
And you may give him glory, &c.

259. *Bleeding Zion.* **8s & 7s.**

1 Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarrings cease;
Come, O come, and reign for ever,
God of love and Prince of Peace;
Visit now thy bleeding Zion,
Hear thy people mourn and weep,
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee;
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over every hindrance leap:
Undismay'd by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth,

Guide us, Lord, by thy good spirit,
  Which shall teach us all the truth;
On the Gospel word we'll venture,
  Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour,
  O, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
  Persecution rages here;
Nothing, Lord, we know, can harm us,
  While our Shepherd is so near;
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
  At his name our hearts doth leap,
He both comforts us and frees us,
  The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

5 Hear the Prince of our salvation,
  Saying, fear not, little flock:
I, myself, am your foundation,
  You are built upon this rock;
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
  Scale the mount although it's steep,
Look to me, and be ye holy,
  I delight to feed my sheep.

6 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
  Taught by him we'll own his name,
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
  How it doth our souls inflame;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
  Give him glory, he will keep,
He will clear your way before you,
  The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

260. *Young People.* **L. M.**

1 Young people all attention give,
  While I address you in God's name;
You, who in sin and folly live,
  Come, hear the counsel of a friend.

2 I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
  And rang'd the luring scenes of life;
But never knew substantial joys,
  Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

3 He spake, at once my sins forgiven,
  And wash'd my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
  And thus I found the heav'nly way.

4 And now with trembling sense I view
  The billows rise beneath your feet;
For death eternal waits for you,
  Who slight the force of Gospel truth.

5 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
  By fleeting time or conquering death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
  And leave you ever in the dark.

6 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
  Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
  Will soon your active limbs enclose.

7 Ye heedless ones that widely stroll,
  The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll
  In solemn darkness round your head.

8 Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
  And with a sigh move slow along;

Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.

9 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns, and billows roar,
And roll amidst the burning flames,
When thousand, thousand years are o'er.

10 Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in ceaseless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

11 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late,
The way of life and heaven to choose.

12 Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God;
But with the Gospel now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

261. *The New Birth* P. M.

1 Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
I knew not what to do;
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe.

2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell,
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;

I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

3 Then to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth, I found so plain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my troubled mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load;
I read it o'er, found it the same,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
But when I found this truth so plain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
I felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier sounds did raise;
All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions born again,
Shall shout thy endless praise.

262. *Christ and His Cross.* P. M.

1 As near to Calvary I pass,
Methinks I see a bloody cross,
Where a poor victim hangs;
His flesh with rugged irons tore,
His limbs all dress'd in purple gore,
Gasping in dying pangs.

2 Surprised the spectacle to see,
I asked who can this victim be,
In such exquisite pain?
Why thus consign'd to woes? I cried:
"'Tis I," the bleeding God replied,
"To save a world from sin."

3 A God for rebel mortal dies!
How can it be? my soul replies,
What! Jesus die for me?
"Yes," saith the suffering Son of God,
"I give my life, I spill my blood,
For thee, poor soul, for thee."

4 Lord, since thy life thou'st freely given,
To bring my wretched soul to heaven,
And bless me with thy love;
Then, at thy feet, O God, I'll fall,
Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
To reign with thee above.

263. *Met in Jesus' name.* C. M.

1 We're met, dear friends, in Jesus' name;
Come, let us now rejoice,
While we our Saviour's name proclaim,
With cheerful heart and voice.

2 But O, dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heavenly Dove,
His graces to diffuse around,
And warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,
Except thy face to see;
Thy presence makes a heaven most sweet,
Whene'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shows a heavenly dawn,
When there with thee we dwell;
But when thy presence is withdrawn,
A palace proves a hell.

5 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile;
Thy spirit's quick'ning influence send,
And purge our hearts from guile.

6 That at the close, each one may say,
We met not here in vain;
For, we have tasted heaven to-day,
Nor could we more contain.

264. *The Welcome.* **L. M.**

1 Welcome, dear brethren, to this place!
Be banished every slavish fear!
Ye come to seek Immanuel's face,
And he has promised to be here.

2 Seek him in prayer, he'll surely come,
To do us good before we part!
Each humble breast he'll make his home,
And dwell in every waiting heart.

3 He'll come with all his gracious train,
Of lively graces, bright and strong;

Then shall the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Sound loud and sweet from every tongue.

4 O, then be earnest, take his way,
He'll answer every good desire;
Give him your hearts, though cold as clay,
They'll melt like wax before the fire.

265. *Union Hymn.* **P. M**

1 Come, my Christian friends and brethren,
Bound for Canaan's happy land;
Come, unite, and walk together,
Christ, the Saviour, gives command;
Lay aside all party spirit,
Slight your Christian friends no more,
Come, unite, through Jesus' merit,
Zion's peace again restore.

2 We'll not bind our brother's conscience,
This to God alone is free;
Nor contend for non-essentials,
But in Christ united be;
Here's the word, the grand criterion,
This shall all our doctrine prove;
Christ, the centre of our union,
And the bond is Christian love.

3 Here's my hand, my heart, my spirit,
Now in fellowship I'll give;
Now we love, and peace inherit,
Show the world how Christians live;
Now we're one in Christ, our Saviour,
Male or female, bond or free;
Christ is all in all forever,
And we're happy, Lord, in thee.

4 Now we'll preach and pray together,
  Praise, give thanks, and shout, and sing,
Now we'll strengthen one another,
  And adore our heavenly King;
Now we'll join in sweet communion,
  Round the table of our Lord;
Lord, confirm our Christian union
  By thy spirit and thy word.

5 Now the world will be constrained
  To believe in Christ, our King;
Thousands, thousands be converted,
  Round the earth his praises ring;
Happy day! O joyful hour,
  Thank the Lord, his name we'll bless;
Send thy word, my Lord, with power,
  Fill the world with righteousness.

266. *The Female Pilgrim.* P. M.

1 Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
  Wandering through this lonely vale?
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger?
  And will not thy courage fail?
    No, I'm bound for the kingdom,
    Will you go to glory with me?
    O hallelujah! O hallelujah!
    I'm bound for the kingdom,
    Will you go to glory with me?
    O hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!

2 Pilgrim, thou hast justly call'd me,
  Passing through a waste so wide;
But no harm will e'er befall me,
  While I'm blessed with such a guide.
    For I'm bound, &c.

3 Such a guide; no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
O I'm bound, &c.

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
For I'm bound, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No, I'm bound, &c.

6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound, &c.

7 While I gazed with speed surprizing,
Down the stream she plunged from sight;
Gazing, still I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed with light.
O I'm bound, &c.

8 Cease, my heart, this mournful crying,
Death will burst this sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit fluttering, flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.
For I'm bound, &c.

267. *Warning.* **P. M.**

1 O, hearken sinners, we have cause
To warn you of your danger;
We pray, be reconcil'd to him,
Who once lay in a manger.
CHO.—Ho! every one that thirst,
Come ye to the waters;
Freely drink and quench your thirst,
With Zion's holy waters.

2 The awful God who made your soul,
And all the world around you,
Doth charge you with ten thousand crimes,
But hateth to confound you. *Cho.*

3 Come all ye humble, weeping souls,
Who long to be forgiven,
We bring glad tidings unto you,
From the good Lord of heaven. *Cho.*

4 There is a fountain deep and wide,
For sin and all uncleanness;
Come, drink and wash, and be made white,
And prove the Gospel fulness. *Cho.*

5 Shall unbelief debar you from
The knowledge of your Saviour?
Believe, and you'll be justified.
Believe and live forever. *Cho.*

6 I'm not surprised that saints do sing,
Or angels shout and wonder;
I would sing glory, if I could,
As loud as mighty thunder. *Cho.*

7 Poor sinners often laugh and scoff,
Because I sing hosannah;

But they don't know what this doth mean,
My soul is eating manna. *Cho.*

8 My old companions think I'm lost,
Because I sing hosannah;
But they would sing as loud as me,
If they had tasted manna. *Cho.*

9 The cold professors do detest
Such loud noise and hosannahs;
And so did we before we sought,
And found this holy manna. *Cho.*

10 When on my dying bed I lie,
My soul shall sing hosannah;
With happy saints that shout around,
We'll have a feast of manna. *Cho.*

11 A glorious throng have gone before,
Who sing and shout hosannah;
They stand around the tree of life,
And always gather manna. *Cho.*

12 Come on, ye followers of the Lamb,
Love God and sing hosannah;
We soon shall join that holy throng,
And always live on manna. *Cho.*

268. *Joseph and his Brethren.* **P. M.**

1 When Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was filled,
For weeping he could not forbear;
Awhile his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sins to their mind;
But when they were humbled enough,
He hastened to show himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he,
  Whom they had ill-treated and sold!
How great their confusion must be,
  As soon as his name he had told;
"I'm Joseph, your brother," he said,
  "And still to my heart you are dear;
You sold me, and thought I was dead,
  But God, for your sakes, sent me here."

3 Though greatly distressed before,
  When charged with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more,
  Not one of them durst to look up:
"Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
  Forgive us the evil we did,
And will he our households maintain?
  O, this is a brother, indeed!"

4 Thus dragg'd by my conscience I came,
  And laden with guilt to the Lord,
Surrounded with terror and shame,
  Unable to utter a word;
At first he looked stern and severe,
  What anguish then pierced my heart!
Expecting each moment to hear
  The sentence, "Thou cursed, depart!"

5 But; oh! what surprise when he spoke,
  While tenderness beamed in his face;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
  O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace:
"Poor sinner, I knew then full well,
  By thee I was sold and was slain;
But I died to redeem thee from hell,
  And raise thee in glory to reign."

6 "I'm Jesus, whom thou hast blasphem'd,
And crucified often afresh;
But let me henceforth be esteem'd,
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh;
My pardon I freely bestow,
Thy wants I will fully supply,
I'll guide thee, and guard thee below,
And soon will remove thee on high."

7 "Go, publish to sinners around,
That they may be willing to come,
The mercy which now you have found,
And tell them that yet there is room."
Oh, sinners, the message obey!
No more vain excuses pretend;
But come without further delay,
To Jesus, our brother and friend.

269. *Union Meeting.* P. M.

1 Where two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat,
And tell what I have done:
There will I be, said God, to bless,
And every burden'd soul redress,
Who worship at my throne.

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word,
To set the spirit free;
Impart a kind, celestial shower,
And grant that we may spend an hour,
In fellowship with thee.

270. *Daniel's Wisdom.* P. M.

1 Daniel's wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show,
John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.

2 Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender heartedness,
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James' faith by works reveal;
Like young Timothy may I
Every sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission may I show,
David's true devotion know,
Samuel's call, O, may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share;
Let Isaiah's hallowed fire
All my new-born soul inspire.

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's steadfast valiant care,
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart;
Abraham's friendship let me prove,
Faithful to the God I love.

5 Most of all may I pursue,
That example Jesus drew,
Let my life and conduct show,
How he liv'd and walked below,
Day by day through grace restor'd;
Imitate my blessed Lord.

271. *The Pearl of great Price.* C. M.

1 Ye glitt'ring toys of earth adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;—
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus to multitudes unknown,—
O, name divinely sweet!—
Jesus in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

4 Should all the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted store resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed;
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blessed.

6 Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the praise that grace inspires,
Since I can call thee mine.

7 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

272. *Jesus wept.* L. M. 6L.

1 When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If ought should tempt my soul to stray,
From heav'nly virtues narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile
Divides me—for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus' dead.

4 And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict, but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

273. *Praise to the Saviour.* C. M.

1 O, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumph of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth around
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,—
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

274. C. M.

The Brevity and Value of Time.

1 Swiftly indeed our moments fly,
And soon may all be gone—
A little while, and I must die,
And here no more be known.

2 Then may I ev'ry hour improve,
And ev'ry moment prize,
That I may live in worlds above,
When this my body dies.

3 There everlasting glories shine,
There is no darksome night;
There ceaseless joy, and love divine
Shall be the saint's delight.

4 Assist me, Lord, I humbly pray,
To do thy holy will—
I read thy word, and would obey,
With love and rev'rence still.

5 Thou art a God of sov'reign power,
My life is in thy hand;
If thou shalt please, before an hour,
Thou canst my soul demand.

6 I would not vainly spend my time,
Nor waste one moment given;
May all my powers, dear Lord, be thine,
Till I arrive in heaven.

7 May I in understanding grow,
May grace instruct my heart,—
May I be wise, my God, to know,
And choose a heavenly part.

275. *The Gospel Pool.* S. M.

1 Beside the Gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move;
And others, round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove!

3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O, would the Lord appear;
My malady to heal;

He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.

5 How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I!

6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

7 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8 No,—he is full of grace,
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet. NEWTON.

276. *Jesus' Baptism by John.* 7s.

1 In Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the right demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse—
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In depths, concealed from human view:
Ye saints, behold him, sink and rise,
A fit example this for you—
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But, lo! from yonder opening skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread;
Dove-like the eternal spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amazed they see the power divine
Around the Saviour's temple shine.

4 But, hark! my soul, hark! and adore,
What sounds are those that roll along,
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft as Gabriel's song!
"This is my well beloved Son,
I am well pleased with what he's done."

5 Thus the eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod—
Through parting skies the accent broke,
And bid us hear the Son of God—
O, hear the awful word, to-day,
Hear all ye nations, and obey!

277. *The glorious Time.* P. M.

1 The glorious time is rolling on,
When sinners will come flocking home.
CHO.—O, there's a better day coming,
Will you go along with me?
Yes, there's a better day coming,
Go sound the Jubilee.

2 I long to hear the joyful sound,
The dead's alive, the lost is fond.
O there's a better day coming, &c.

3 O, come, dear sinners, will you go,
And see what love from Christ doth flow.

Cho.—O there's a reformation coming,
Will you go along with me?
Yes, there's a reformation coming,
Go sound the Jubilee.

278. *"Thy life I read."* C. M.

1 Thy life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 I take these little lambs, said he,
And lay them on my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.

6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine:
O, Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.

279. *"Nearer to Thee."* 6s & 4s.

TUNE.—BETHANY.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,—
  Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
  That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
  The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
  My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
  Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
  In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
  Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
  Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee!

5 And when on joyful wing
  Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

280. *Sweet Hour of Prayer.* **P. M.**

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me, seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

281. C. M. D.

The Welcome Home.

1st Chorus.

1 How sweet will be the welcome home,
When this short life is o'er;
When pain and sorrow, care and grief,
Shall dwell with me no more.
When we that bright and heavenly land,
With spirit eyes shall see,
And join the holy angel band
In praise, dear Lord, of thee.

Chorus.

The welcome home, the welcome home,
The Christian's welcome, welcome home,
The welcome home, the welcome home,
The Christian's welcome home.

2 Lord, grant my frail and wayward bark,
May anchor sure and fast;
Beside the shining gates of pearl,
Where I may rest at last!
When once within, my soul shall know
No hunger, thirst, or pain;
No sickness, sorrow, care or death,
Shall visit me again! *Cho.*

3 O, may I live, while here below,
In view of that blest day,
When God's bright angels shall come down,
To bear my soul away!
When I shall walk the golden streets,
In garments white and pure,

And sing an endless song to him,
Who made my soul secure!

CHORUS.

The welcome home, the welcome home,
The Christian's welcome, welcome home,
The welcome home, the welcome home,
The Christian's welcome home.

282. *Hope maketh not ashamed.* P. M.

1 A few more days of grief and woe;
A few more suffering scenes below;
And then to glory we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And give to Jesus, glory.

2 Who then will march to win the prize,
And take the kingdom in the skies,
Where joy and friendship never dies,
But always reigns in paradise—
And give to Jesus, glory.

3 Come parents, children, bond and free,
Say, will you go to heaven with me—
That glorious land of rest to see,
And praise the Lord eternally,
And give to Jesus, glory?

4 There we shall meet and part no more,
When we've arrived on Canaan's shore,
For Zion's warfare will be o'er;
Such songs were never heard before—
We'll give to Jesus, glory.

5 There tears will all be wiped away,
And Christians never go astray:

When we are freed from cumbrous clay,
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus, glory.

6 My soul seems happy, while I sing,
I feel that I am on the wing:
I'll shout salvation to my King,
While he to heaven his trophies bring,
And give to Jesus, glory.

7 Those beauteous fields of living green,
By faith, our telescope, are seen;
While Jordan's billows roll between,
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,
And give to Jesus, glory.

8 The rose and lily there will stand
In beauteous rows at God's right hand;
O, how I long for Canaan's land,
To join that holy, happy band,
And give to Jesus, glory.

283. *Pilgrim's Farewell.* P. M.

1 Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
That we must be parted from this social band:
Our several engagements now call us away,
Separation is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, loving brethren, farewell for a while;
We soon shall again meet, if kind heaven smile;

And while we are parted, and scattered abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged;
The war will be ended, your treasure enlarged:
With singing and shouting to heaven you'll soar,
And join in sweet anthems, where parting's no more.

4 Farewell, dear young converts, who've listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
And though you must walk through this dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.

5 The world, flesh, and Satan, and hell, all unite,
And bold persecutors will strive to affright;
Yet Jesus stands for you, he's greater than they,
Let this animate you to press on your way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with you I must part,
O haste unto Jesus, and choose the good part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended, your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, careless sinners, for you we do mourn,
To see your sad danger, and you unconcerned;
You're bound to a judgment, where all must appear,
Whether righteous or wicked, their sentence to hear.

8 Your frolicks and pastime, in which you delight,
Will serve to torment you in that dreadful night;
You'll think on the sermons which you've heard in vain,
When hope's gone forever of hearing again.

9 Farewell, faithful pilgrims, farewell all around,
If we never should meet till the last trumpet sound;
To meet you in glory, I'll give you my hand,
The Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

284. *First Gospel Church.* P. M.

1 In witness of the gospel, an ordinance we find,
And in the third of Matthew this ordinance enjoined;
Enjoined on all believers, come witness how the Son
Came, and was baptized by his own servant John.

2 Not *at* the river Jordan, but *in* the flowing stream
Stood John, the Baptist preacher, when he baptized the Lamb;
And Jesus Christ the Saviour, out of the water came,
To show that we must follow and pattern after him.

3 Some say that John the Baptist, was nothing but a Jew;
But the word of God informs us he was a preacher too:
A preacher to the people, the Gospel to impress,
Likewise, to enforce the need of a Saviour's righteousness.

4 Infants were brought to Jesus — were brought for him to bless:
His blessing they received, and shall for ever rest.
Then welcome tender parents to bring your babes along;
Not to be baptized—for Jesus baptized none.

5 The traditionists will say that these sentiments are new;
If they'll read the third of Matthew they'll surely find them true;
That there were none baptized but such as did believe,
And none but true believers will Almighty God receive.

6 You've read the third of Matthew, go read
it o'er again,
There's none who were baptized but did
repentance bring:
If you'd believe our Jesus, you'd be bap-
tized like him,
As long as you neglect it, it is to you a sin.

7 This ordinance of Jesus doth stand so
firm and strong,
There's none can overthrow it, though
they've endeavoured long;
For Jesus and his kingdom will stand for
ever sure,
When anti-christian power will fall to rise
no more.

8 John was a Gospel preacher when he bap-
tized the Lamb;
Then Jesus was a Baptist, and thus the
Baptists came;
If you would follow Jesus as Christians
ought to do,
You'd come and be baptized, and be a
Baptist too.

285. 7s.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide—
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
  Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone—
  Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
  All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
  More than all, in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
  Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
  I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
  Thou art full of truth and grace.

286. *Baptism.* 8s & 7s.

1 See, in Jordan, John baptizing
  Him who came with power to save;
See the great Redeemer rising
  From the humble, wat'ry grave.

2 Emblem of profound affliction,
  Hov'ring o'er his sacred head;
Of his death and resurrection
  From the regions of the dead.

3 Hear the Saviour kindly saying,
  Follow me, my children—come!
See his early converts coming,
  Bowing in the liquid tomb.

4 We, his saints in latter ages,
  Bought and cleansed by his blood;

Reading o'er the sacred pages,
Trace the humble paths he trod.

5 Down to Jordan, praising, praying,
We are happy to repair;
We are happy in obeying
Our beloved Leader there.

6 Buried with the holy Saviour,
By immersion in the stream;
Rising, we enjoy his favour,
And devote our lives to him.

287. *The Harvest.* **P. M.**

1 This is the field, the world below,
In which the sower comes to sow;
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares:
And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout—the harvest home.

2 Most awful truth, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Then for the harvest, me prepare;
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout—the harvest home.

3 To love my sins, a saint t' appear;
To grow with wheat and be a tare,
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow;
But soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout—the harvest home.

4 But all who truly righteous be,
Their father's kingdom they shall see:

Shine like the sun forever there,
He that hath ears then let him hear;
For soon the reaping time will come,
And tares will meet an awful doom.

5 When the last harvest shall appear,
To separate the wheat and tare,
May we among the wheat be found,
In sheaves, with cords of love be bound,
And join the angels round the throne
To shout the glorious—harvest home.

288. L. M.

The road to Life and to Death.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more;
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

289. *Come to Jesus.*

1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now, just now,
Come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you—just now.

3 He is able—just now.

4 He is willing—just now.

5 He is ready—just now.

6 I believe it—just now.

290. 11s & 10s.

Invitation to the Merey-seat.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
Cho.—Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure—

Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.

3 Here see the tree of life — see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the mercy-seat — come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

291. *Confidence.* **11s.**

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said—
You, who unto Jesus for refuge hath fled?

2 "In every condition — in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home or abroad; on the land, on the sea,—
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake.

292. *The Heavenly Jerusalem.* C. M.

1 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

MONTGOMERY.

293. *Jerusalem.* C. M.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee;
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this, that I should dread
To die and go from hence?

4 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

5 My friends, I bid you all adieu—
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

6 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

ECKINGTON.

294. C. M.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath,
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death. DODDRIDGE.

295. L. M.

Life the time of Grace and Hope.

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given,
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all their might pursue;
Since no device or work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there. WATTS.

296. *Happy Day.* P. M.

1 O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
CHO.—Happy, happy day,
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, &c.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move. *Cho.*

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine. *Cho.*

4 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possessed. *Cho.*

297. *Zion.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands,
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;

God thy Saviour will defend thee ;
Victory is thine at last ;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

298. *Homeward Bound.* **P. M.**

1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound ;
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound ;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
We're homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound ;
Look ! yonder lie the bright, heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound ;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady ! we soon shall out weather the gale,
O how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.

3 Down the horizon the earth disappears,
We're homeward bound ;
Joyful, O comrades ! no sighing or tears,
We're homeward bound ,
Listen ! what music comes soft o'er the sea
"Welcome, thrice welcome and blessed are ye"—
Can it the greeting of paradise be ?
We're homeward bound.

4. Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last ;

Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last ;
Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er ;
Safely we stand on the radiant shore,
Glory to God ! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last ;

299. *Rock of Ages.* **7s.**

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All of sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPLADY.

300. **8s, 7s & 4s.**

Fountain of Life.

1 See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the plains below:
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Every object
Sings for joy, where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
Those who eat are saved from mourning
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound;
Fair their portion—
Endless life with glory crowned.

KELLY.

301. *Kedron.* **11s.**

1 Thou sweet gliding Kedron! by thy silver streams,
Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams

Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels astonished, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olivet, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraph's above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet;
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies.

302. *Hear to-day.* **L. M.**

1 To-day, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in his name—
For yet his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

5 Leave all your sports and glitt'ring toys,
Come, share with us eternal joys;
Or must we leave you bound to hell?
Then, dearest friends, a long farewell!

303. *Pray for one another.*

1 Let us pray for one another,
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
Let us pray for one another,
When we kneel before the throne,
For a sister or a brother,
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
For a sister or a brother,
Let us make their cause our own.
Let us not forget to cherish
Tender thoughts for all below,

And to pray that none may perish,
  But the way of life may know,
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
  Christians let us pray.

2 Let us not forget the heathen,
  (Let us pray—let us pray,)
Let us not forget the heathen,
  In their dark and distant lands ;
They are waiting for the dawning,
  (Let us pray—let us pray,)
They are waiting for the dawning,
  Stretching forth their helpless hands ;
If we cannot go to teach them,
  And the blessed gospel bear,
We can send the precious Bible,
  We can cheer their hearts with prayer;
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
  Christians, let us pray.

3 Let us pray for all the children,
  (Let us pray—let us pray,
Let us pray for all the children,
  Yes, the weakest of them all ;
While their youthful hearts are tender,
  (Let us pray—let us pray,)
While their youthful hearts are tender,
  May they heed the Saviour's call ;
That their footsteps early guarded,
  In the way of love and truth,
They may seek and find their Saviour,
  In the pleasant days of youth.
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
  Christians, let us pray.

304. L. M.

Intemperance punished and pardoned.

1 Vain man on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies,
From luxury and lust arise!

2 But let th' afflicted sinner fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sovereign word and heals.

3 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

4 Jesus the Lord is all my hope,
He lives above, my advocate,
He is my only refuge here,
And only hope of pleasure there.

305. C. M.

The Bible the Light of the World.

1 What glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nation rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

306. L. M.

The inward witness to Christianity.

1 Questions and doubts be heard no more ;
Let Christ and joy be all our theme ;
His Spirit seals his gospel sure
To every soul that trusts in him

2 Jesus, thy witness speaks within :
The mercy which thy words reveal
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.

3 The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood
Finds peace and pardon at the cross ;
The sinful soul, averse to God,
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.

4 Learning and wit may cease their strife,
When miracles with glory shine ;
The voice that calls the dead to life
Must be almighty, and divine. WATTS.

307. *Peaceful Rest* 8s & 6s.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderer's given ;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast ;
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;

When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

308. *The wondrous Cross.* L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but dross
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

4 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

309.

1 There's a light in the window for thee, brother,
There's a light in the window for thee;
A dear one has moved to the mansions above;
There's a light in the window for thee.
Cho.—A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee;
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

2 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea;
Though afflictions assail you and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.
Cho.—A mansion, &c.

310. S. M.

1 In expectation sweet,
We wait, and sing and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes!—the Conqu'ror comes;
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful pris'ners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds—awake!—
Ye dead to judgment come!—
The pillars of creation shake,
While hell receives her doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

311. *The Promise.* **L. M.**

1 Where two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise.

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

312. **7s.**

1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

313. C. M. D.

Confidence in Divine protection.

1 How are thy servants blest, O, Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
In foreign realms, and lands remote—
Supported by thy care,
Through distant climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd the balmy air.

2 Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry soil,
Made ev'ry region please,
The cold European fields it warm'd,
And smooth'd the ocean seas.
Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with most anxious eyes,
I saw the wide extended deep,
In all its horrors rise!

3 Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.
Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.

4 For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I know thou wert not slow to hear
Nor impotent to save.
The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will,

The sea that roar'd at thy command
At thy command was still,

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death shall be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

Altered by J. G. Perry.

314. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Native Land, Farewell!

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell:
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell:
Happy home, 'tis sure I love thee,
Can I, can I say farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days, and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land!—Farewell—Farewell!

S. F. Smith.

315. *Encouragement.* **S. M.**

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

316. *Zion encouraged.* **L. M.**

1 Zion, awake; thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too.

317. *Sweet Rest in Heaven.* **P. M.**

1 Come, brethren, don't grow weary,
But let us journey on;
The moments will not tarry;
This life will soon be gone;
The passing scenes all tell us,
That death will surely come;
These bodies soon will moulder
In the dark and dreary tomb.
Cho.—There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest in heaven.

2 Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away;
O'er aerial plains they're soaring,
Blest in eternal day;
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post;
We'll fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host.
There is sweet rest, &c.

3 Our Captain's gone before us,
He kindly calls us home
To yonder worlds of glory,
And sweetly bids us come.
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will strive to hedge our way;
But we'll overcome these powers,—
We'll hourly watch and pray.
There is sweet rest, &c.

318. **C. M.**

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!—

3 When, free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

319. **C. M.**

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

320. *The Saviour's Tomb.* 7s.

1 Mary to the Saviour's Tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and rich perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone,
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling while a crystal flood,
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;

Christ had risen from the dead—
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest tost.
On his arm your burden cast;
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

321. *The Sunday-School.* **C. M.**

1 Sweet Sunday-school! I love the place,
I love its good to share;
I love to see each happy face,
I love to be one there.
CHORUS.—And as I learn, of Jesus learn,
Who loves a child like me;
I would from sin and folly turn,
His own dear lamb to be.

2 Sweet Sunday-school! there, with delight,
My teachers words I hear;
I love to say my lesson right,
I love the Bible dear.

3 Sweet Sunday-school! O, how I love
Its precious hymns to sing;
It makes me think of heaven above,
Where angel voices ring.

S. D. PHELPS.

322. *The happy Land.* **P. M.**

1 There is a happy land,
  Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
  Bright, bright as day;
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
  Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
  Come, come away;
Why will you doubting stand,
  Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
  Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
  Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
  Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
  We reign for aye.

323. *The beaming Star.* **7s.**

1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
  What its signs of promise are;
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
  See that glory beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
  Aught of hope or joy foretell?

Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home;
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come. BOWRING.

324. *Stand up for Jesus!* P. M.

1 Stand up for Jesus! all who lead his host!
Crowned with the splendor of the Holy Ghost!
Shrink from no foe, to no temptations yield,
Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field.
CHORUS.—Stand up for Jesus!
Stand up for Jesus!
Stand up for Jesus!

2 Stand up for Jesus! ye of every name!
All one in prayer, and all with praise aflame!
Forget the sad estrangment of the past,
With one consent in love and peace at last. *Cho.*

3 Stand up for Jesus! Lo! at God's right hand
Jesus himself for us delights to stand!
Let saints and sinners wonder at his grace
Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all our race. *Cho.*

325. *Meditation on the Tomb.* C. M.

1 Hark from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears attend the cry—
Ye living men, come, view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more?

3 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

326. *The precious Book Divine.* C. M.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

TEMPERANCE SONGS.

327.

TUNE.—THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

1 How dear to my heart are the days of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents to my view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood near it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung on the well—
The old oaken bucket,
The iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket that hung on the well.

2 That moss covered bucket I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature could yield.

How ardent I seized, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing.
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket,
The iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips;
Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips;
And now far removed from that loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hung on the well.
The old oaken bucket,
The iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket that hung on the well.

328. *Temperance Reform.*

1 A glorious day is breaking
Upon our sinful earth,

Our land to life is waking
With shouts of joy and mirth;
Our army is preparing
To meet the rising sun,
On all its banners bearing
The name of Washington.

2 We meet to-day in gladness,
As moves our hosts along,
No note of painful sadness
Is mingled with our song.
This day renowned in story—
The day of freedom's birth—
We hail in all its glory,
We highly prize its worth.

3 The temperance flag is waving
O'er valley, hill, and plain,
Where ocean's sons are braving
The dangers of the main;
The pledge, the pledge is given
To float on every breeze,
Waft it, propitious heaven!
O'er all the earth and seas.

4 Our cause, our cause is gaining
New laurels every day;
The youthful mind we're training,
To walk in virtue's way;
Old age and sturdy manhood
Are with us heart and hand,
Then let us all united
In one firm phalanx stand.

329. *A Life of Temperance.*

TUNE.—LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

1 ||: A life of temperance,
And a home of peace and joy,
Where bounteous blessings dwell,
And love without alloy! :||
Like a stricken bird I pined,
When the rosy wine did rule,
An aching head was mine,
And reason never cool:
A life of temperance,
And a home of peace and joy,
Where bounteous blessings dwell,
And love without alloy:
And love, and love, and love without alloy;
And love, and love, and love without alloy.

2 ||: The nights in revelry,
And the days in foolishness,
Were always spent by me,
With no one near to bless; :||
My aching heart would throb,
My burning brain would reel,
My fevered hand would shake
Like the warrior's glistening steel:
A life of temperance, &c.

3 ||: But now I've signed the pledge,
And meet with no reproof:
With blessings I am crowned,
Beneath this temperance roof; :||
Then give a glorious shout;
Let the bells be merrily rung;

The "Monsters" lease is out,
And his death-dirge we have sung:
A life of temperance, &c.

CHARLES MARSH

330. *Hymn.*

TUNE.—AMERICA.

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers' died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Temp'rance ring.

2 My native country! thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song:
Let infant tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

331. *Maine Law Ode.*

1 We're a true cold water "Union," and united we stand,
In no party name do we come,
But our glorious banner shall wave through the land,
Come rally and down with old rum.

2 The cold water standard is just what we need,
'Tis the fairest of any thing fair;
We can sacrifice party for temp'rance indeed,
And consistently rally just there.

3 When the wicked one rules—the people all mourn—
And he now shows his tyranous head;
The laws of our State are trampled upon
And made a dead letter yes dead.

4 Right on, for the right, then! our motto shall be,
The people will rally, I trust,
Determined to fight till they conquer or die,
For the cause which is holy and just.

5 Determined to fight till the Country's redeemed,
And saved from such beast-like disgrace:
'Till the Law is enforced 'gainst the incarnate fiend,
And respected by all of the race.

6 The true temp'rance men are the men of our choice,
And such for your suffrage we bring,
We have no party name, but with one heart and voice
For such we will vote and will sing.

J. G. PERRY.

332. *O, that's the pledge for me.*

TUNE —AULD LANG SYNE.

1 I love the clear cold water pledge;
O, that's the pledge for me;
Lord, help me praise it while I live,
O, that's the pledge for me.

2 Let Washingtonian songs ascend;
O, that's the pledge for me;
When beat and robbed long came this friend,
O that's the pledge for me.

3 The pledge so dear to many a heart,
O, that's the pledge for me;
By land or sea the safest chart,
O, that's the pledge for me.

4 I'm glad I ever heard thee call,
O, that's the pledge for me;
The invitation's unto all,
O, that's the pledge for me.

5 Now sign the pledge of soberness,
O, that's the pledge for me;
For God, the author, designs to bless,
O, that's the pledge for me.

J. G. PERRY.

333. *Ye Sons and Daugters of the Pledge.*

For 4th July celebrations, &c.

TUNE.—CAMBRIDGE.

1 Ye sons and daughters of the pledge,
Awake on this proud day;
Let every vocal power engage
In songs of victory.

2 At nature's temple here we meet,
A Washingtonian host,
The temp'rance cause to celebrate,
And of its triumph's boast.

3 No temp'rance foe, no enemy,
Dare us, to make afraid;
Religion and sobriety
Fair freedom's land o'erspread.

4 Our Father's God, to Thee we sing,
Thus keep us all our days;
Protect us by thy might, our King,
And thine shall be the praise.

J. G. PERRY.

334. *We'll never drink again.*

TUNE,—NEVEE PART AGAIN.

1 'Tis good, dear friends, to sign the pledge,
That sets the drunkard free—
Come, join the happy, happy band,
Wherever they may be.

CHO.—We're marching to the field of strife,
To give the dying drunkard life;
Let temp'rance, then, triumphant reign,
And never let us drink again.

ONE VOICE.—What, never drink again?
ALL.—No, never drink again!

ONE VOICE.—What, never drink again?
ALL.—No, never drink again:
Let temp'rance, then, triumphant reign,
And never let us drink again!

2 Weep not, dear children, weep no more,
Weep not, thou loving wife;
The father and the husband lost,
Is now restored to life.
We're marching, &c.

3 Behold the bright array of men,
United in the cause;
That thousands of the human race
Around its standard draws.
We're marching, &c.

4 The temperance banner and the pledge
By us shall be unfurled;
And it shall be our pride and boast,
To wave it o'er the world!
We're marching, &c.

335. *The Striped Pig.*

A Temperance Ode.

TUNE.—BUTTER, CHEESE AND ALL.

1 We've come to fight the enemy,
He's called the striped pig;
He boasts of skill and bravery,
And he can root and dig.
The richest lands that ever were,
He's turned to poverty,
And brought who did inhabit there
To want and misery.

2 By land and sea, courageously
He's fought both night and day:
The sceptre of his tyranny,
O'er all the world to sway.
From east to west, from north to south,
In triumph long he's rode;
But soon we'll triumph in his death,
And wheast him from the globe,

3 Our motto shall be temperance:
The world our battle field;
And with our trust in Providence,
We'll make old striped yield.
4 The pledge, the jewel for his nose,
Will stop his rooting soon,
We've signed it, now, hurra my boys,
The victory is won. J. G. PERRY.

336. *Temperance Parody on Ode on Science.*

TUNE.—ODE ON SCIENCE.

The morning sun shines from the East,
And sheds his glories to the West;
All nations with his beams are blest—
Where'er his radiant light appears,
So Temperance spreads her lucid ray
O'er lands which long in drunkenness lay;
She visits fair Columbia,
And sets her sons among the West:
Religion, her attendant, waits
To bless the portals of her gates,
So crown our Washingtonian States
With laurels of sobriety.
O, King Alchy's Yoke
And the galling chain!

Were urged upon our necks in vain.
All rummy tyrants we'll disdain,
And shout, long live America.
O, King Alchy's Yoke, &c.

J. G. Perry.

337. *The Temperance Ball.*

1 Come, all ye true friends of the nation,
Attend to humanity's call;
Come, aid in your country's salvation,
And roll on the Temperance ball—
And roll on the Temperance ball—
And roll on the Temperance ball—
Come, aid in your country's salvation,
And roll on the Temperance ball!

2 And, when we have formed the blest union,
We'll firmly march on, one and all;
We'll shout when we meet in communion,
And roll on the Temperance ball—
And roll on the Temperance ball, &c.

3 The Cold Water Army's advancing,
The cohorts of rum to destroy;
The glad eye of beauty is dancing,
Her heart's overflowing with joy,
Her heart's overflowing with joy, &c.

4 The wife on her infant is gazing,
But not now in sorrow alone;
A husband her virtue is praising—
The dark cloud of sorrow is gone—
The dark cloud of sorrow is gone, &c.

5 The maiden now truly delighted,
Her heart beating wildly with joy,

Confides in the vow that is plighted—
Her youth is a "Temperance boy"—
Her youth is a Temperance boy, &c.

6 The drunkard our pledge is now keeping,
No more reeling wildly about;
The old broken bottle is weeping,
The last drop of misery's out—
The last drop of misery's out, &c.

7 How can you stand halting while beauty
Is sweetly appealing to all,
To come to the standard of duty,
And roll on the Temperance ball!
And roll on the Temperance ball,
And roll on the Temperance ball;
To come to the standard of duty,
And roll on the Temperance ball.

338. *The Washingtonian Army.*

1 Did you ever hear of the army.
The "Temperance Union" forms
Did you ever hear of the citadel,
Of alcohol, it storms.

Cho.—O, it is a conquest glorious,
Go, spread the tidings wide;
O, we'll sing a song victorious,
And join their ranks beside.

2 Long has he checked his enemies,
And held them all at bay;
But now the Temperance Union
Bids fair to win the day.
O, it is a conquest, &c.

3 On, on, brave Temperance Union,
Though dear the struggle cost;

Press on, and win the citadel,
Retreat, and all is lost.
O, it is a conquest, &c.

4 But, lo! it totters fearfully,
Each bannered turret falls;
Now, like the billows boundingly,
Pass o'er its broken walls.
O, it is a conquest, &c.

5 Soon from the ashes mouldering
This citadel laid low,
Ten thousand crystal rivulets,
The gifts of God shall flow.
O, it is a conquest, &c.

339.

Dialogue betwen the Teetotaler and Cider Drinker.

TEETOTALER.—1 Come, good friend, and let me say
Just one word to you this day;
Touch not, taste not, handle not,
And then you'll never be a sot.

2 Total abstinence doth give,
From the drunkard's doom reprieve;
But to dabble with the cup,
Burns the soul and body up.

3 All believe this doctrine true,
Say, my good old friend, don't you?
Then, I pray you, haste away,
Sign the life-boat pledge to-day.

CIDER-DRINKER.—4 I have always understood
That my cider does me good;
For my dinner it is sauce,
Can I give it up, alas? V

5 Yes, indeed, it does me good,
So I've always understood;
Spare, oh, spare my cider mug,
While you dash the old rum jug.

TEETOTALER.—6 Have you always understood,
That your cider does you good?
Brush the cobwebs from your brain,
Then the grand mistake is plain.

7 Come, good friend, be honest once,
Talk no longer like a dunce,
Let not appetite prevail,
Appetite with truth assail.

CIDER-DRINKER.—8 Well, I'll sign the life-boat pledge,
And round my soul I'll rear a hedge;
Spare no more the cider mug,
Dash it with the old rum-jug.

340. "*We're soldiers of the Water King.*"

1 We're soldiers of the water king,
His laws we will obey;
Virtue and health are his reward,
We want no better pay.
CHO.—Then let us sing the water king,
Good soldiers one and all;
Our banners to the breeze we'll fling,
And down with alcohol.

2 We boast no sword or glittering spear,
Ours is a bloodless crown;
A purer, brighter, fairer thing
Than conquerors ever won. *Cho.*

3 Our strength is in the living spring,
And long as waters run,
Or grass grows green, we're pledged to keep
Our temperance armor on. *Cho.*

4 What though the fire-king mocks our host'
As great Goliath did;
We've Temperance David's in our ranks,
Who'll bring away his head. *Cho.*

341. *Pledge for the Chieftain.*

TUNE.—HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

1 Pledge for the Chieftain immortal in story,
Honored and blest be our Washington's name;
Sons of his sire whom his sword led to glory,
The longer we flourish, the broader this fame;
Pledge every hand and heart,
Pledge never more to part,
True to the bond that unites us in one;
Let every mother's son
Shout for our Washington,
On brothers, on, till the battle is done.

2 Ours is no summer pledge, gone with the fountains,
That gush from the heart, while the tide feeling flows;
Firm shall it stand, as the rock seated mountains,
Stainless our faith as the ever-white snows;

Widow and orphan child,
Wailing in accents wild,
Beckon us onward, and point to their woe;
Let every Western glen
Ring to our shout again,
On brothers, on, till their tears cease to flow.

3 Warm glows the hearth, and the wife smiles beside it,
Night lacks her gloom, and the winter his cold;
O, the sweet pratling babe, let the miser deride it,
Mine be the hearth-stone, and his be the gold;
O! that our noble cause—
Health of our land and laws
Wide may prevail, till the curse is no more,
Till prairie, and land, and glen,
Send us their land. Amen.
God bless our country from centre to shore.

342.

TUNE.—OLD ROSIN THE BOW.

1 Come, join in our Temperance army,
And put on the Washington badge;
I'm sure that it never will harm you,
To give in your names to the pledge.

2 We've launched out a cold water frigate,
And called it the Temperance ship;
And invite you to help us to rig it,
And join in our teetotal trip.

3 She's fully insured in her cruising,
From piracy, shipwreck, and fire,
And you may be sure of not losing
Your wages or character by her.

4 Her crew, are men, honest and hearty,
Her cargo is plenty and peace;
Come then, join our teetotal party,
And all your old sorrows will cease.

5 We're bound for a haven of gladness,
And all the worlds joining our crew;
I'm sure then 'tis folly and madness,
If you'll not embark with us too.

6 Hurrah! for the Washington banner,
That floats o'er our Temperance ship;
Come on then, ye hearties, and man her,
And take a long teetotal trip.

343. *"And are you sure the news is true?"*

TUNE.—THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

1 And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's sign'd?
I can't believe the joyful tale,
And leave my fears behind;
If John has sign'd and drinks no more,
The happiest wife am I,
That ever swept a cottage hearth,
Or sung a lullaby.
For there's been nae luck about the house,
There's been nae luck at a',
And ganes the comfort o' the house,
Since he to drink did fa'!

2 Whose eye so kind, whose hand so strong,
Whose love so true will shine;

If he have bent his heart and hand,
The total pledge to sign;
But what puts breaking in my head?
I trust he'll taste no more;
Be still, be still, my beating heart,
Hark! hark! he's at the door.
For there's been nae luck, &c.

3 And blessings on the helping hand,
That sends him back to me;
Haste, haste ye little ones, and run
Your father's face to see;
And are you *sure*, my John, you've *sign'd?*
And are you sure 'tis past?
Then mine's the happiest, brightest home,
On temp'rance shores at last.
For there's been nae luck about the house,
But now 'tis comfort all!
And heaven preserve my ain good man,
That he may never fall!

344.

1 Farewell to the cup, we have tarried too long,
Where the juice of the grape adds its witchery to song,
And the thoughts that flowed freely are sombre and dull,
And our brains become heavy—farewell to the bowl.

2 No longer the eye beams with intellects fires,
No longer the tongue's fancy power inspires;

But flushed is the brow, and degraded the soul,
And our minds have departed, farewell to the bowl.

3 Oh, tarry no longer where joy flies away,
And the heart and the soul lose their richest array;
Where eye, mocketh eye, as unmeaning they roll,
And the tongue whispers folly-farewell to the bowl.

4 O think if the maiden who smiles in thine eyes,
Once saw thy proud mind in this shameful disguise;
How her heart would reject thee, how sadly her soul
Would pity and leave thee—Oh, flee from the bowl.

5 Oh think! ere the moment of thinking is past,
And the chains of the mighty upon thee are cast;
Return, ere the iron shall enter thy soul,
And thy whole life besides be a curse on the bowl.

345.

1 Oh, water for me, bright water for me!
And wine from the tremulous debauchee!
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
It maketh the faint one strong again;

It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea
All freshness like infant purity;
Oh water, bright water for me, for me!
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee.

2 Fill to the brim! fill, fill to the brim,
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim,
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I like the flowers, drink naught but dew;
Oh! water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
And the ores it yieldeth are vigor and health;
So water, pure water for me, for me,
And wine for the tremulous debauchee.

3 Fill again to the brim—again to the brim,
For water strengthens life and limb,
To the days of the aged it addeth length,
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light;
So water, I'll drink naught but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy.

346.

1 Some sing the praise of rosy wine,
Its sparkling color bright,
But in such songs with them to join,
We cannot take delight;
We have a rich and nobler theme,
Fit for a prince or king,

'Tis water, pure, and fresh, and good,
From Roger William's spring.

2 This will give health, and joy, and peace,
Refreshing ever power,
We want no better drink than this
In trials darkest hour;
To cheer the heart and quench the thirst,
It is the very thing,
Then give us water, pure and good,
From Roger William's spring.

3 Our sires drank from this living spring,
Two hundred years ago,
And from this fountain water clear
Continues still to flow;
Then we on this our festal day
Will of its virtues sing,
And drink this water, pure and good,
From Roger William's spring.

347.

1 There's wicked rogues in every place,
Who prey upon the human race;
But there's not one among them all
A rogue so great as alcohol.
Cho.—For we have always found him so,
The greatest rogue in the country, O!
And we've tried him well, and now we know,
He's just what we have told you, O!

2 He'll promise fair to be your friend,
If you with him your time will spend;

But when your money is all gone,
He'll treat you with contempt and scorn.
Cho.

3 He'll make you think that when you drink
He's saving you from ruin's brink;
But every single glass you fill,
Will only sink you deeper still. *Cho.*

4 He whispers in your ear by stealth,
That drinking leads to fame and wealth;
But soon you'll find that both have flown,
And left you naught but rags alone. *Cho.*

5 Then come, dear friend, come one and all,
And down with old King Alcohol;
Of all deceivers he's the worst,
A rogue and liar from the first. *Cho.*

348.

1 Times wont be good, 'tis plain to see, 'till we're rid of alcohol,
And then we'll have a glorious time to roll the temperance ball;
Then let us rouse with might, and main, together one and all,
And work, and work, and work, and work against King Alcohol.

2 The tailors too, they're on the spot to roll the temperance ball,
They know they never got a job from old King Alcohol;
They'll cut, and baste, and cabbage, and press, and sew, and stitch, and hem.
And stitch, and baste, cabbage and sponge for all the temprance men.

3 Shoemakers, too, with right good will,
will join the working throng,
And what they do for temperance, they'll
do both neat and strong,
They'll cut, and crimp, and last, and stitch,
and peg, and black, and ball,
And peg, and crimp, and last, and peg
and peg old Alcohol.

4 The blacksmiths will roll up their sleeves,
and make their sledges swing,
And in the cause of temperance they'll
make their anvils ring;
They'll blow and strike, and forge, and
weld, and make the cinders fly,
And hammer, and hammer and strike, and
forge, for old Alcohol must die.

5 The ladies too, are coming up, to help us
in the cause,
And what they do for temperance will
meet with our applause;
They'll laugh, and cry, and sing, and sigh,
and smile, and pout, and frown,
And talk, and talk, and talk, and talk the
monster out of town.

349.

TUNE.—BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

1 United in a peaceful band,
To drive intemp'rance from the land,
We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand,
The cold water army.

2 We'll raise our happy voices high,
In loudest accents to the sky,

While heaven and earth shall then reply,
The cold water army.

3 We make the woods and valleys ring
With loudest echoes while we sing,
While all around re-echoes bring,
The cold water army.

4 O Lord, let now a copious shower
Of grace descending on us pour,
Nor let one blighting prospect lower,
The cold water army.

5 O may we meet around thy throne,
To praise Thee there in strains unknown,
And flowers of love and peace be strewn,
The cold water army.

350. C. M.

1 Intemperance like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er the land,
Its dire effects in tears and blood,
Are traced on every hand.

2 It still flows on and bears away
Ten thousands to their doom;
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
And disappoint the tomb.

3 Almighty God! no hand but thine
Can check this flowing tide;
Stretch out thine arm of power divine,
And bid the flood subside.

4 Dry up the source from whence it flows,
Destroy its fountain head;
That dire intemperance and its woes,
No more the earth o'erspread.

351.

TUNE.—WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER.

1 Will you come to the grove, 'tis a beautiful shade,
And partake of the viands so tastefully spread?
Say will you, will you, will you, will you
Come to the grove?

2 Will you come to the spot where the evergreens grow,
Where leaves drink the dew, and decay never know?
Say will you, will you, will you, will you
Come to the spot?

3 We will sportively chant, and will merrily sing,
While we drink of the water that flows from the spring;
Say will you, will you, will you, will you
Come to the grove?

4 Will you bring each his mate, and invite him to sign
The sweet pledge, the safe pledge, to drink water, not wine?
Say will you, will you, will you, will you
Come to the grove?

5 'Tis the hope of our country, that pledge it will save,
Full many a youth from the inebrates' grave.
Say will you, will you, will you, will you
All sign the pledge?

352.

TUNE.—THE CHARIOT.

1 The Clarion, the Clarion of freedom now sounds,
From the East to the West, independence resounds;
From the hills and the streams, and the far distant skies,
Let the shout, "Independence from alcohol," rise.

2 The army, the army have taken the field,
The hosts of cold water, no, never will yield;
From fountains refreshed animation now glows,
With ardor immortal now rush on their foes.

3 The armor, the armor that guilds every breast,
Is the hope of deliverance for thousands distress'd;
With words of persuasion we call on the throng,
Desert the black banner and join in our song.

4 The banners, the banners of freedom now wave,
Lo! the eagle now covers the ranks of the brave;
With the shout, "Independence," every creature shall sing,
From cruel taxation of Alcohol King.

5 The conflict, the conflict will shortly be o'er,
And the demon Intemperance shall triumph no more;
O'er the tears, and the sighs, and premature graves,
See, the flag of our freedom eternally waves.

353.

TUNE.—GREENVILLE.

1 Onward, onward, band victorious!
Rear the temp'rance banner high!
Thus far hath your cause been glorious,
Now your day of triumph is nigh;
Vice and error flee before you,
As the darkness flies the sun;
Onward, vict'ry hovers o'er you,
Soon the battle will be won!

2 Onward, onward! songs and praises
Ring to heaven's topmost arch,
Wheresoever your standard raises,
And your conquering legions march;
Gird the temp'rance armor on you,
Look for guidance from above,
God and angels smile upon you,
Hasten then your work of love!

3 Lo! what multitudes despairing!
  Widows, orphans, heirs of woe,
And the slaves their fetters wearing,
  Reeling madly to and fro;
Mercy, justice, both entreat you,
  To destroy their bitter foe;
Christians, patriots, good men greet you,
  To the conflict bravely go!

4 To the vender and distiller
  Thunder truth with startling tone!
Swell the accents louder, shriller,
  Make their guilt enormous known;
Onward, onward! never falter,
  Cease not till the earth is free,
Swear on temp'rance holy altar,
  Death is yours, or victory.

354.

TUNE.—BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

1 Friends of freedom swell the song,
Young and old the strains prolong,
Make the temp'rance army strong,
  And on to victory.

2 Lift your banners, let them wave,
Onward march the world to save,
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
  And bare his infamy.

3 Shrink not when the foe appears,
Spurn the cowards guilty fears,
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears,
  Of ruined families.

4 Raise the cry in every spot,
Touch not, taste not, handle not,
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries?

5 Give the aching bosom rest,
Carry joy to every breast,
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.

6 Raise the glorious watchword high,
Touch not, taste not, till you die,
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

7 God of mercy hear us plead,
For thy help we intercede;
See how many bosoms bleed,
And heal them speedily.

8 Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
When beneath thy gentle ray,
Temp'rance all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly

355. *Sons of Temperance.*

PARODY. TUNE.—MARSEILLES HYMN.

1 Sons of Temperance wake to glory,
And shout a vict'ry's won,
Wake, awake. and I'll tell the story,
What the temp'rance cause has done;
Tell of Father Matthew's coming
In the name of *Washington*,
In the name of *Washington*,
And the brave Baltimorean's,

And the Maine Law champion *Dow*,
And the Reverend *Thomas Tew*,
Against the tyrant Alcohol.
Marching on, marching on,
With hearts resolved
On glorious victory.
Marching on, &c.

2 Then songs of joy and soberness
Were made their great employ,
No tongue can tell one-half the bliss,
What the faithful shall enjoy;
Then sons of temp'rance wake to glory,
And shout the vict'ry's won,
Wake, wake, and I'll tell the story,
How the good cause still goes on;
Tell how "Good Templer" hosts are coming
From the East, West, North and South,
From the East, West, North and South,
And our "Union" ranks are forming,
Determined to dethrone
The tyrant Alcohol,
And never let him rise again.
Marching on, marching on,
All hearts resolved
On glorious victory.
Marching on, &c.

J. G. Perry.

1. Doxologies. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2. C. M.

Let God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

3. S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

4. H. M.

To God, the Father's throne,
Your highest honors raise,
Glory to God, the Son,
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers
Eternal King, thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

5. **7s.**

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

6. **8s & 7s.**

May the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the holy Spirit's favor
Rest upon us from above;
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth cannot afford.

7. **7s & 6s.**

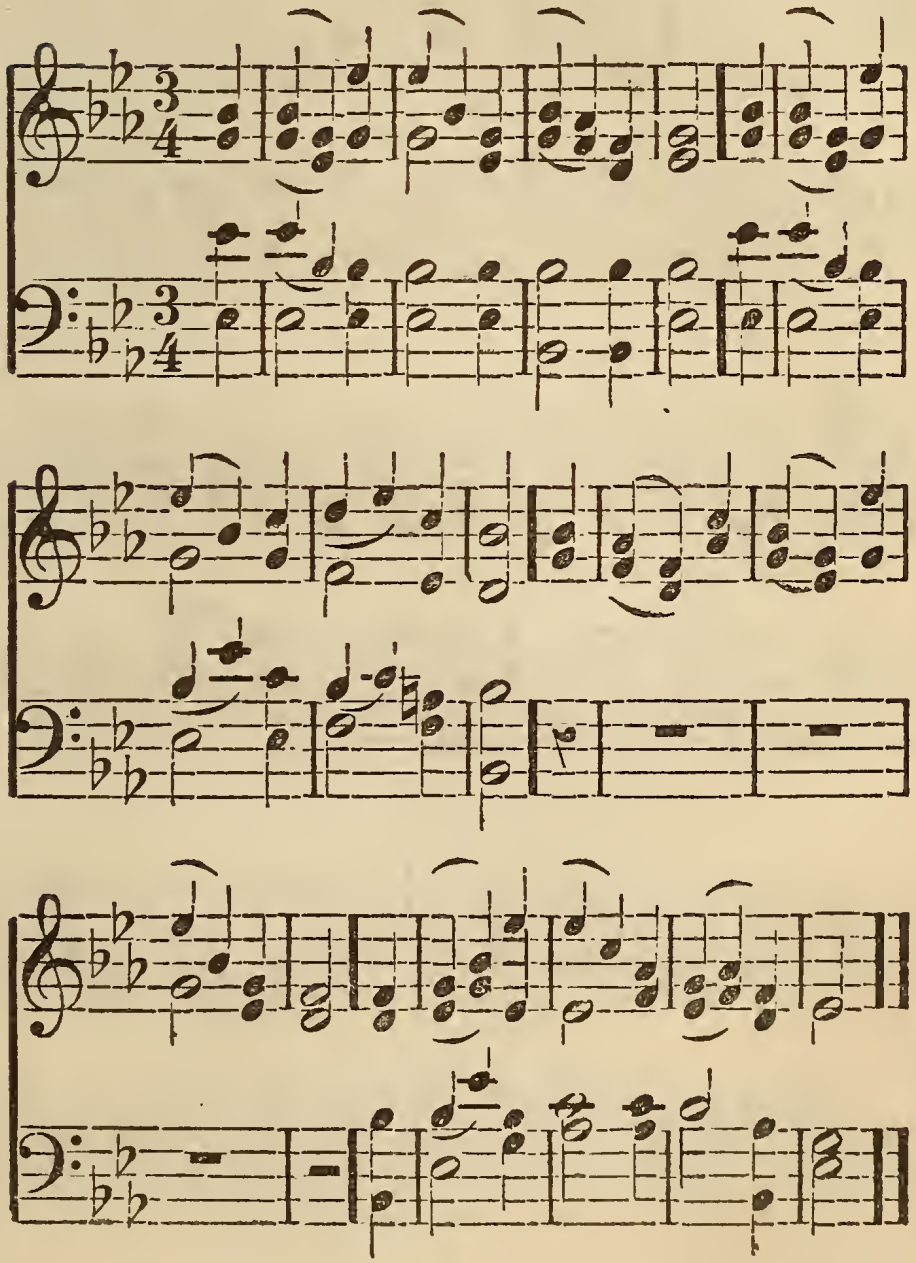
To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings;
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

THE END.

BIBLE HARP.

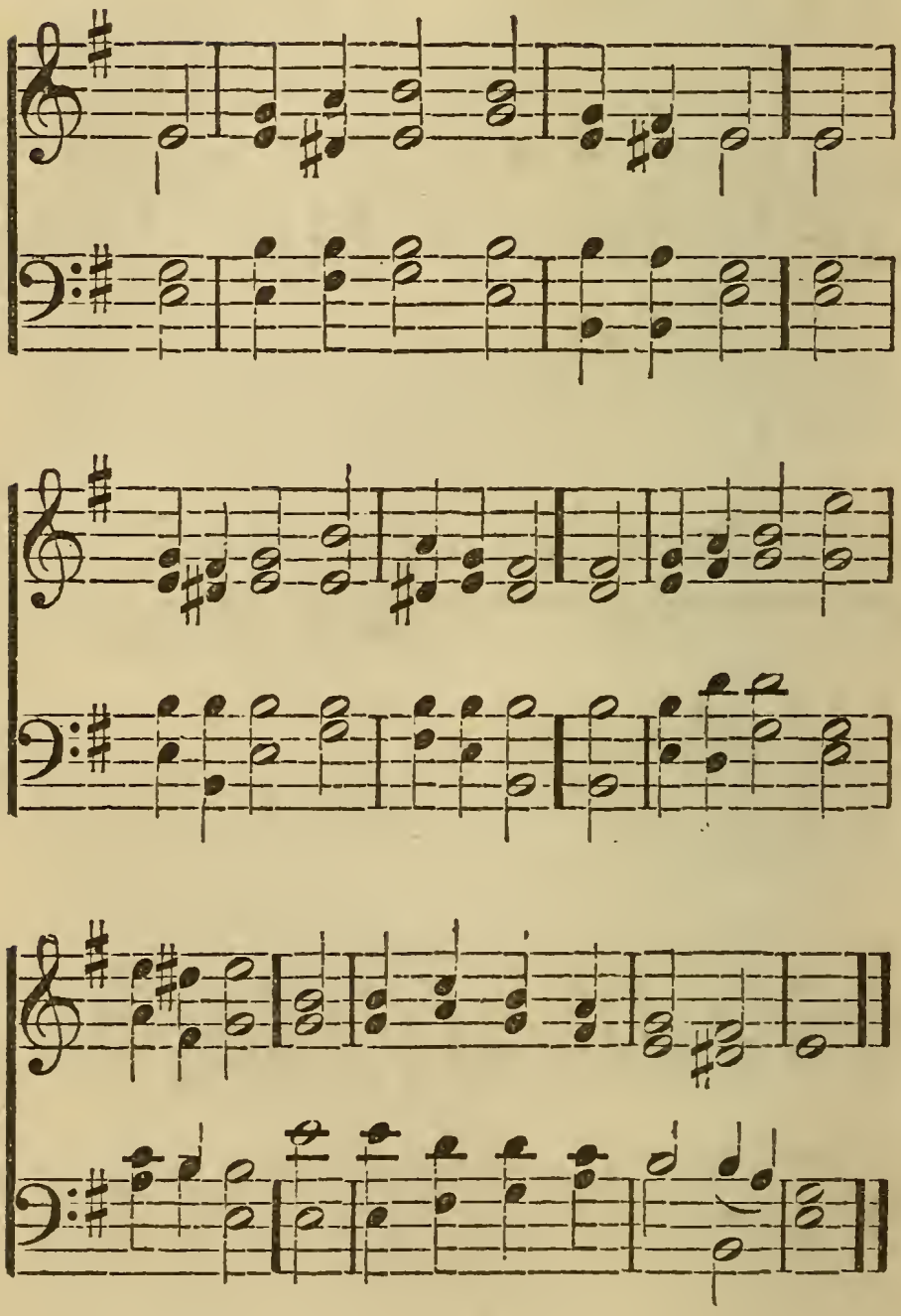
BIGLOW. L. M.

H. P. MAIN. by per.



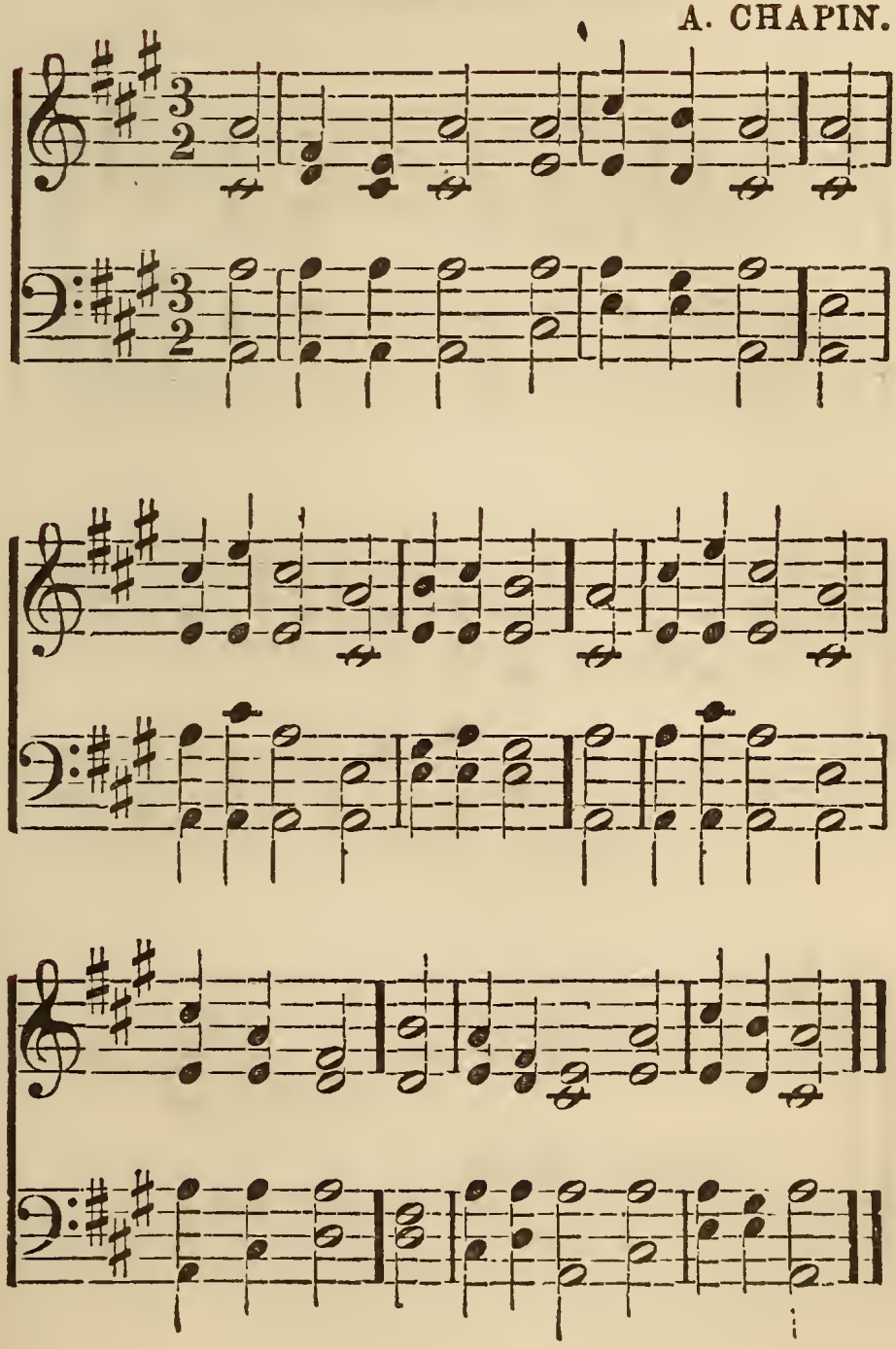
WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.



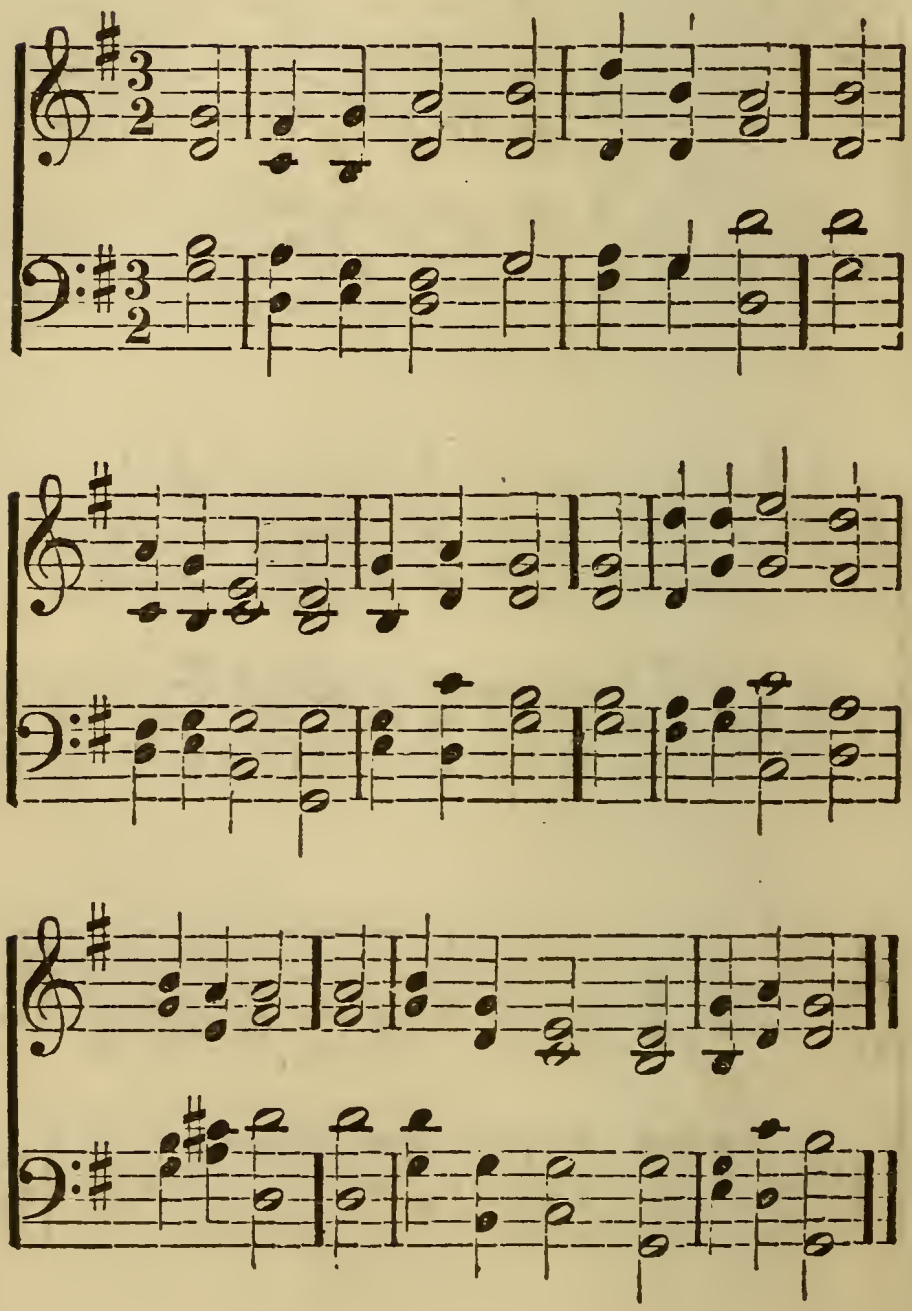
FOREST. L. M.

A. CHAPIN.



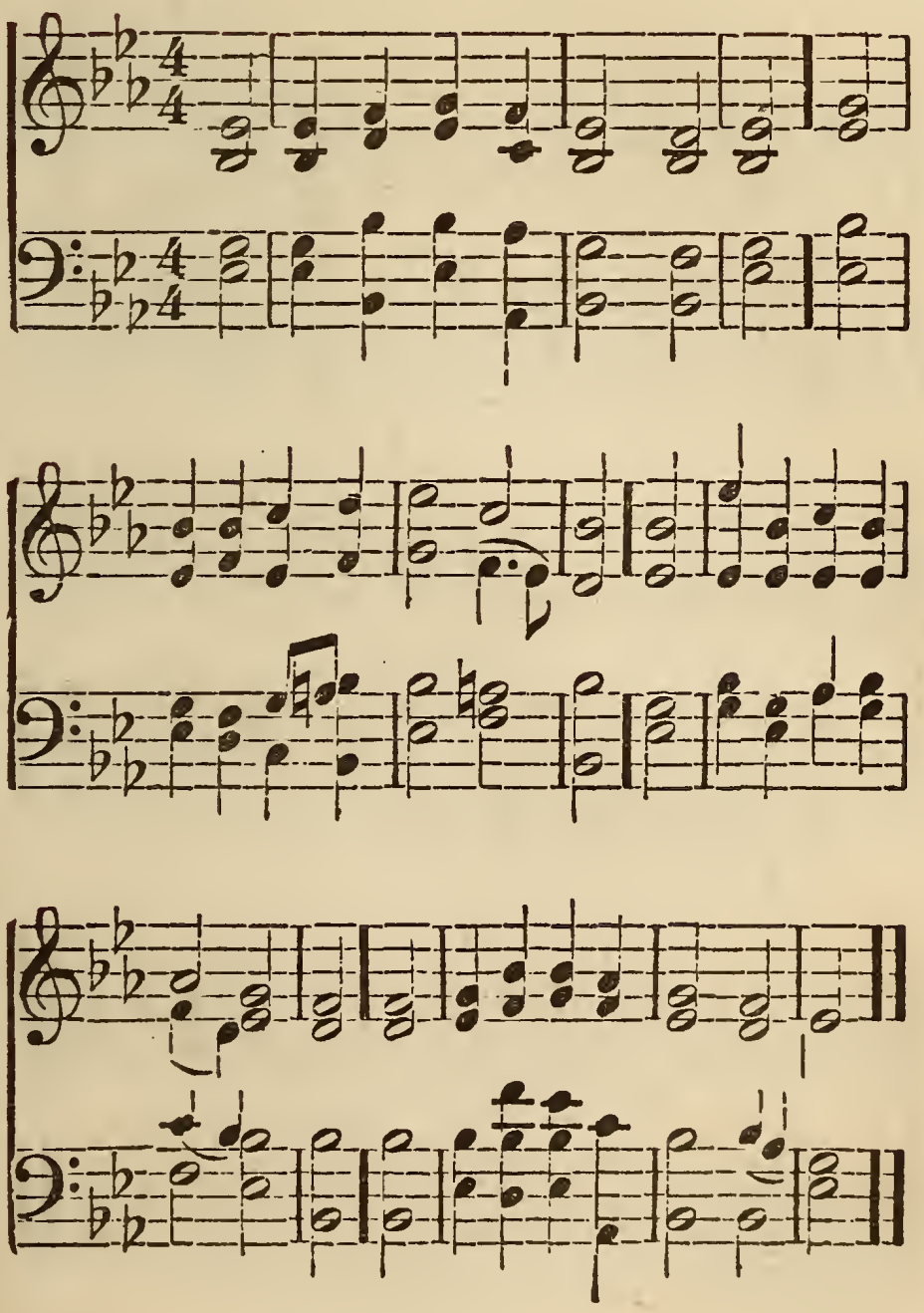
ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



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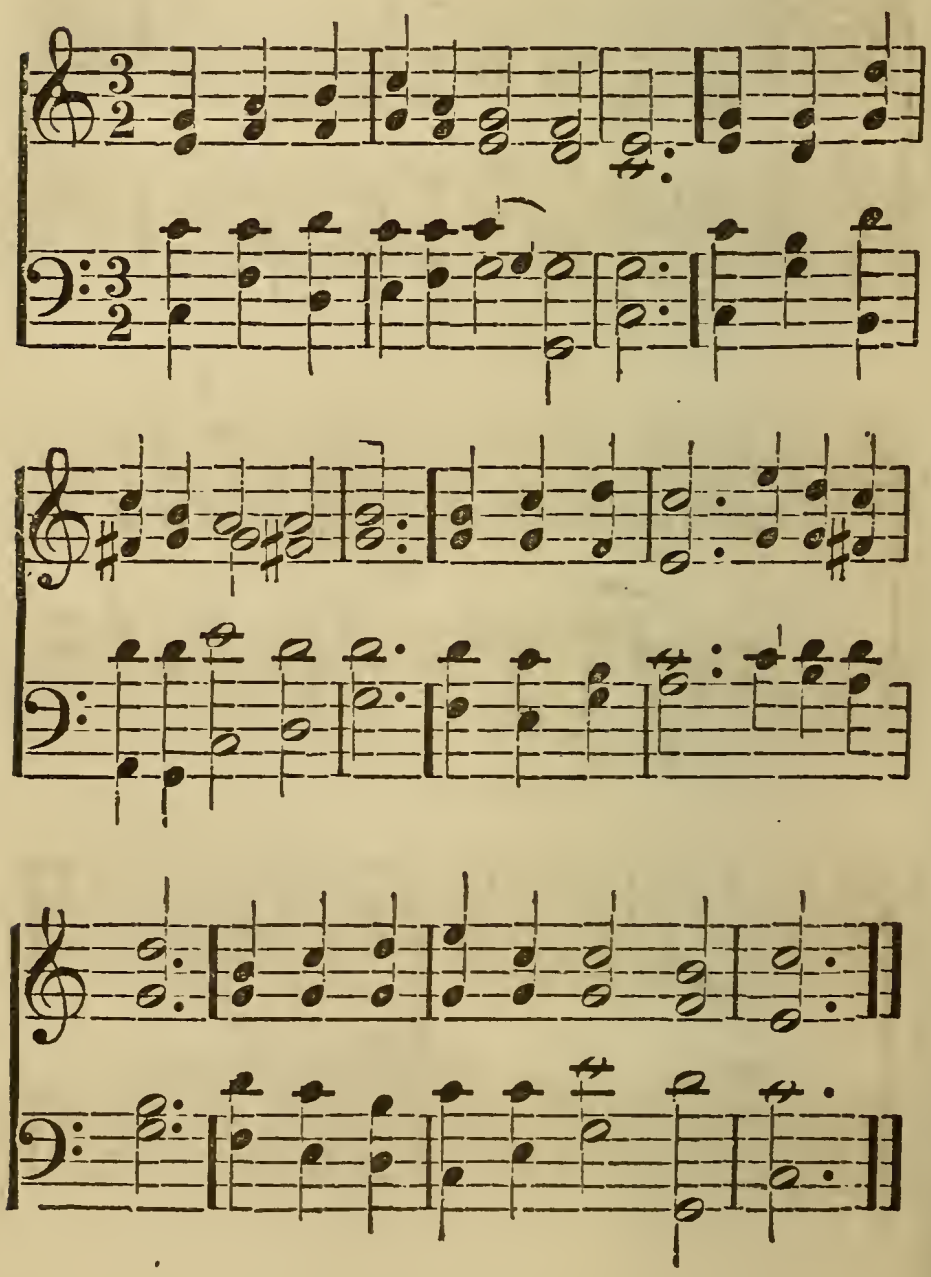
H. P. MAIN.



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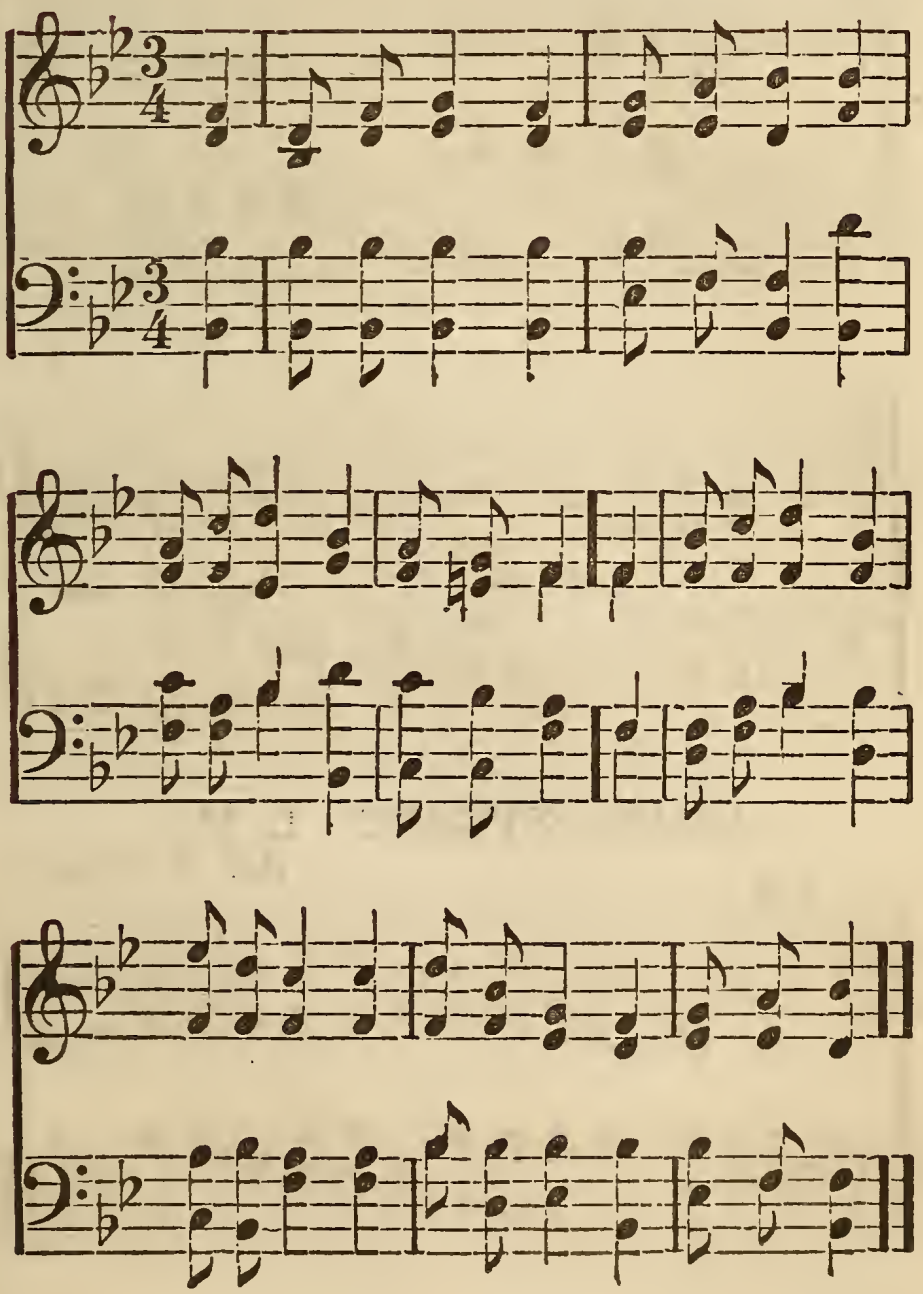
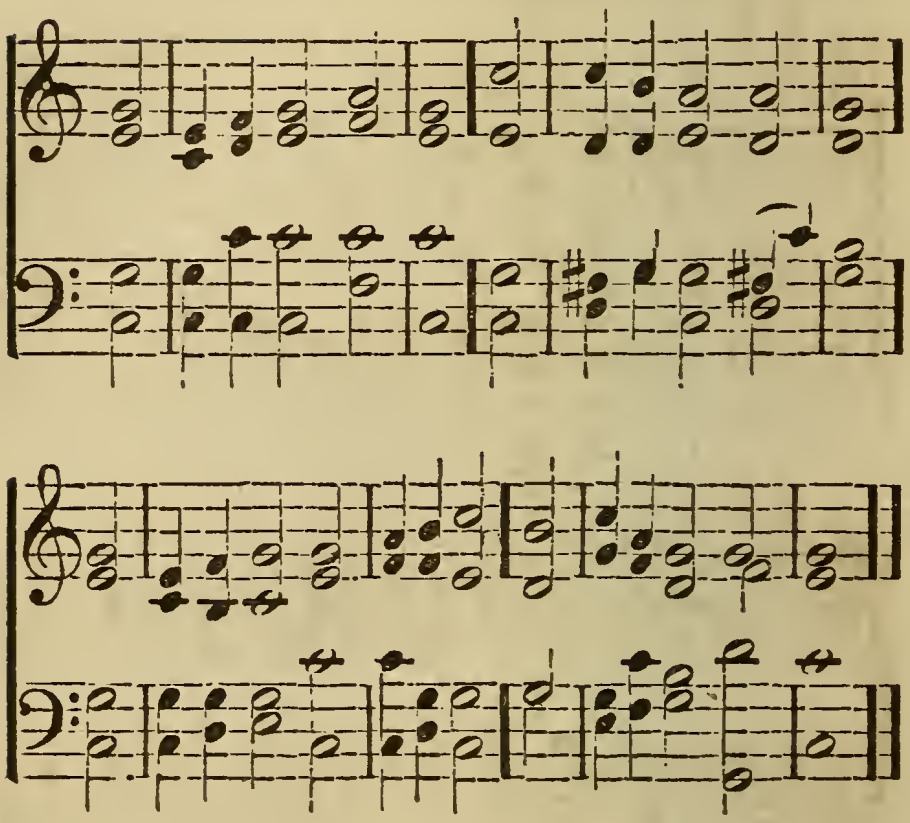


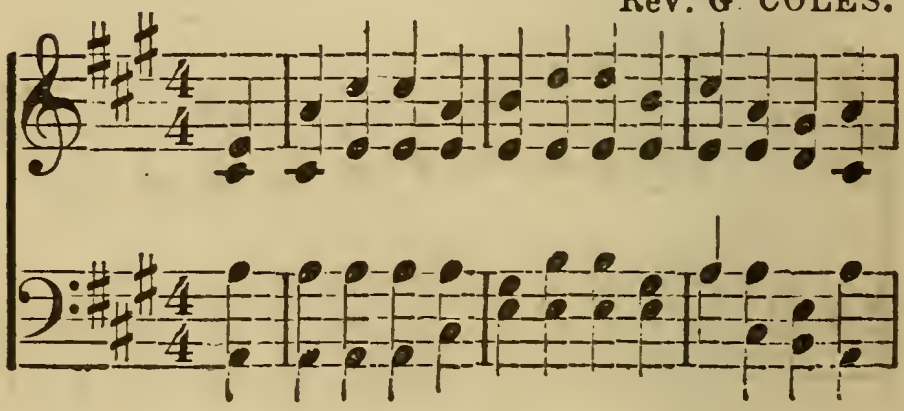
BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



DUANE STREET. L. M.

Rev. G. COLES.



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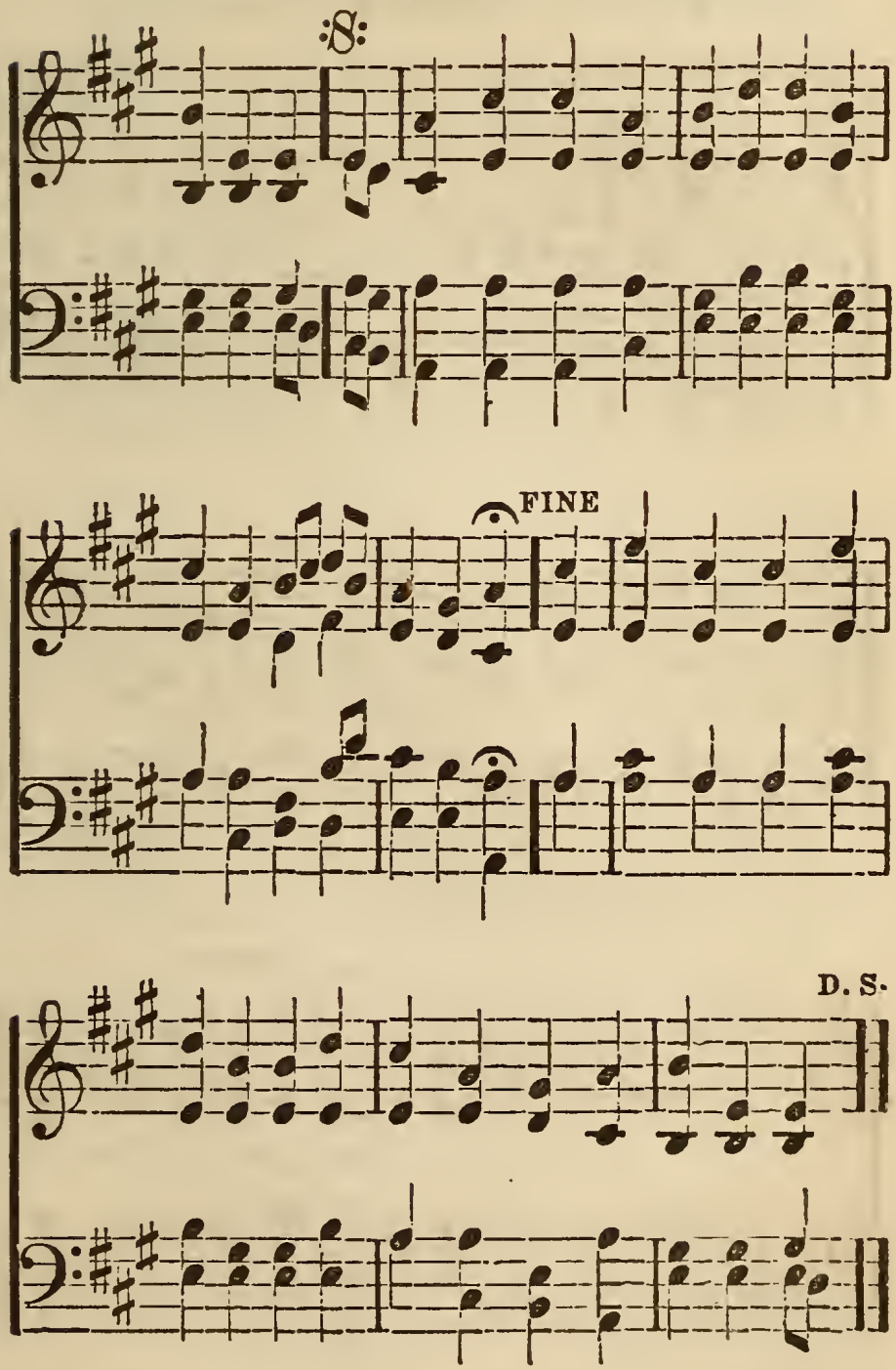
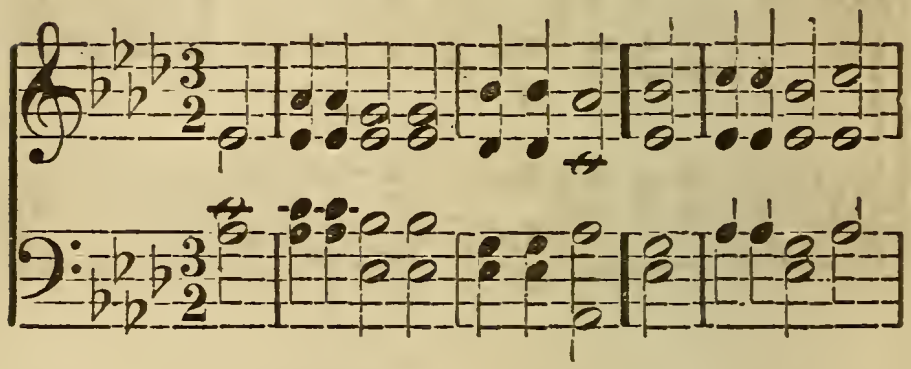
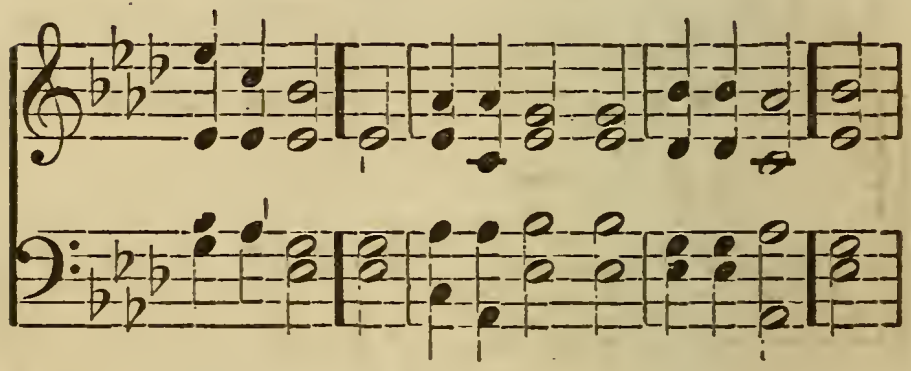
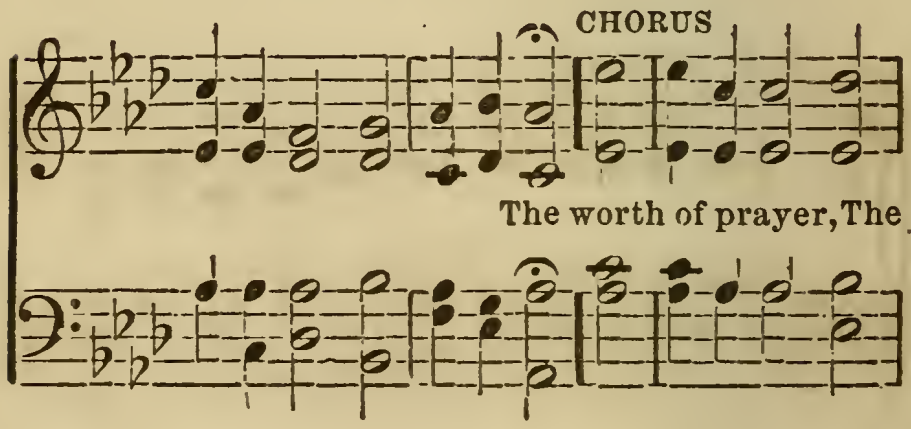


THE WORTH OF PRAYER. L. M.

(HYMN. 104.) H. P. VAN ARSDALE.







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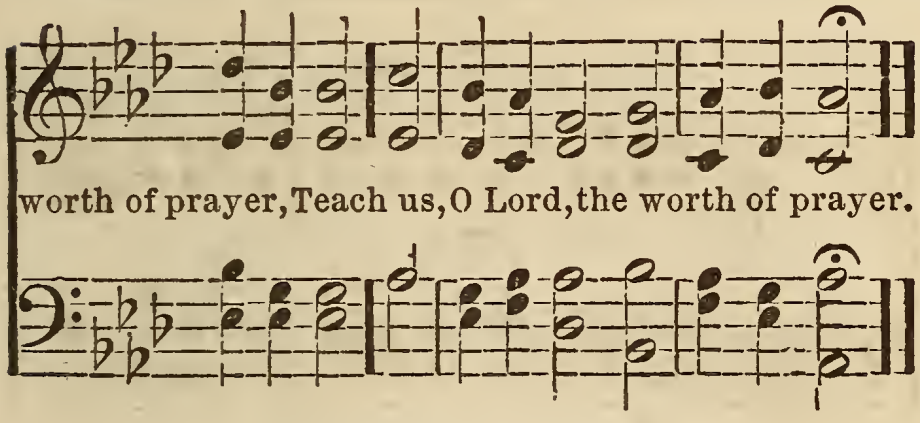
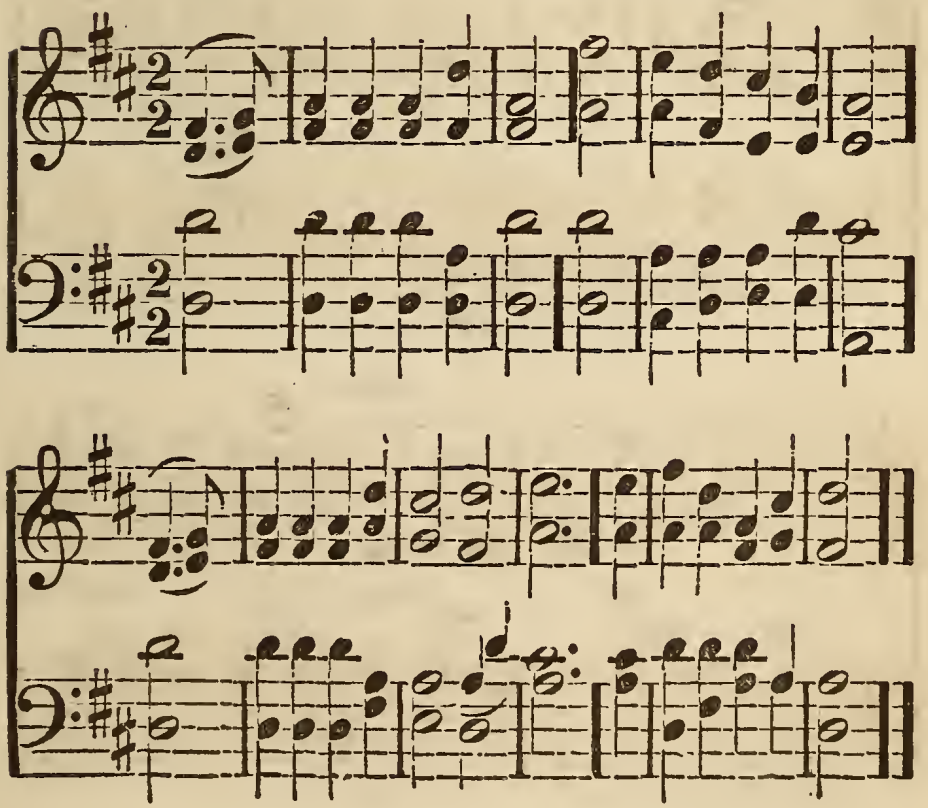
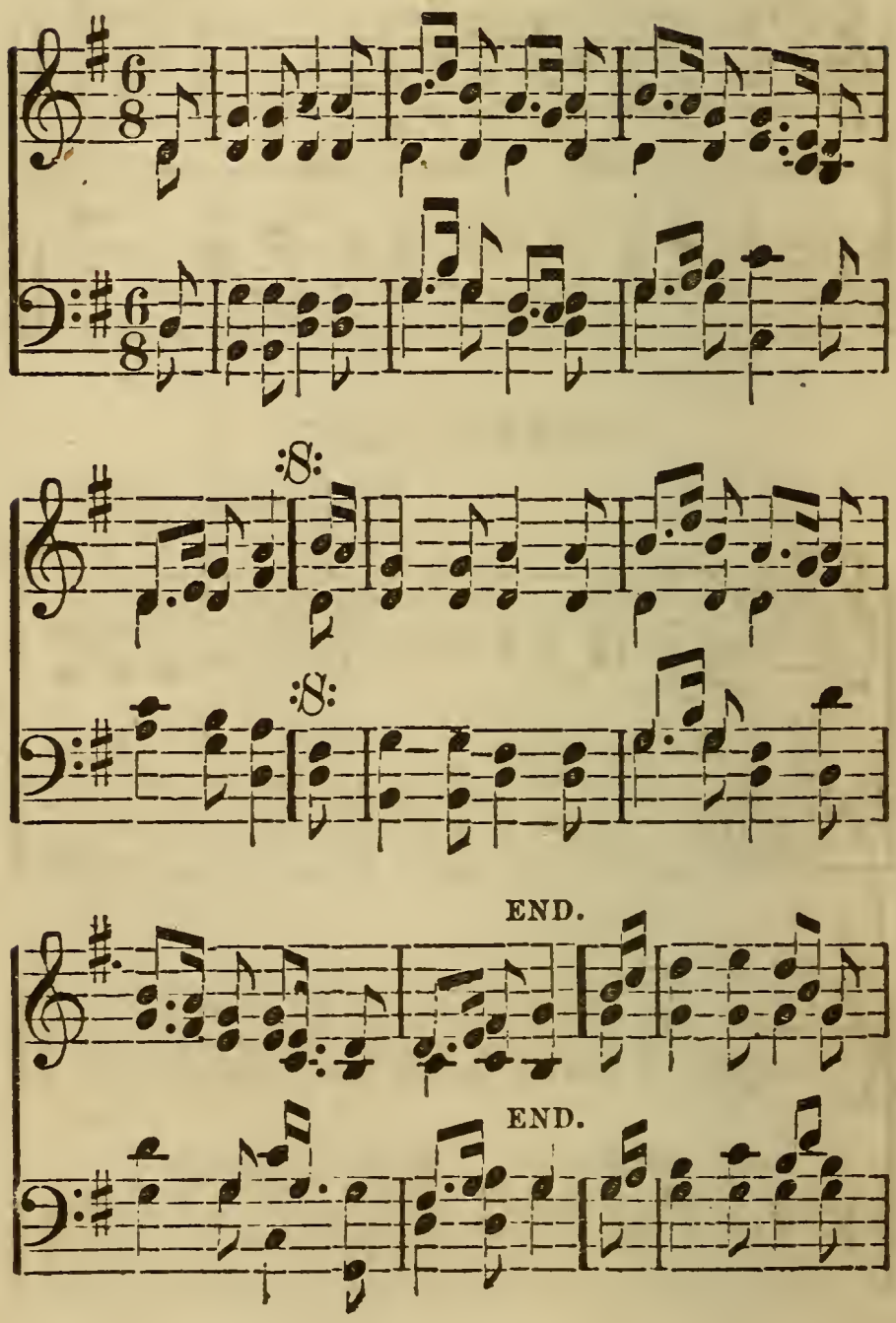


LABAN. S. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.



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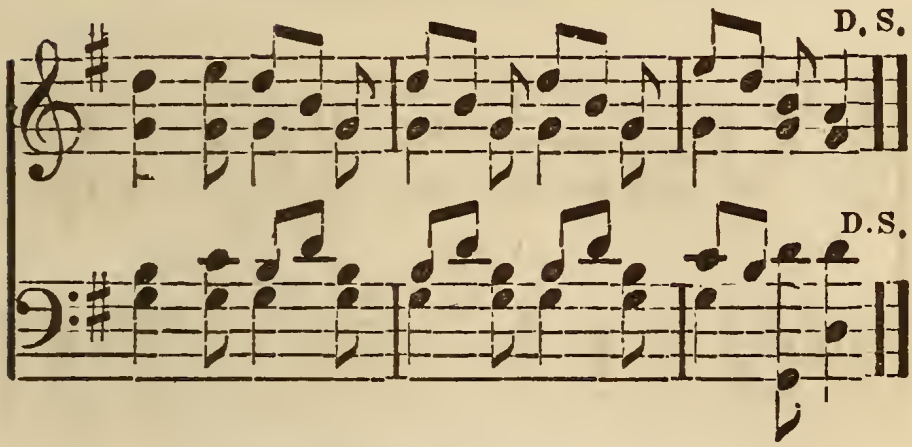

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

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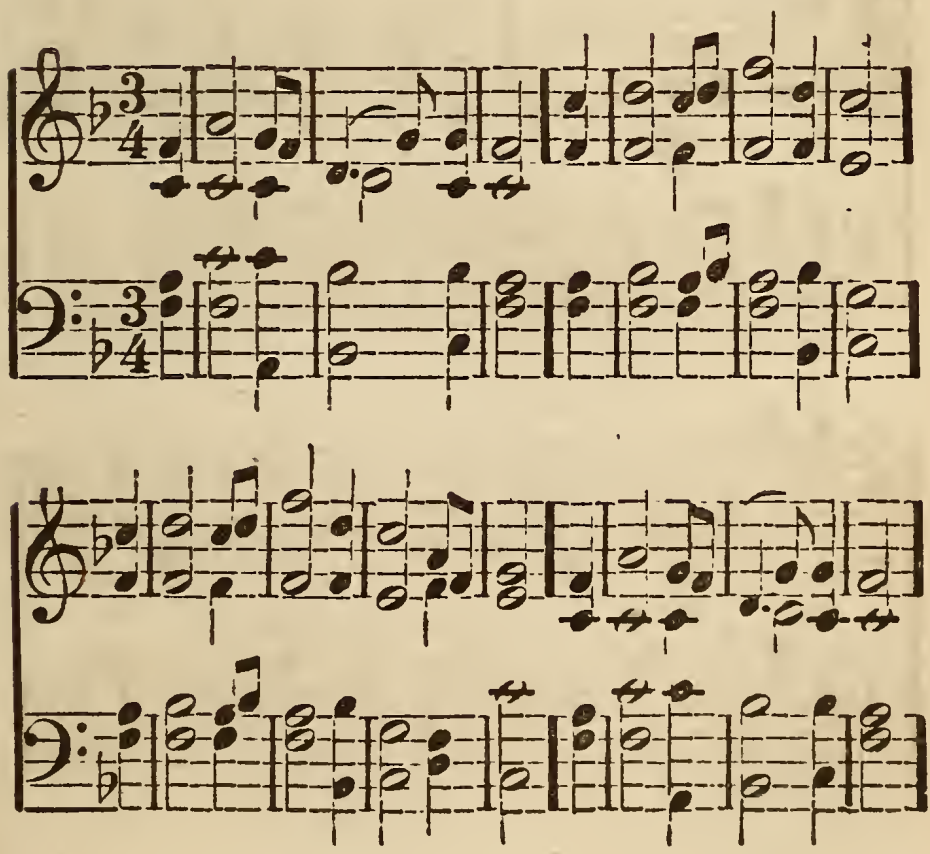

MELODY. C. M.

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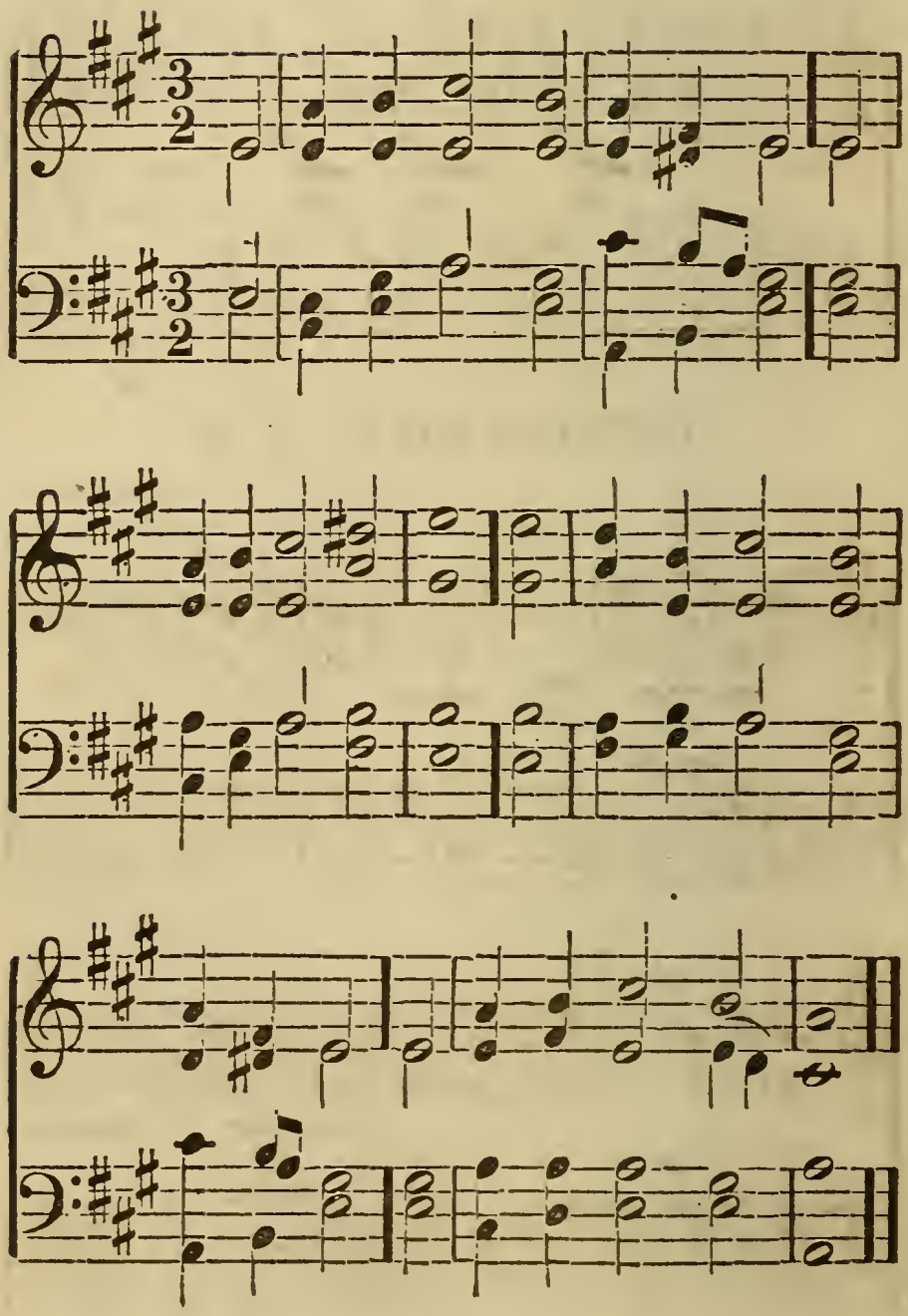
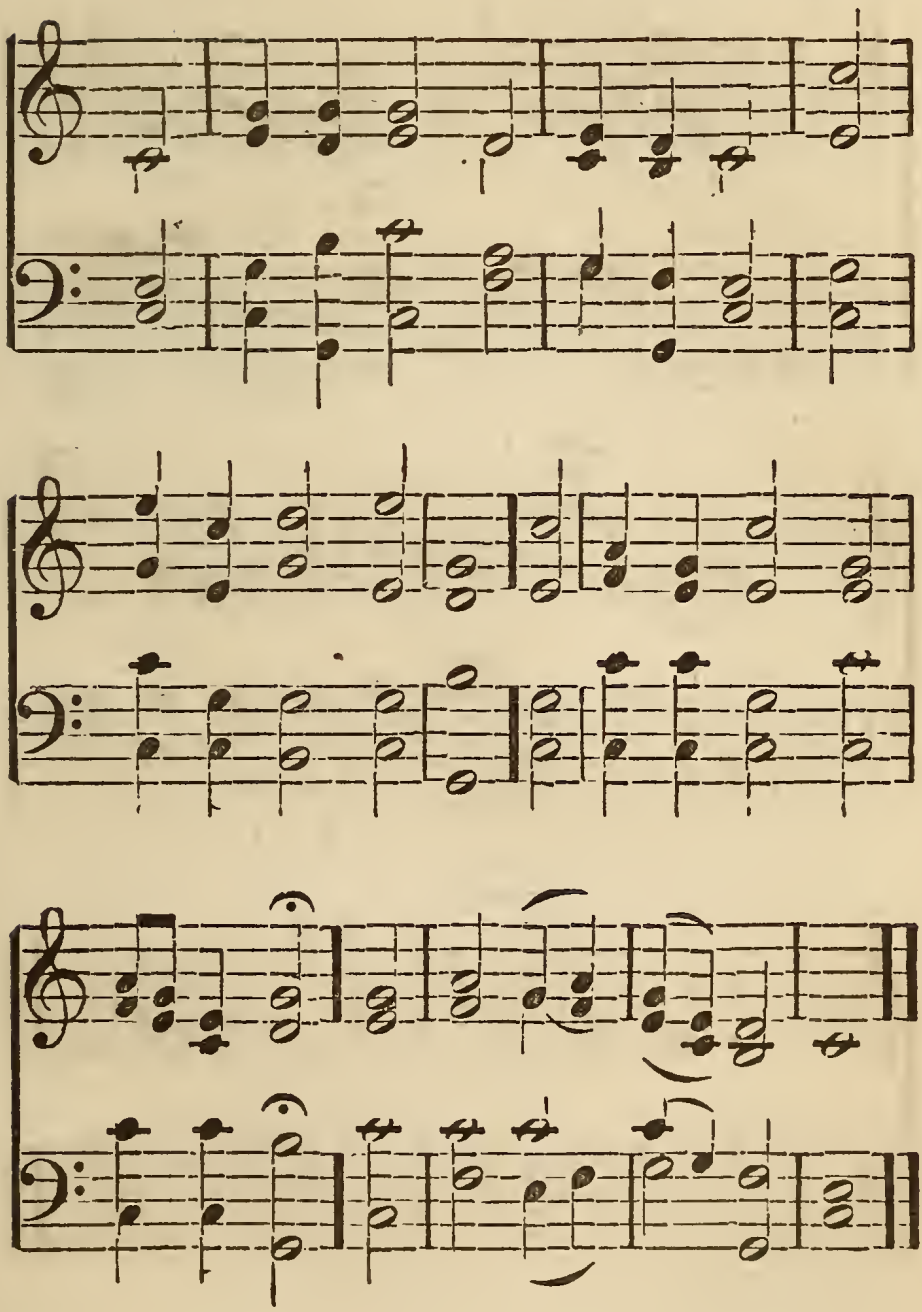


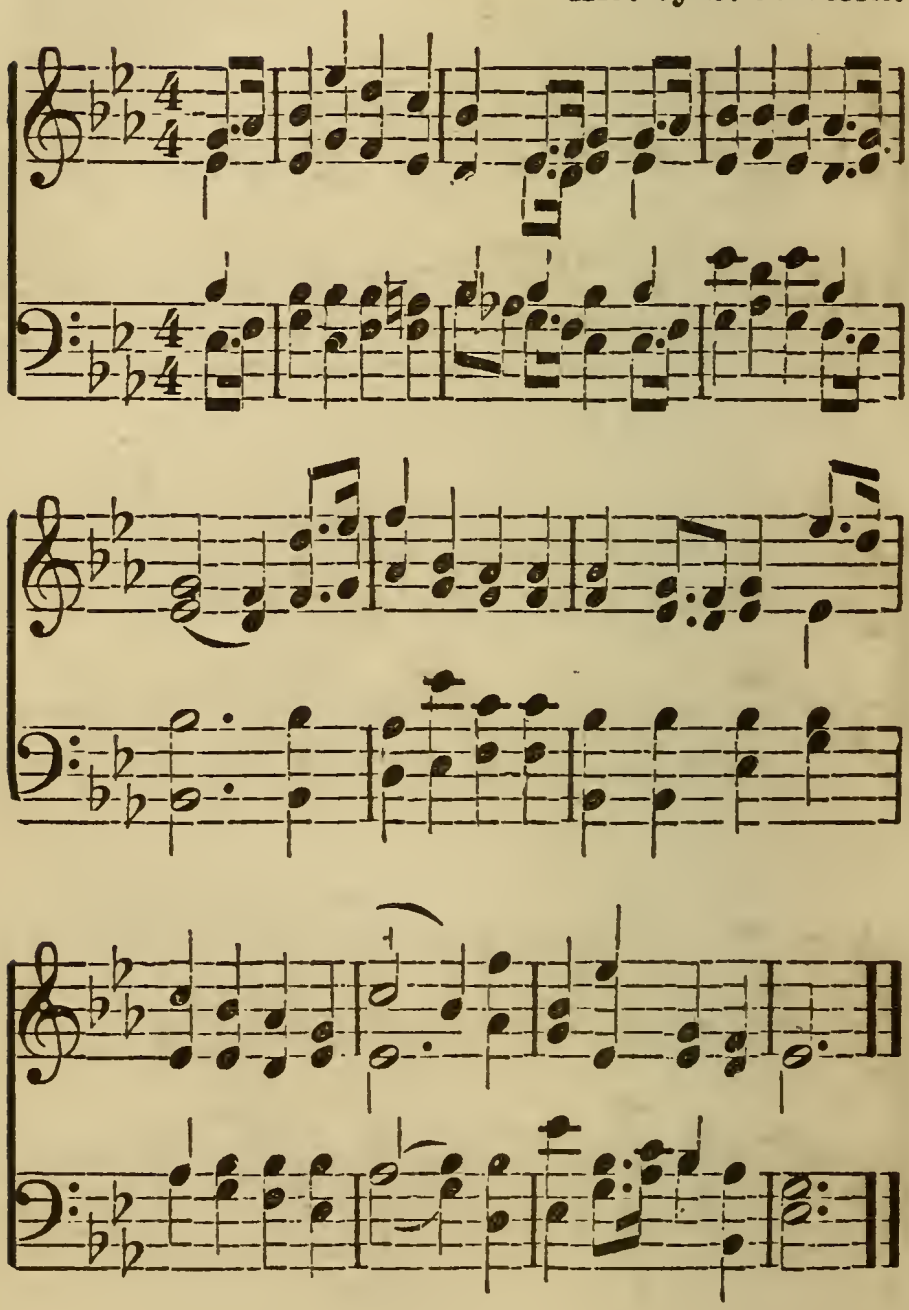
BELIEVER. C. M.

Arr. by H. P. MAIN.



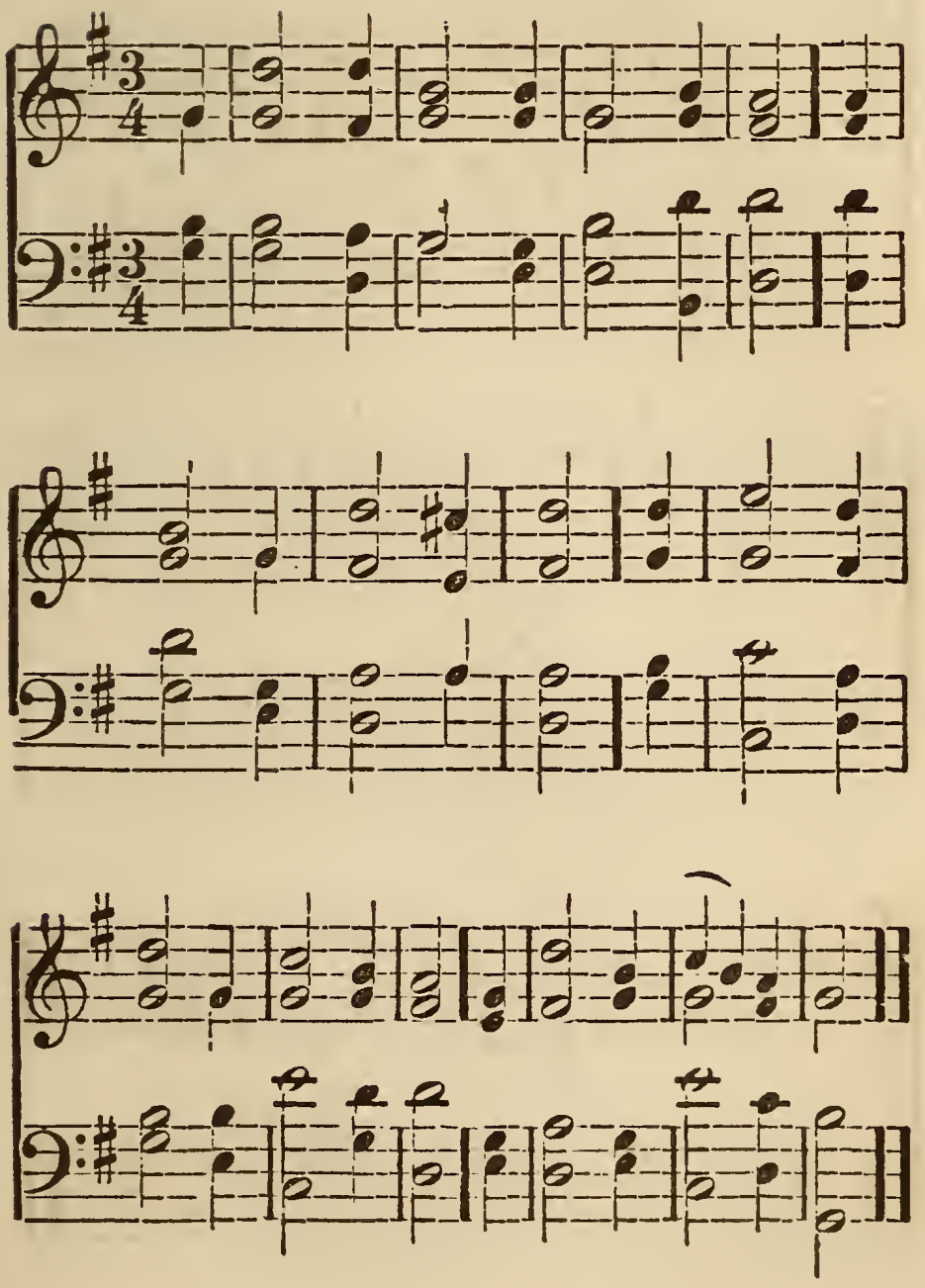
CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

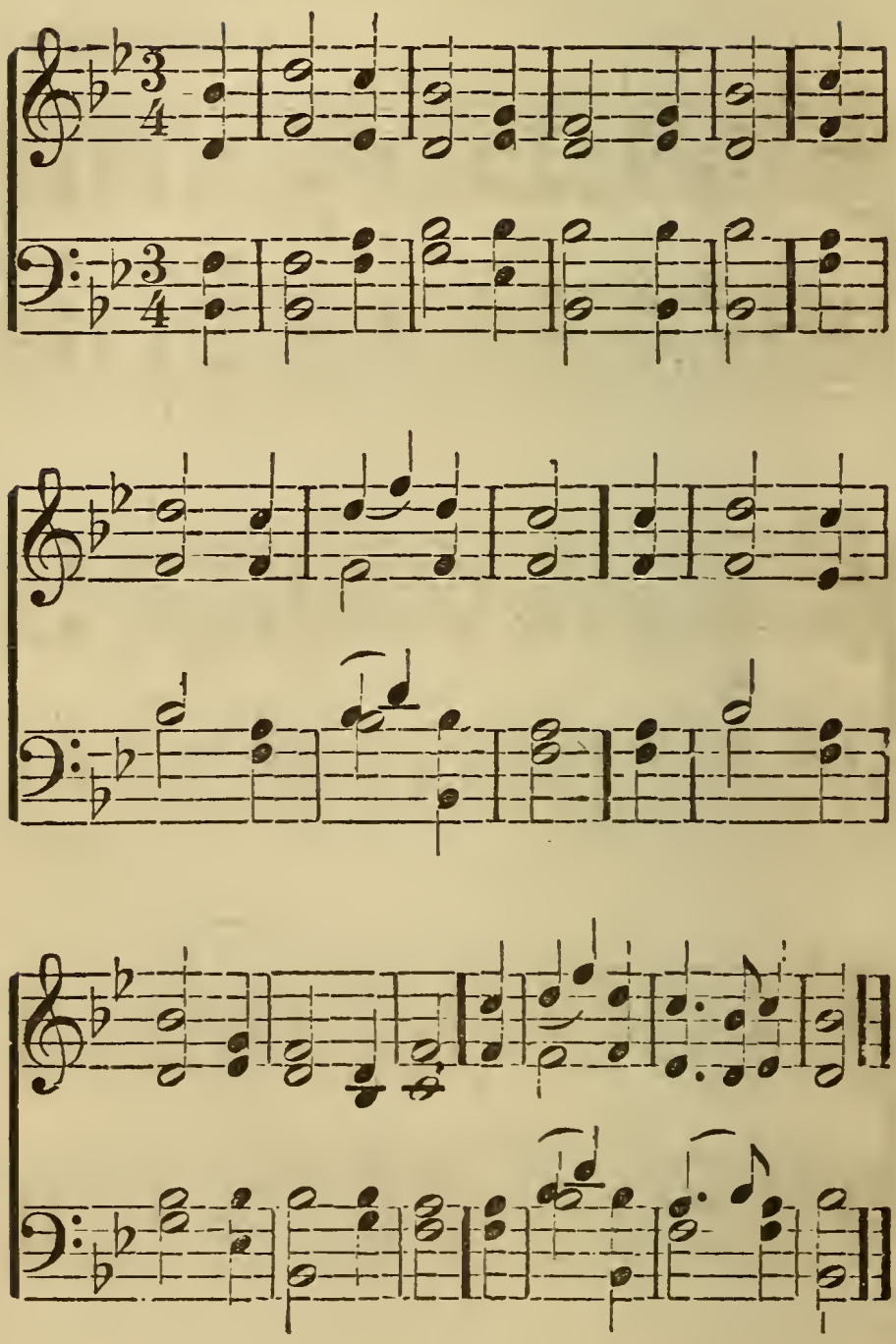


MEAR. C. M.

A. WILLIAMS.



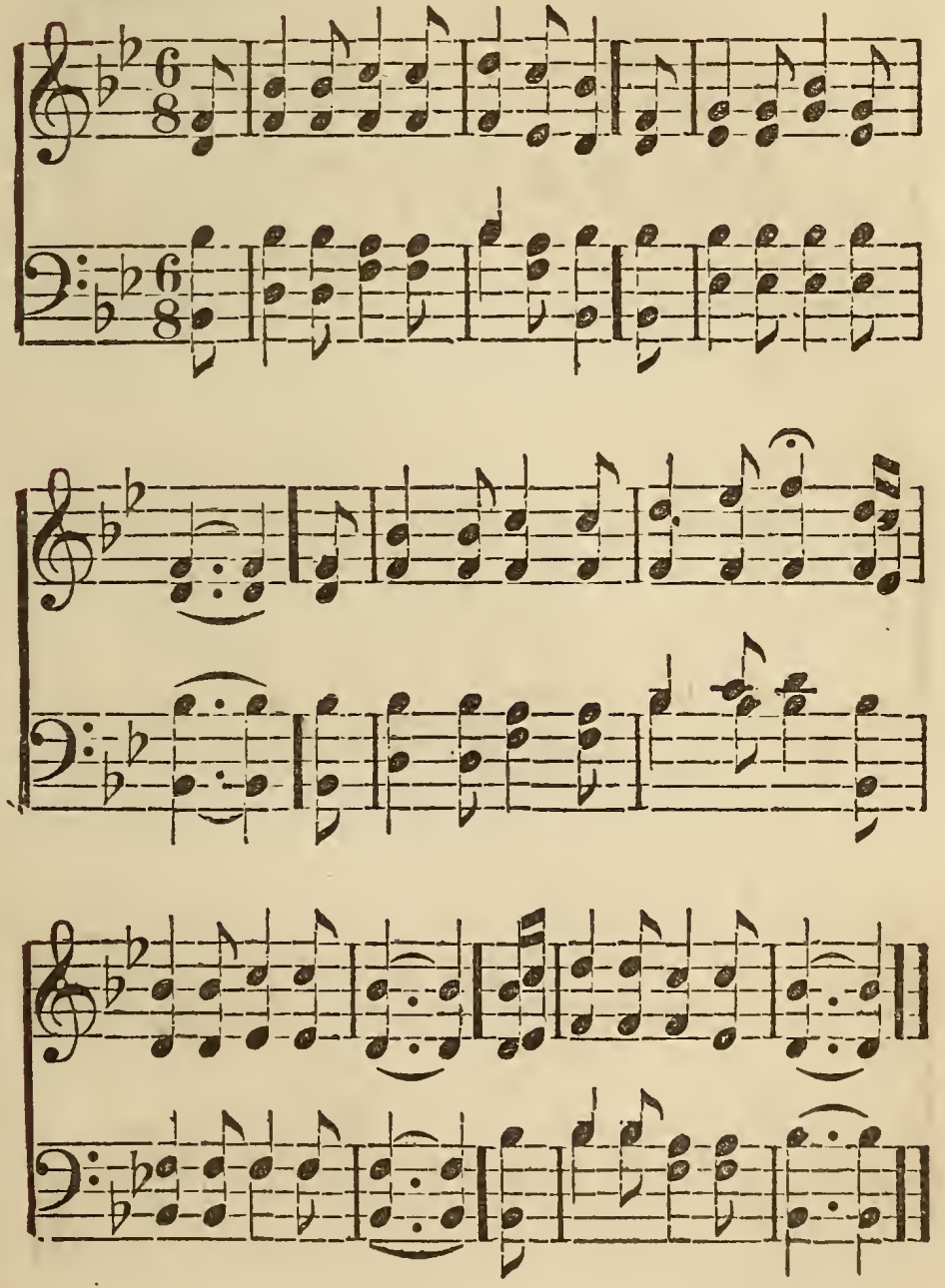
BALERMA. C. M.



ORTONVILLE. C. M.

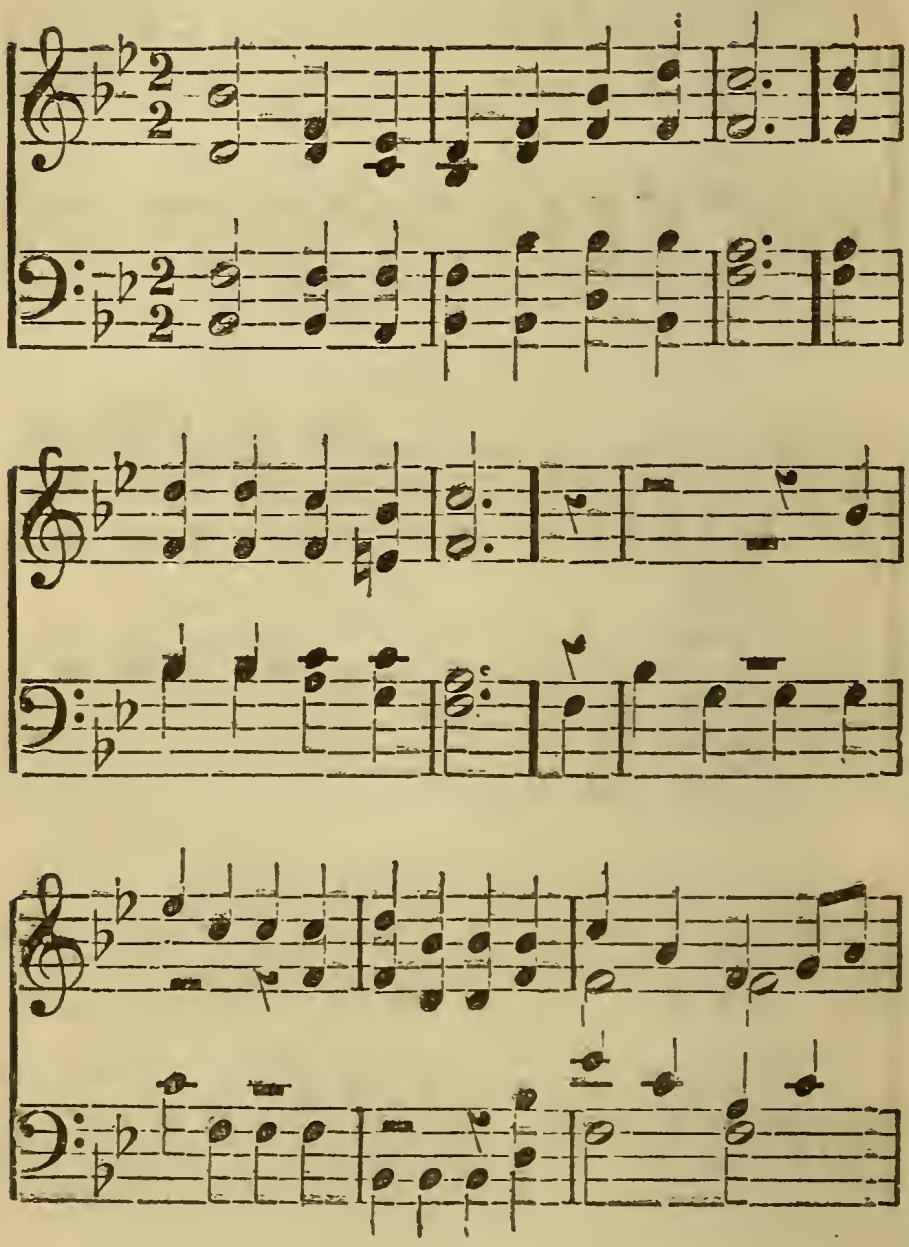
Dr. T. HASTINGS.

Moderato



NORTHFIELD. C. M.

J. INGALLS.



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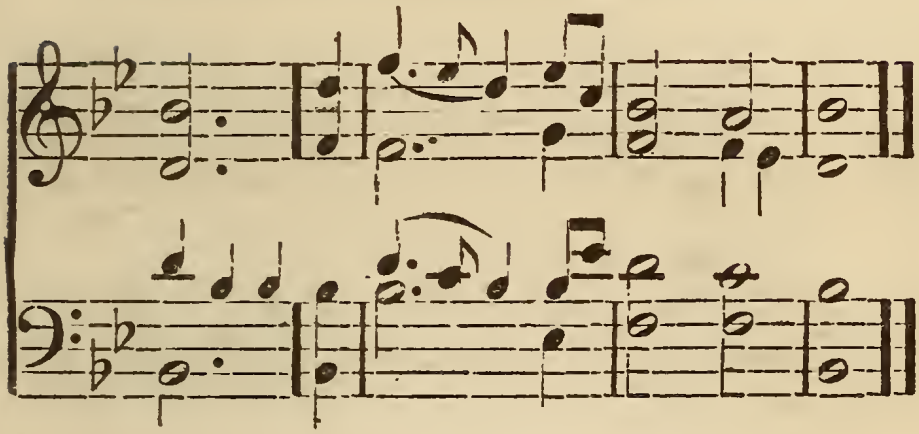
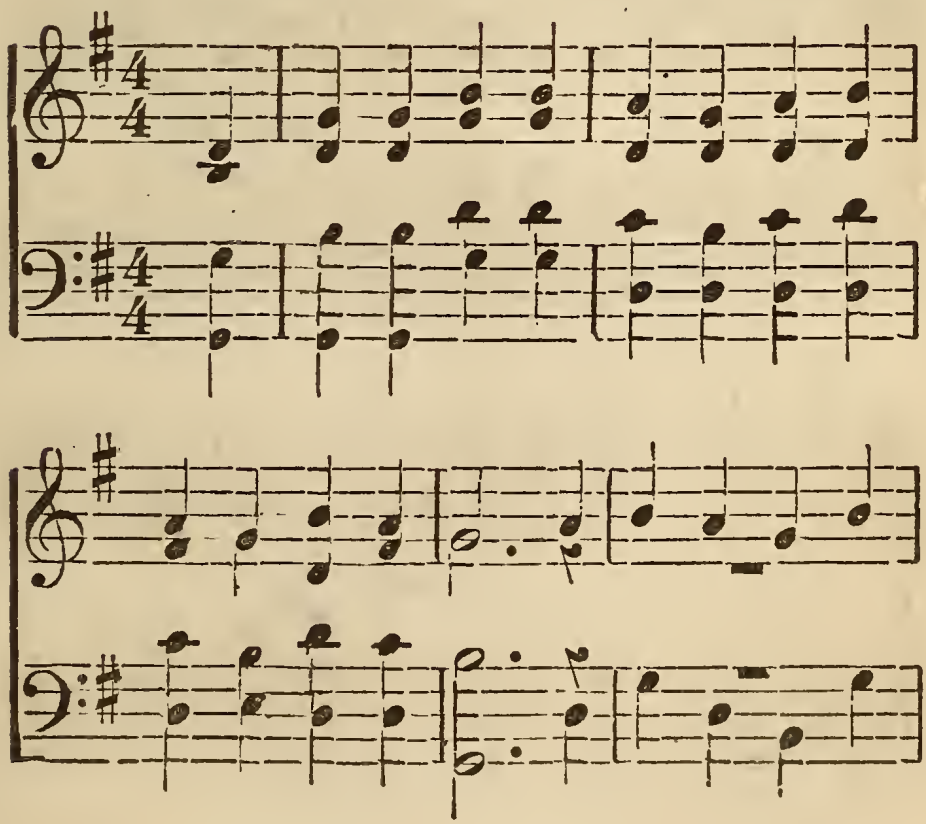


CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



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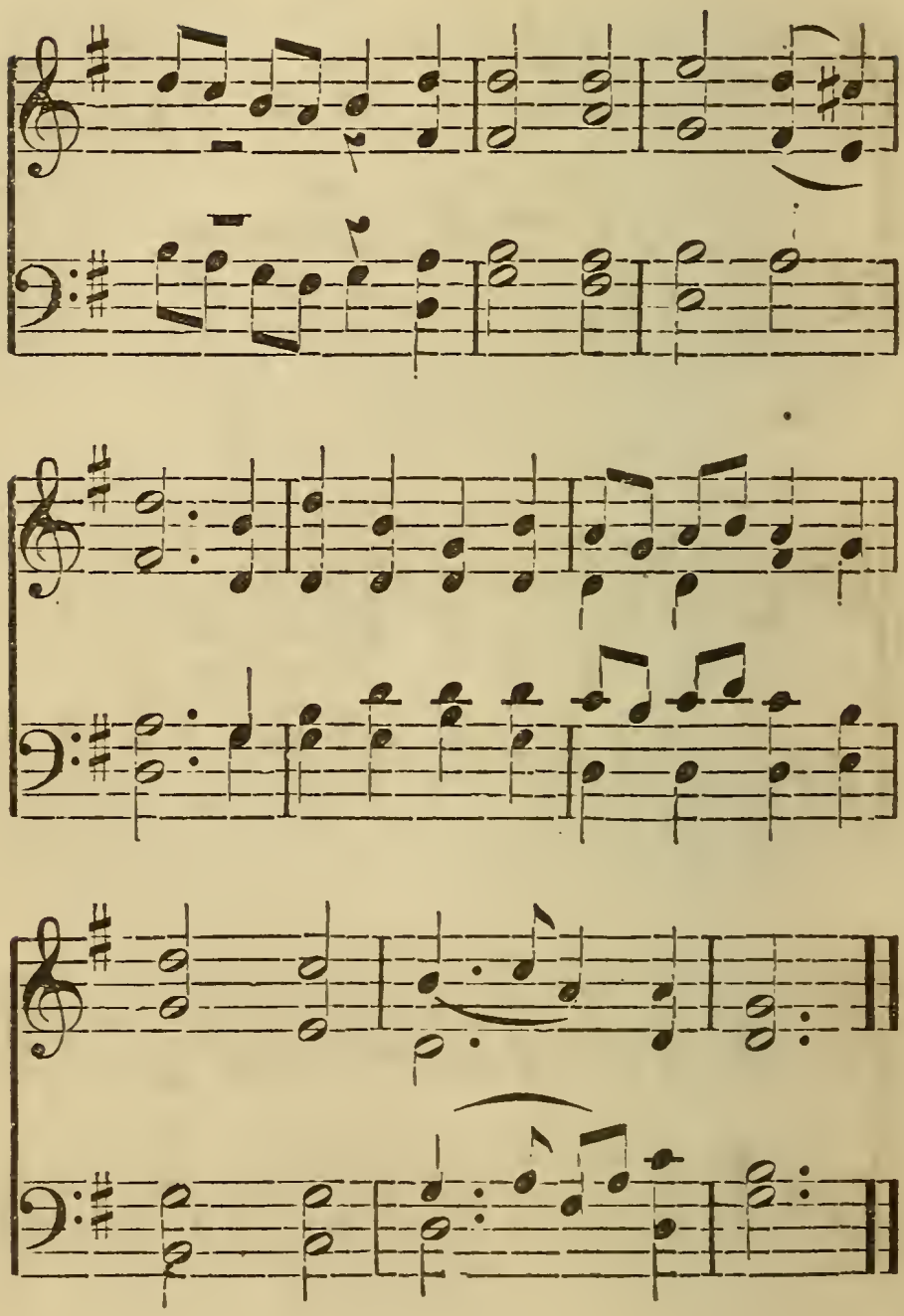
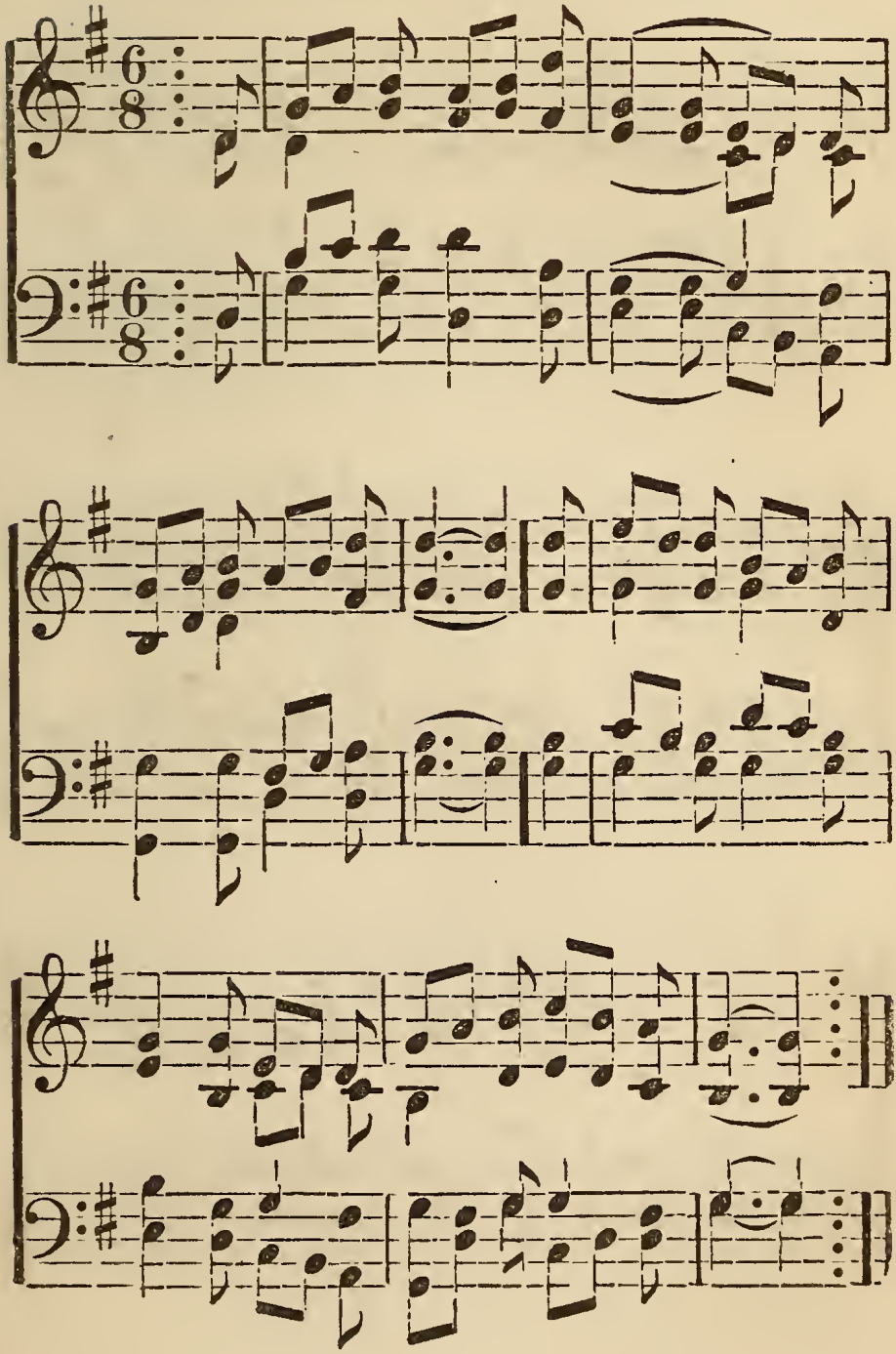
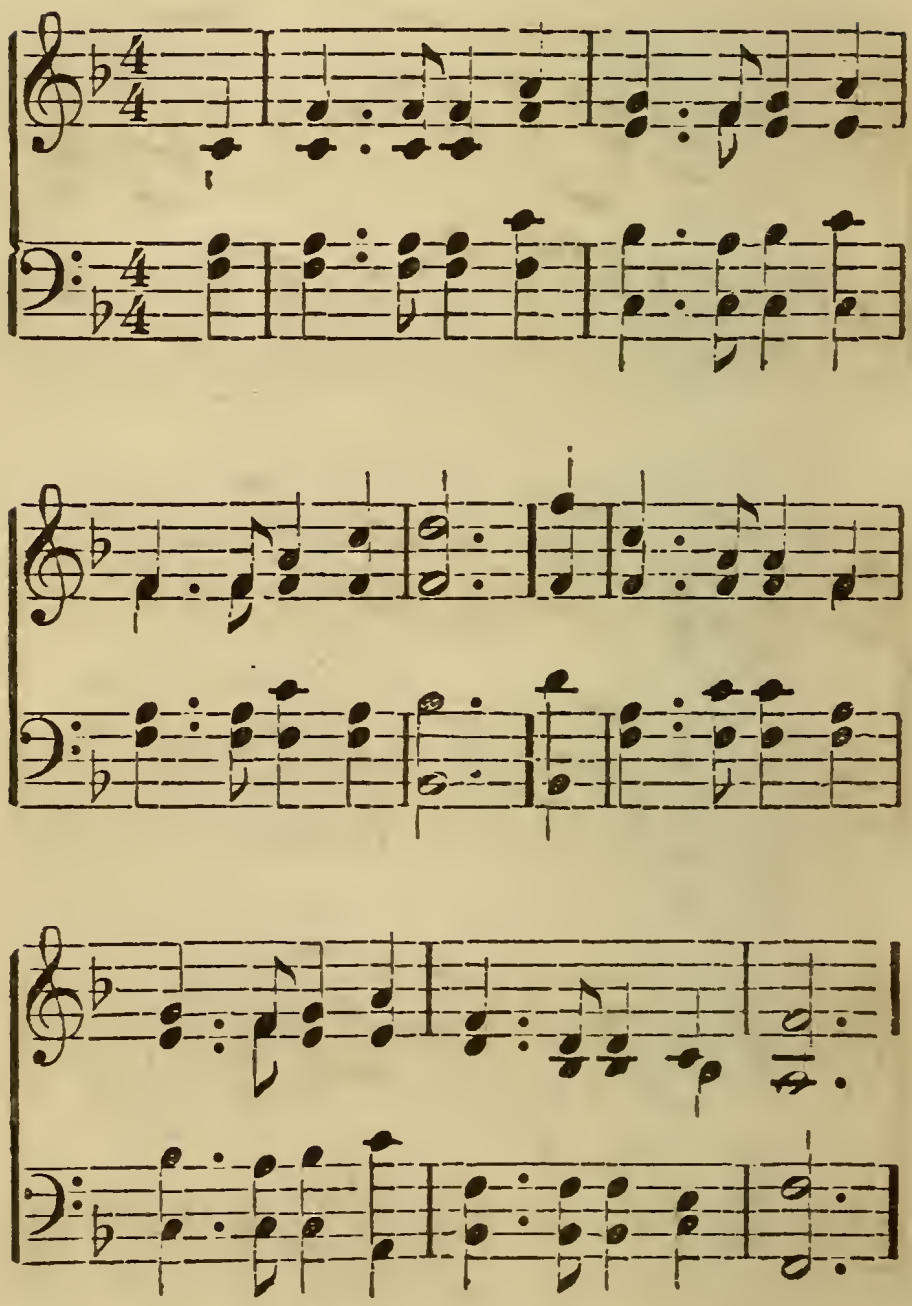


LAND OF REST. C. M. D.



AULD LANG SYNE. C. M. D.



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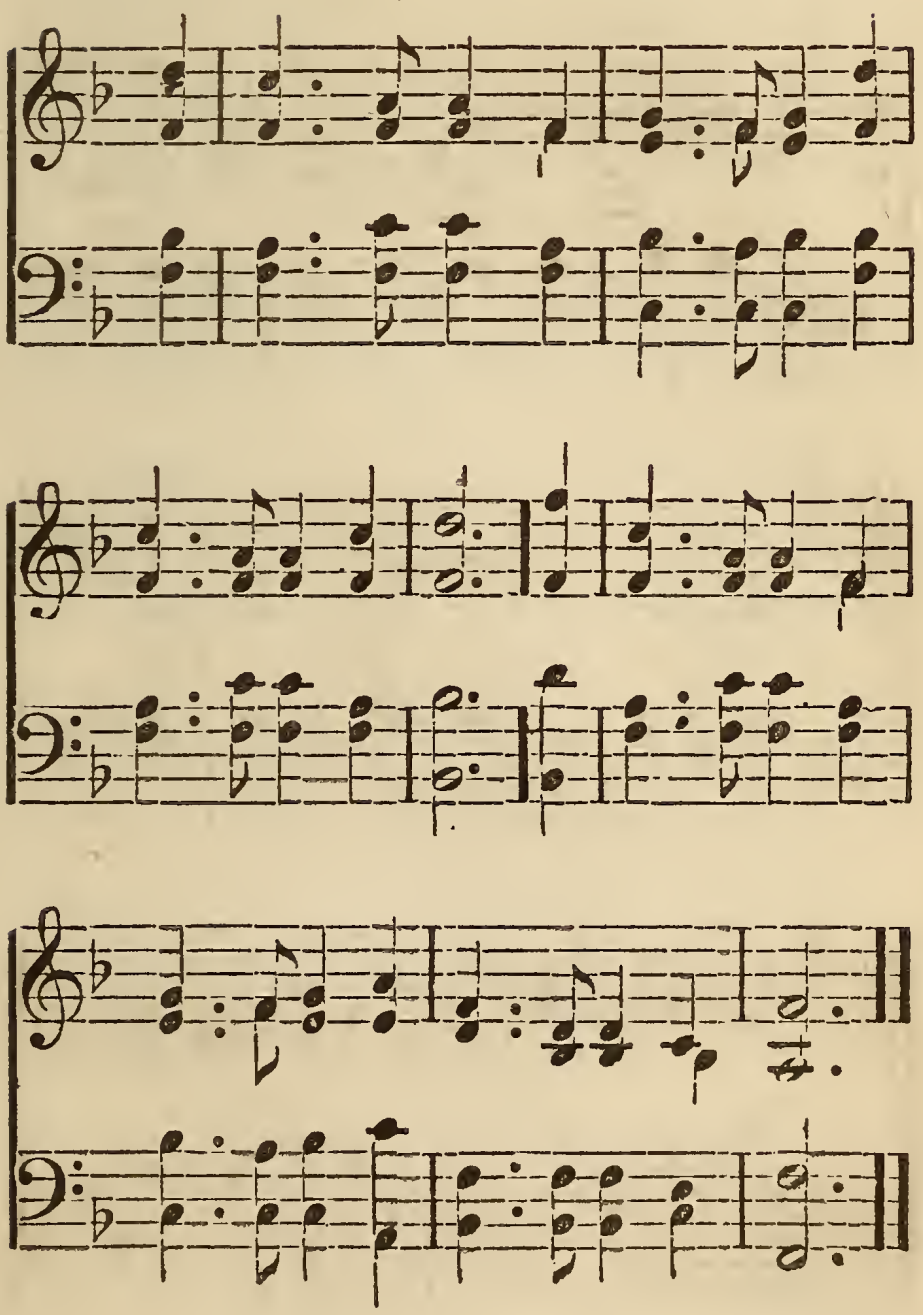

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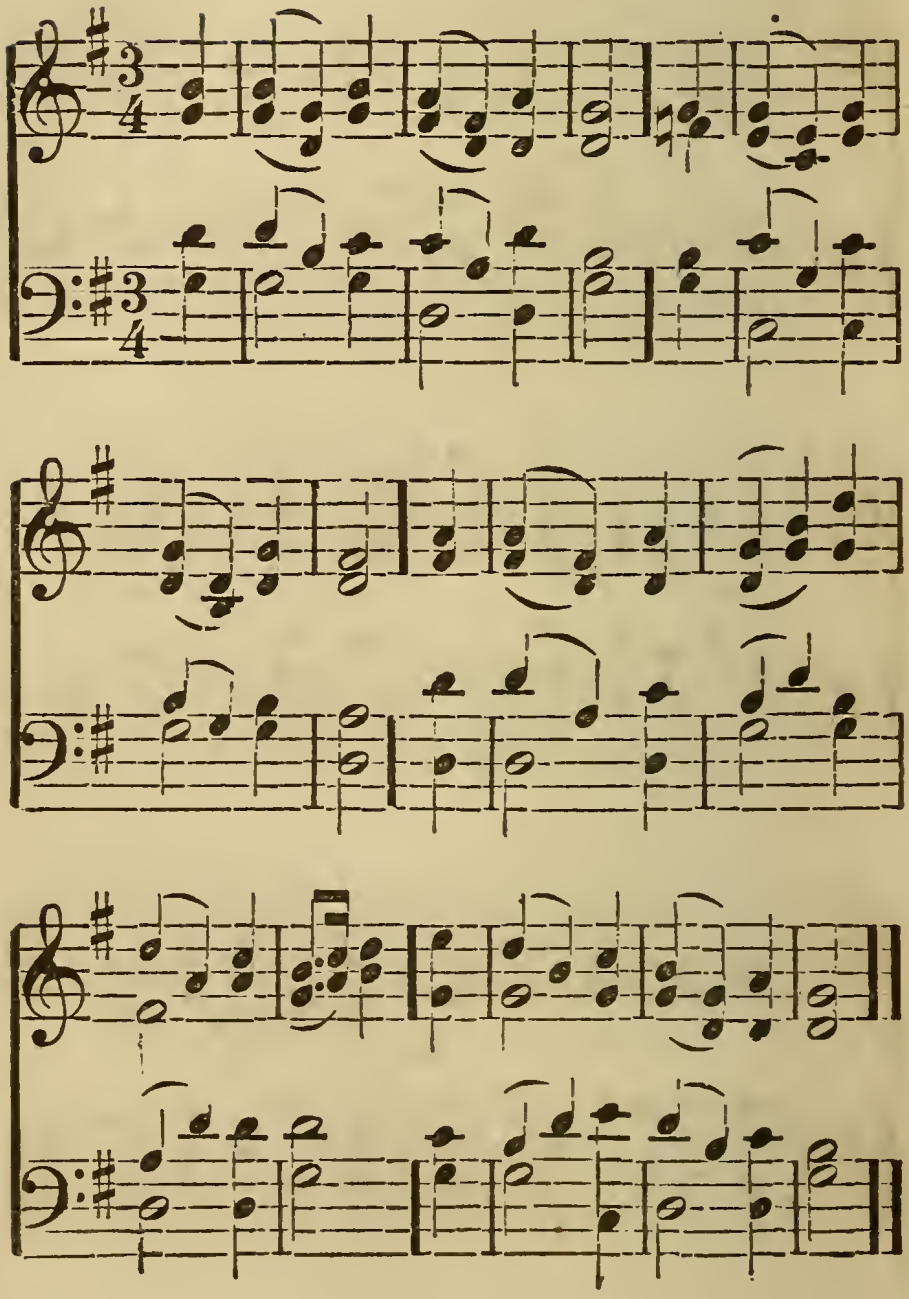

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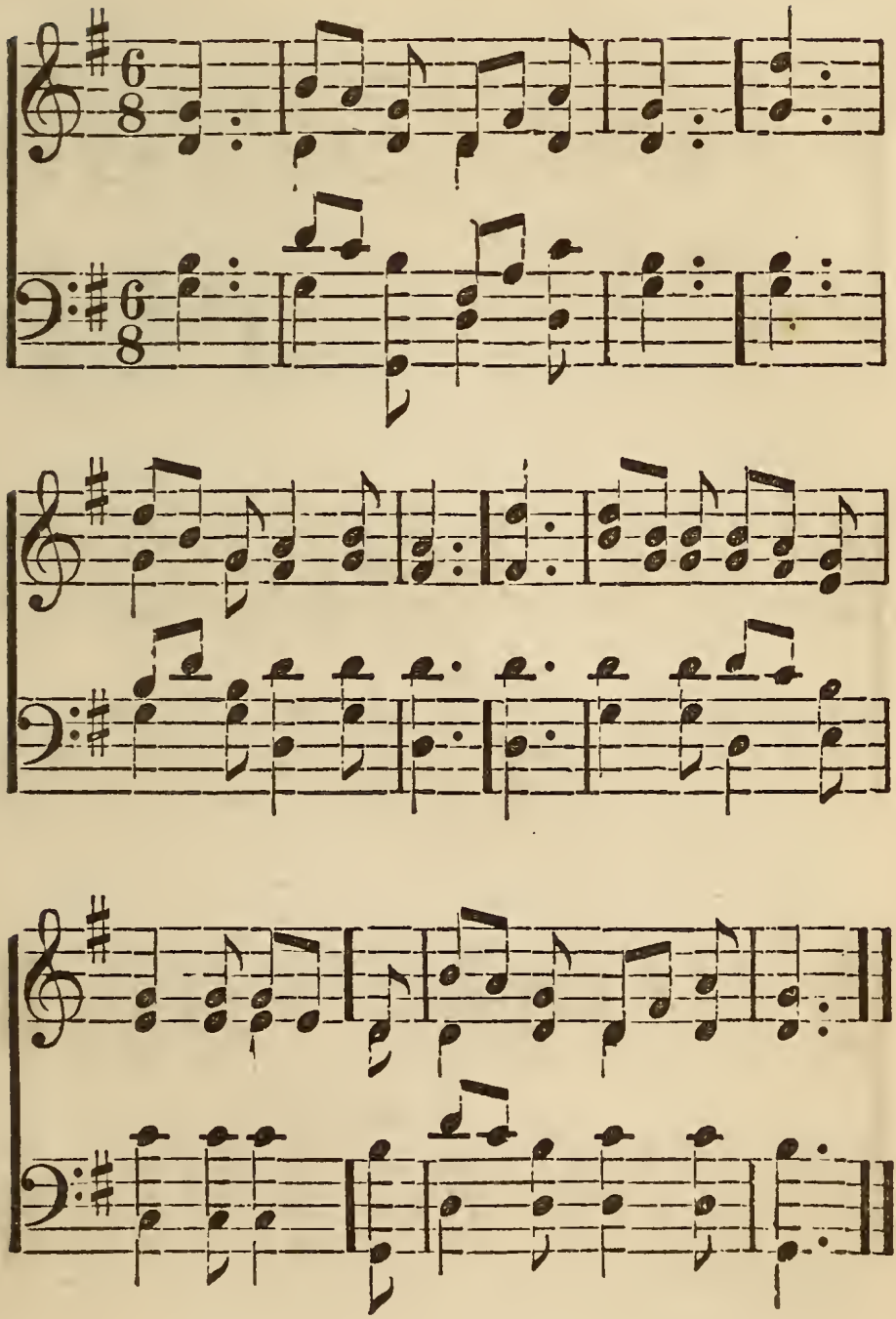

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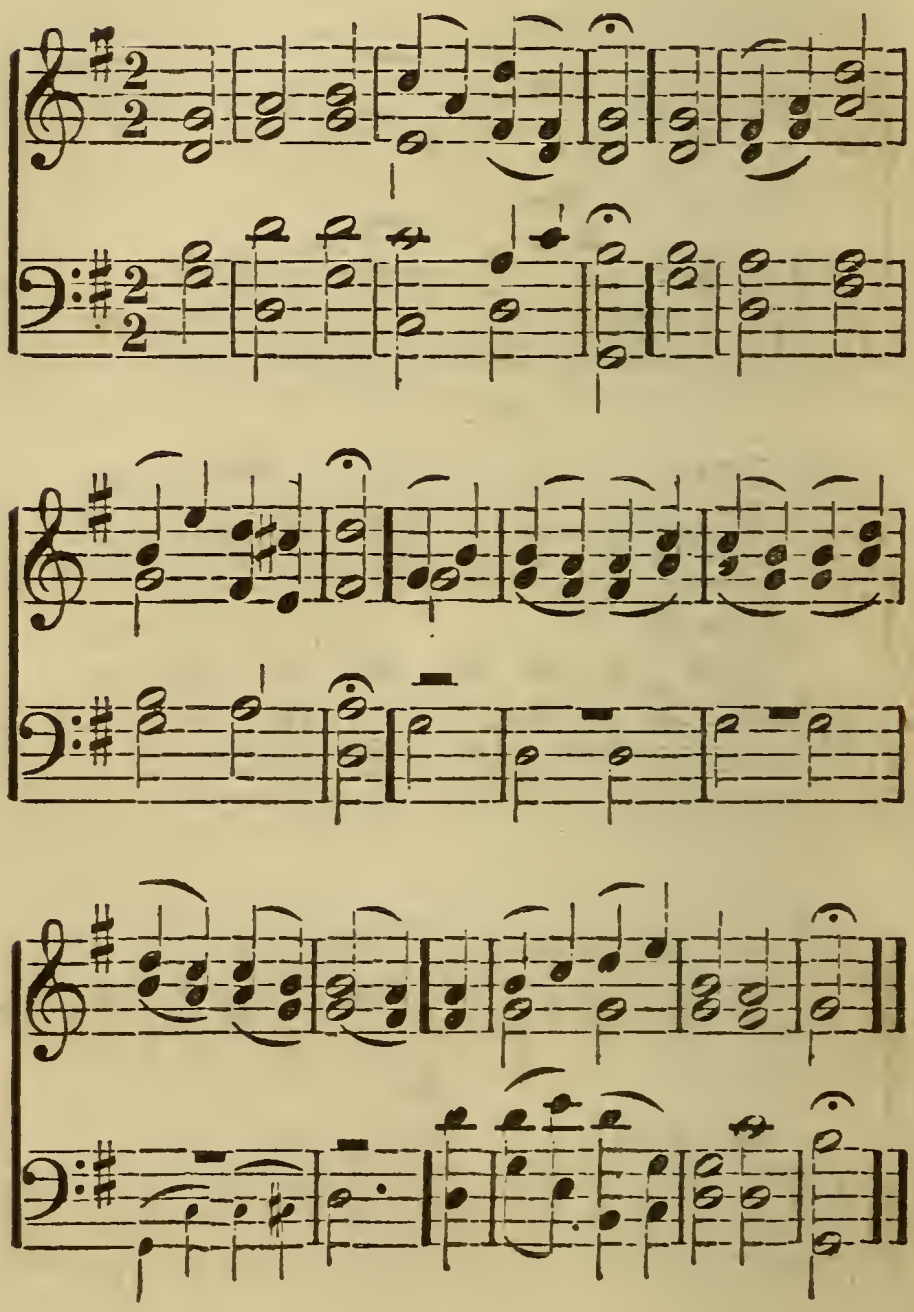

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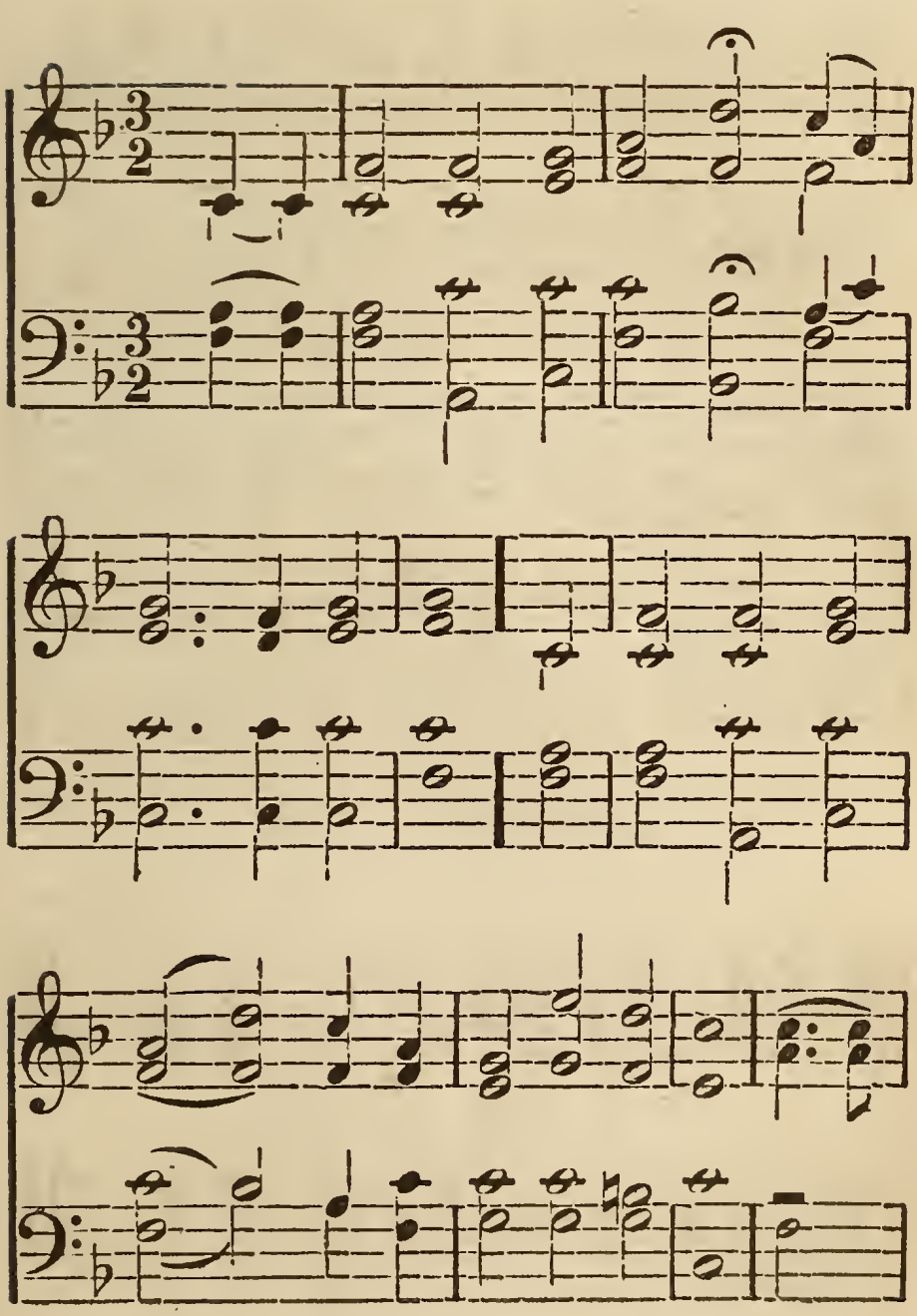
GEO. KINGSLEY.



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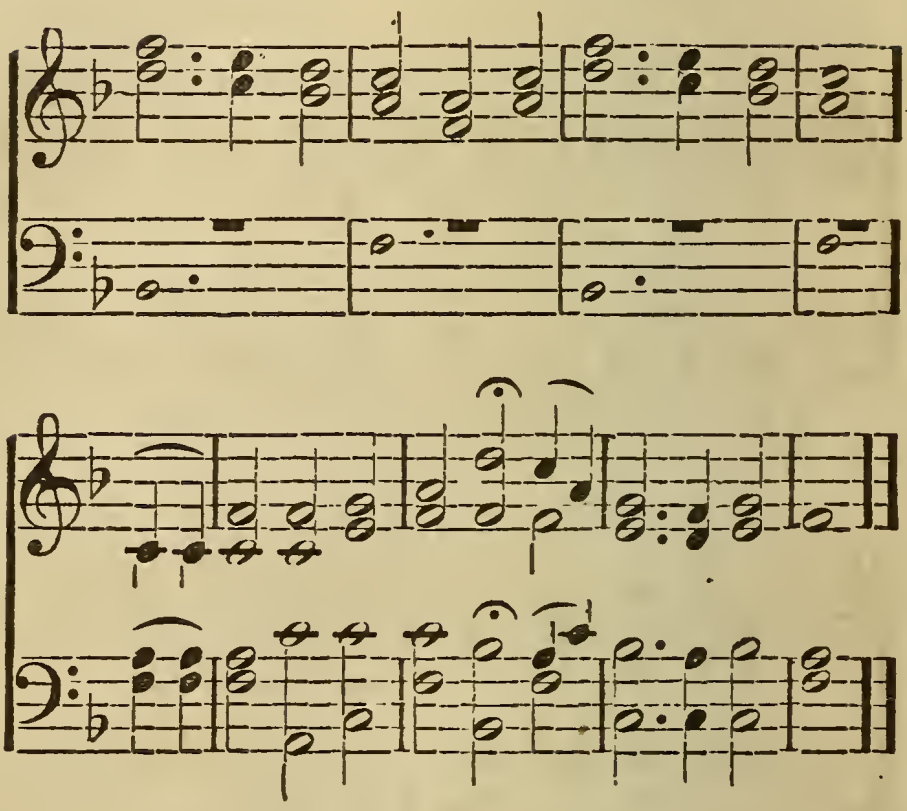

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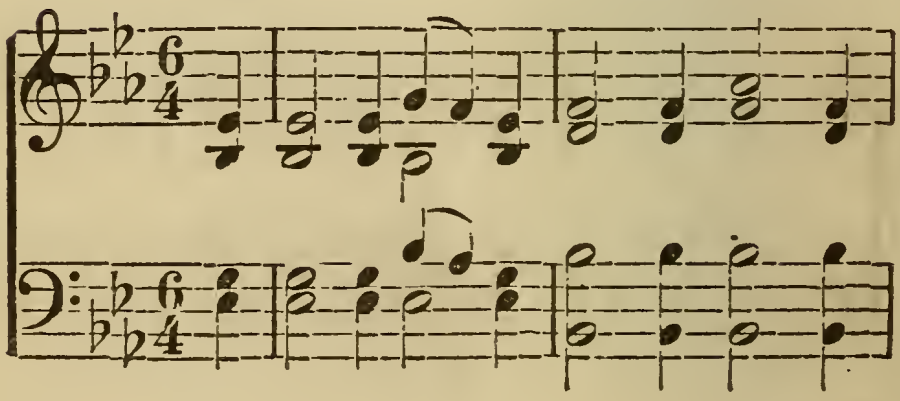
Dr. T. HASTINGS.



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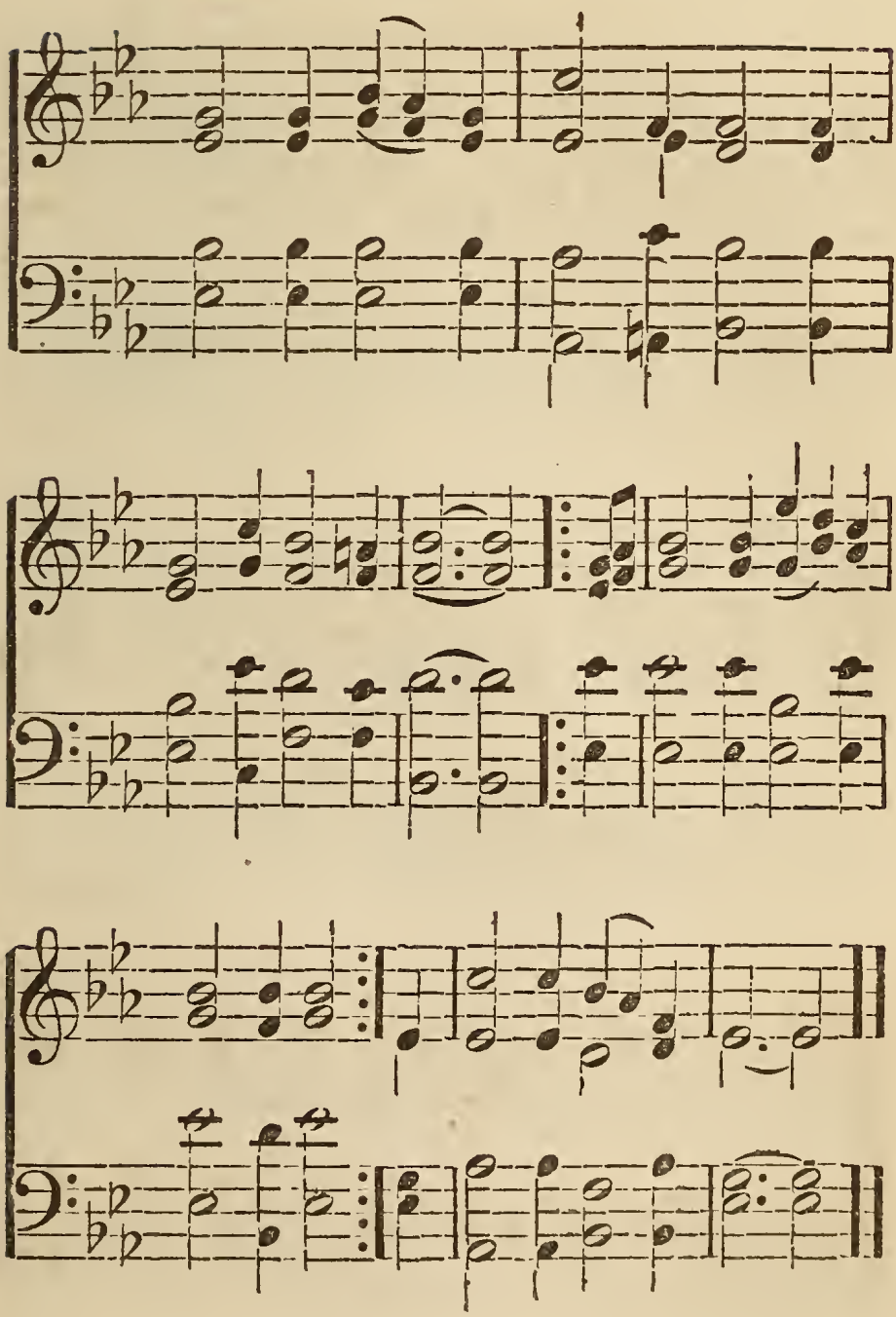
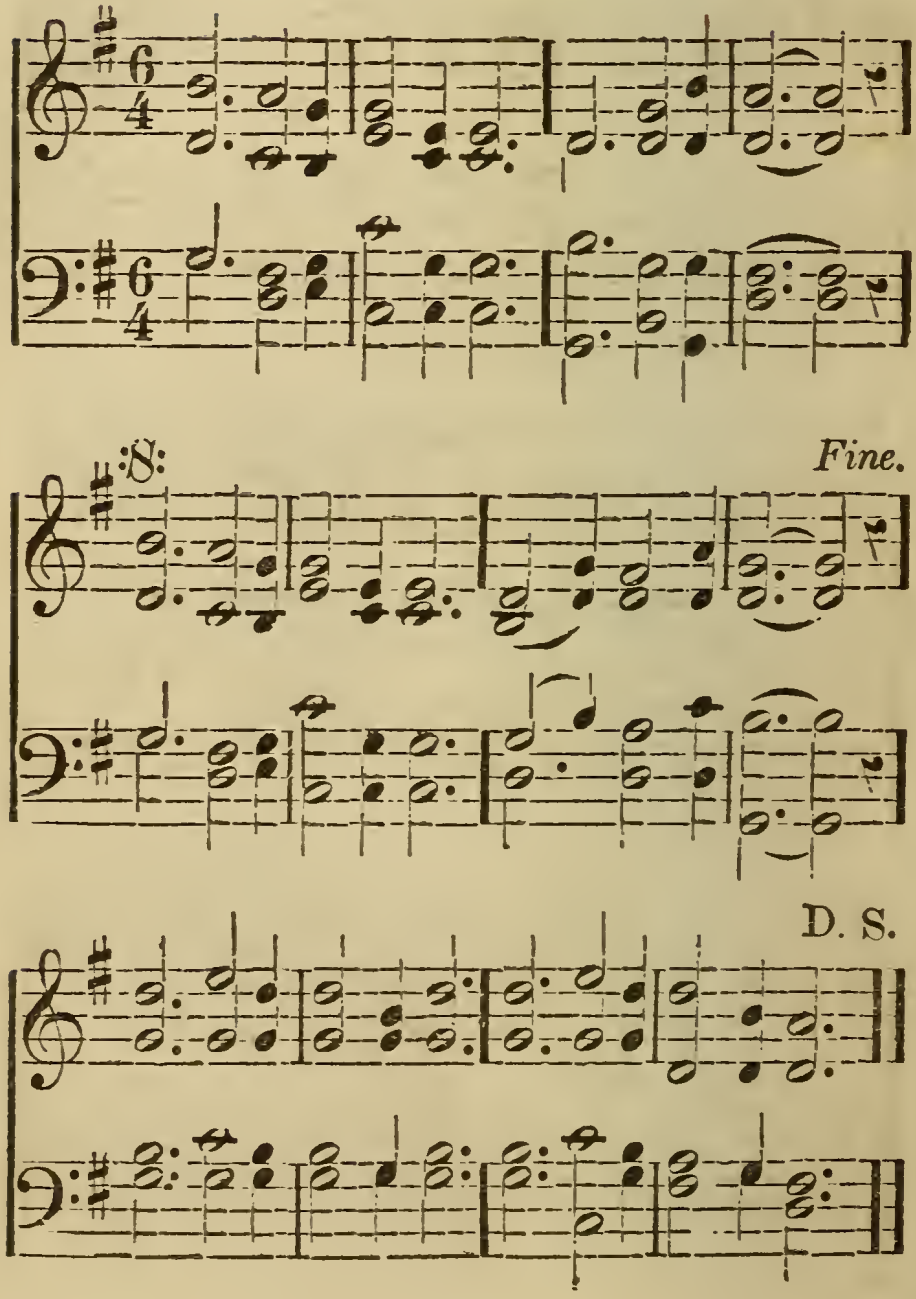


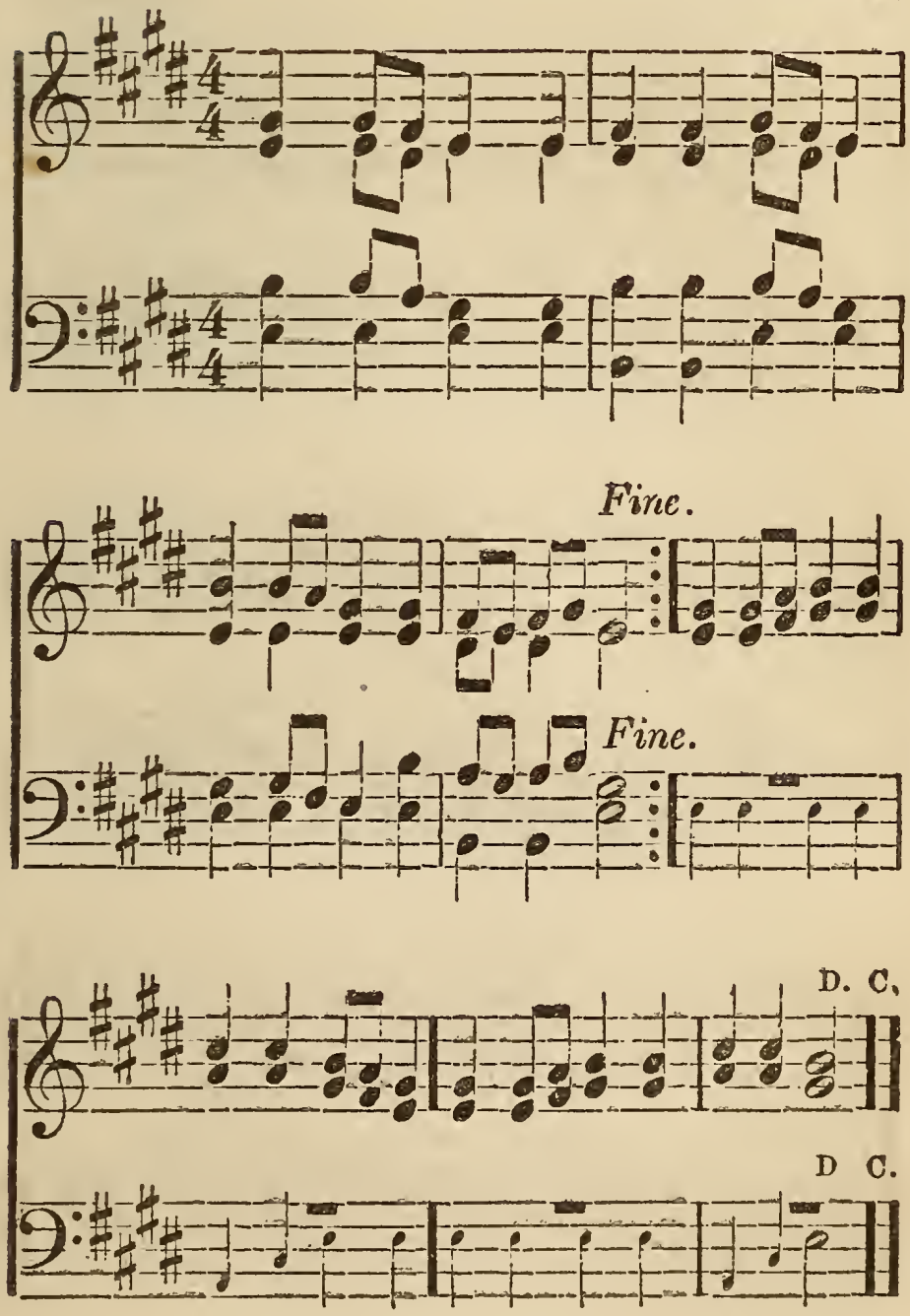
BETHANY. 6s & 7s.

By Permission, Dr. L. MASON.



GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.



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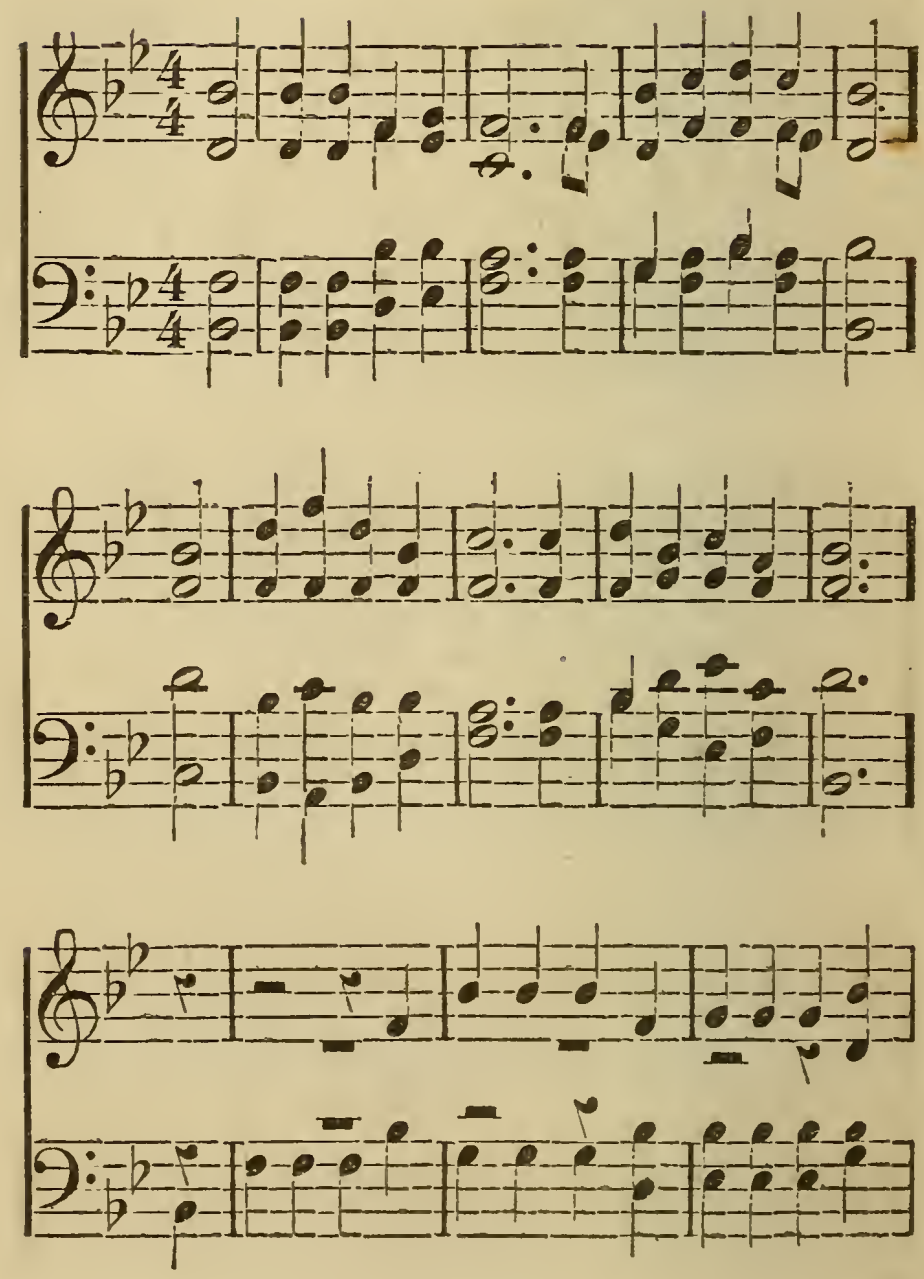
J. EDSON.



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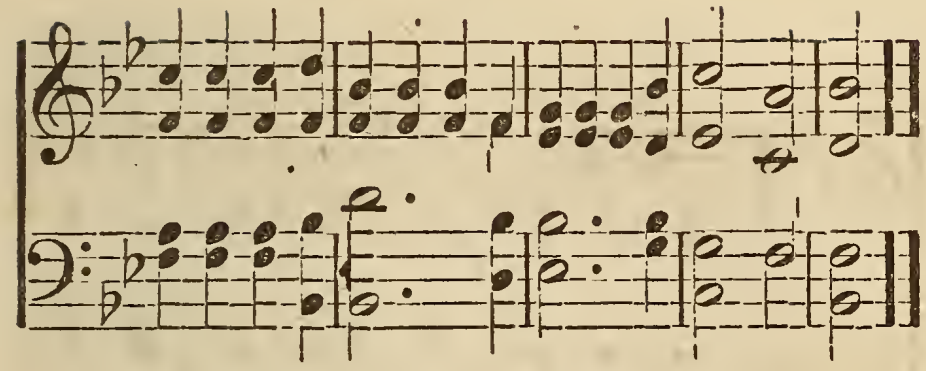
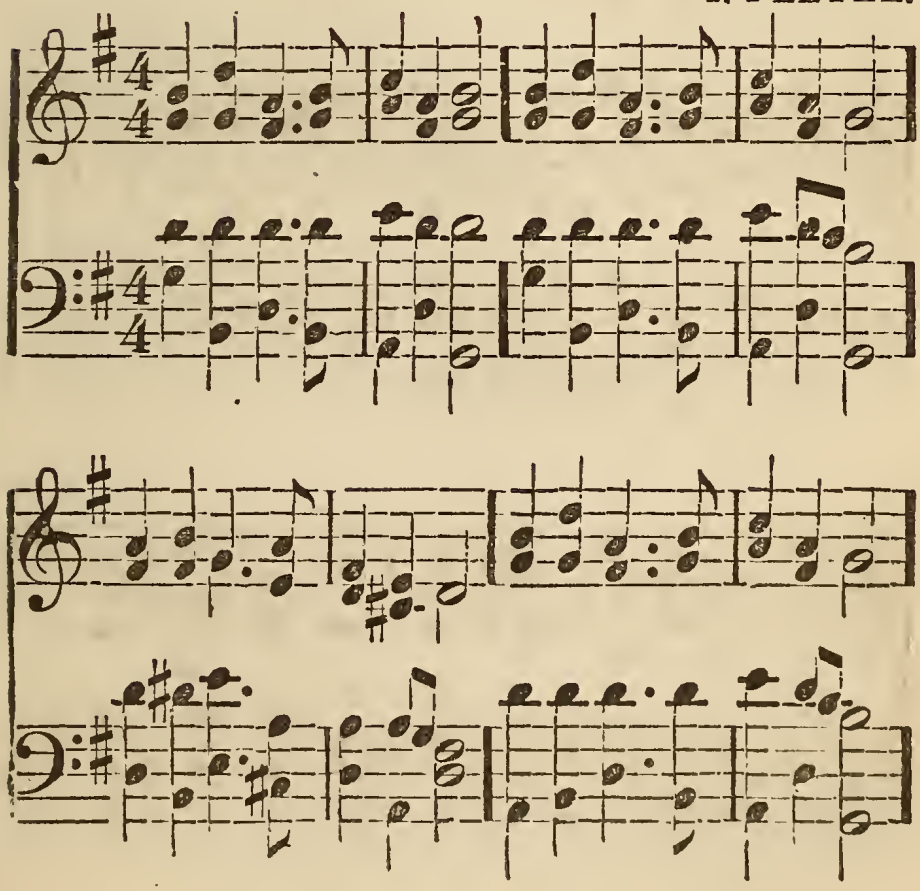


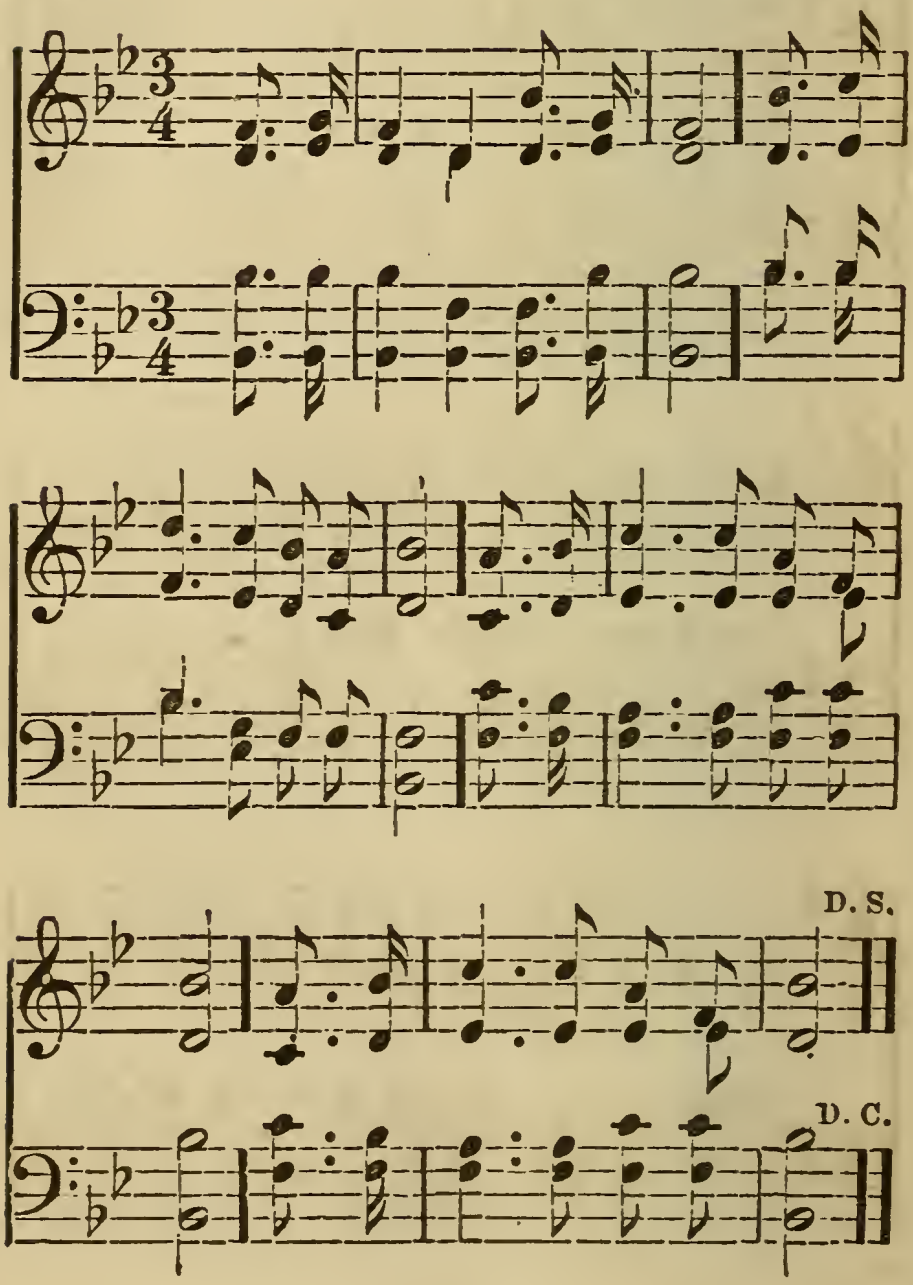
PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

I. PLEYEL.

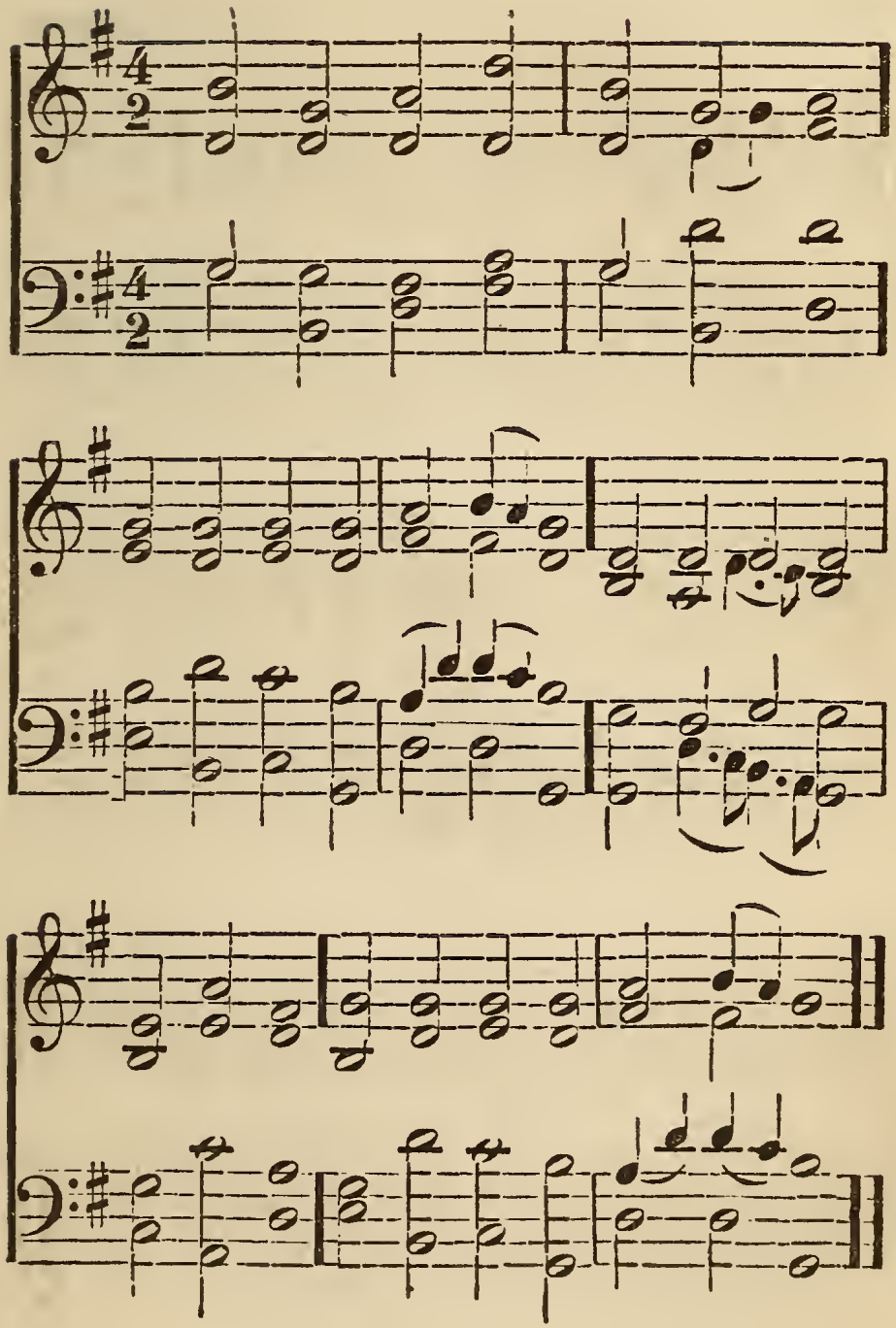


TOPLADY. 7s, 6 lines.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

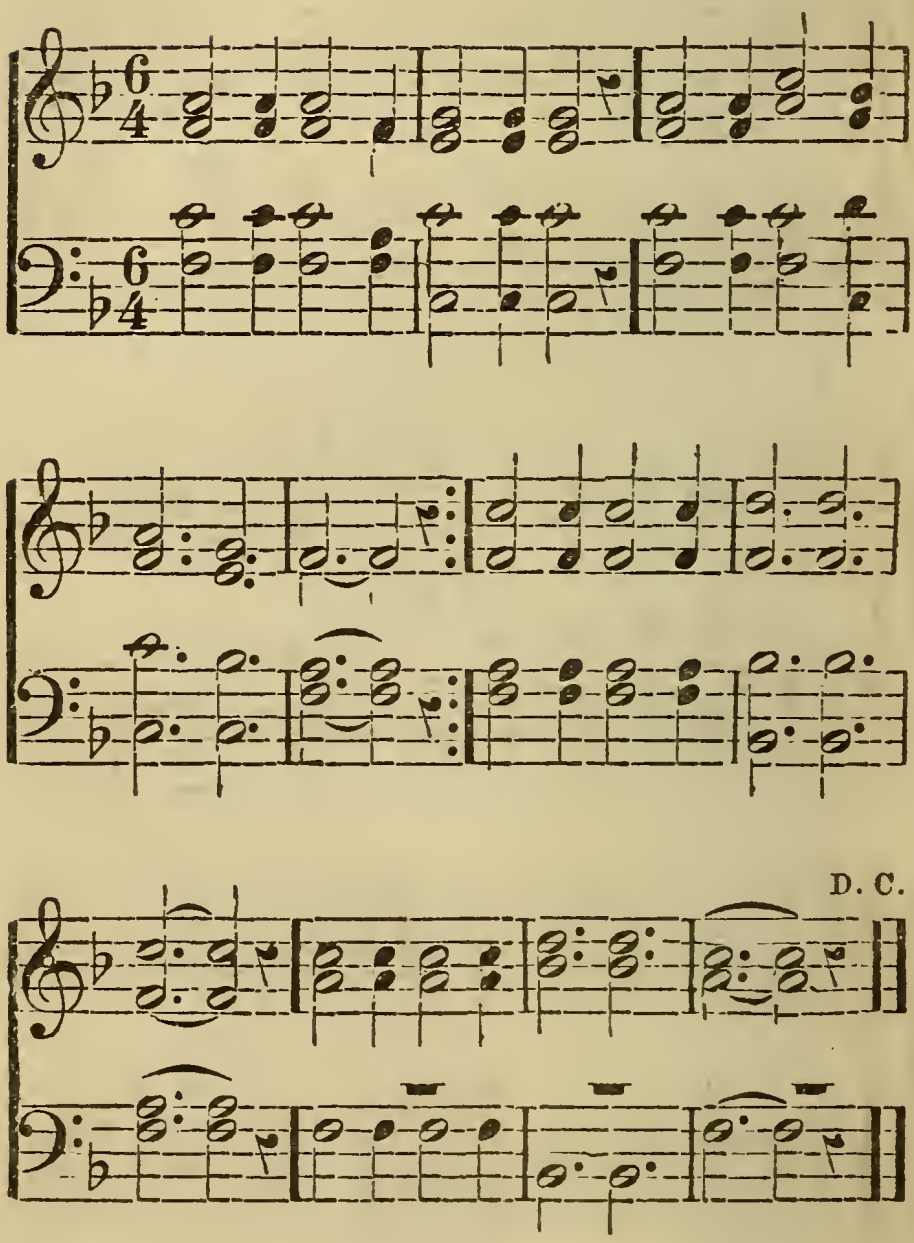


NUREMBURG. 7s.



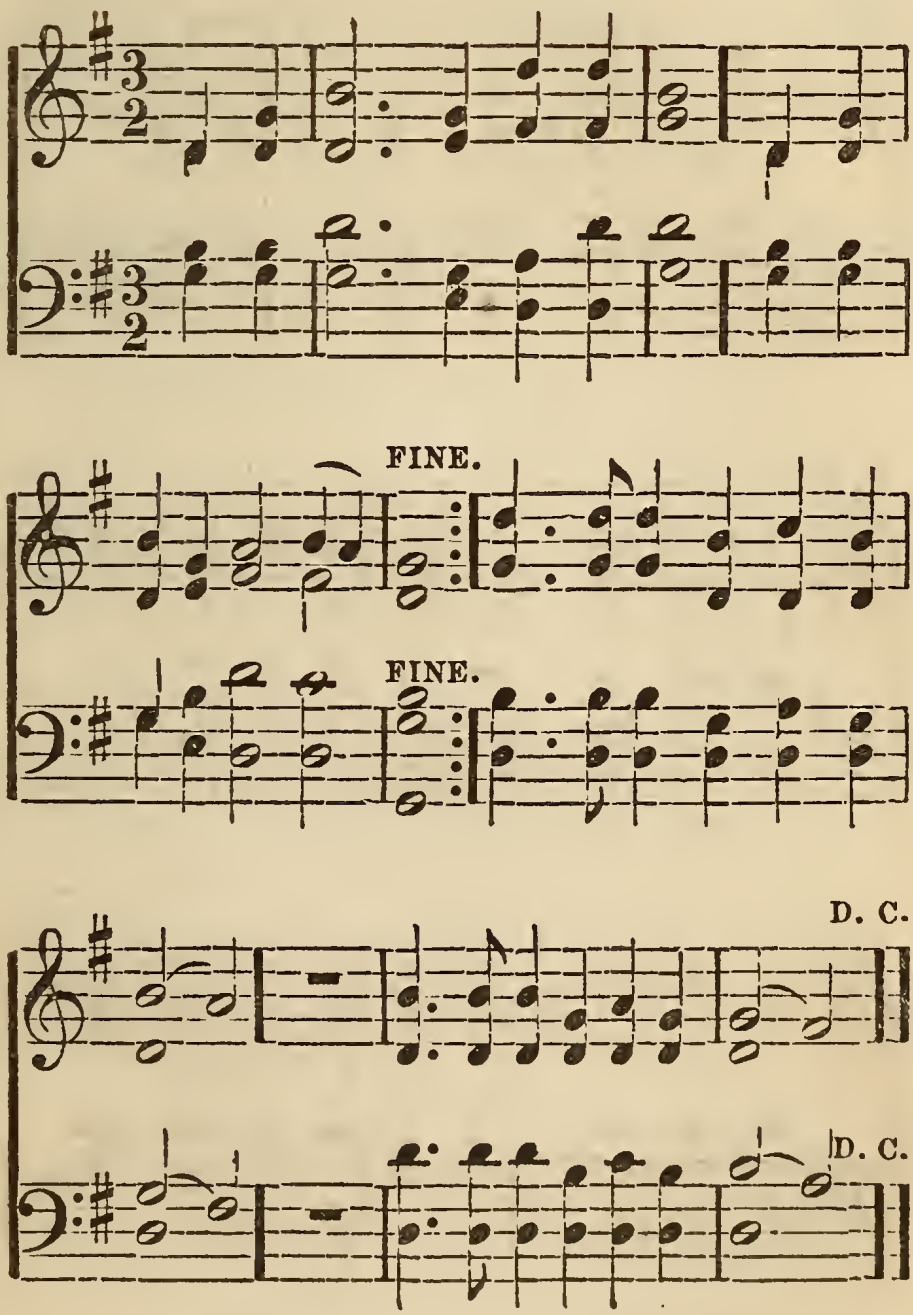
MARTYN. 7 P. M. 7s.

S. B. MARSH



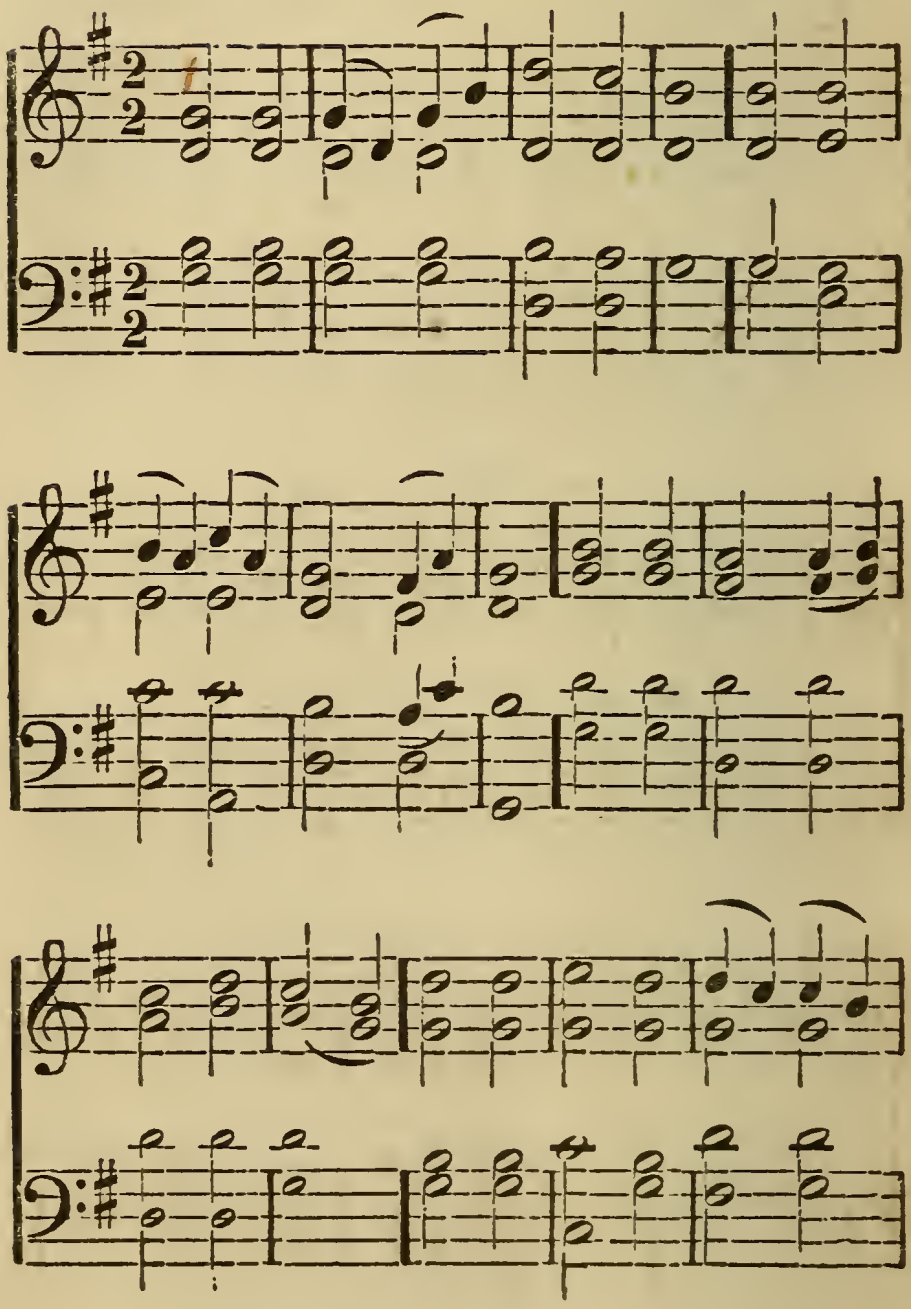
ELTHAM. 7s, Double.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



HENDON. 7s.

Rev. Dr. MALAN.



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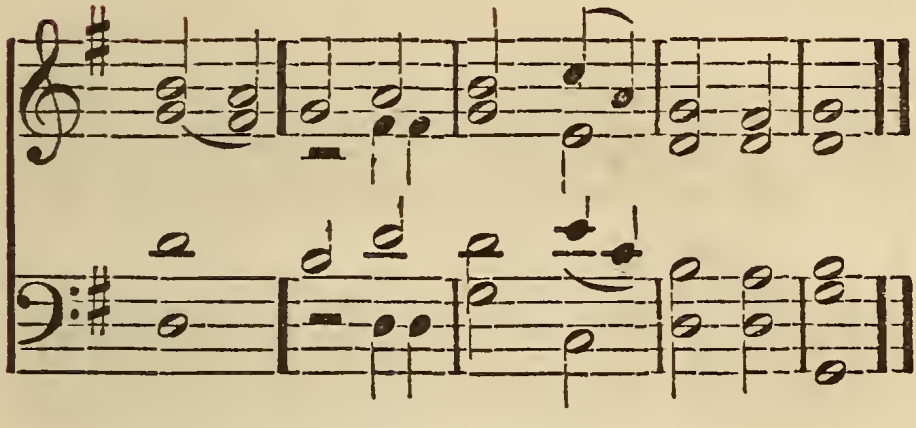
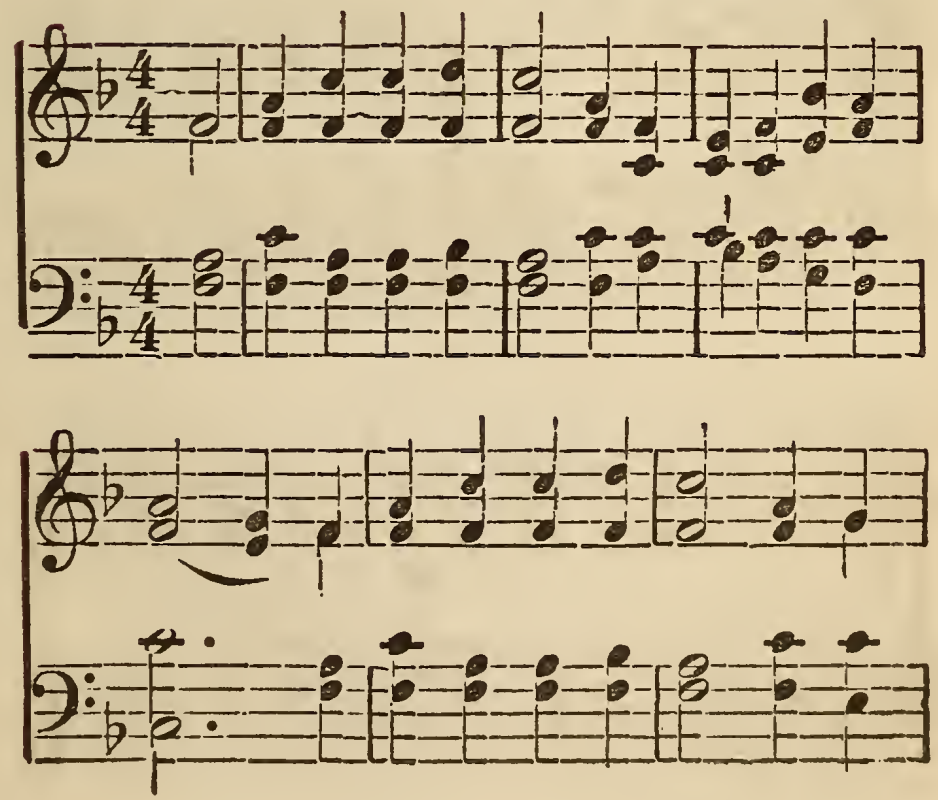


MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

Dr. LOWELL MASON



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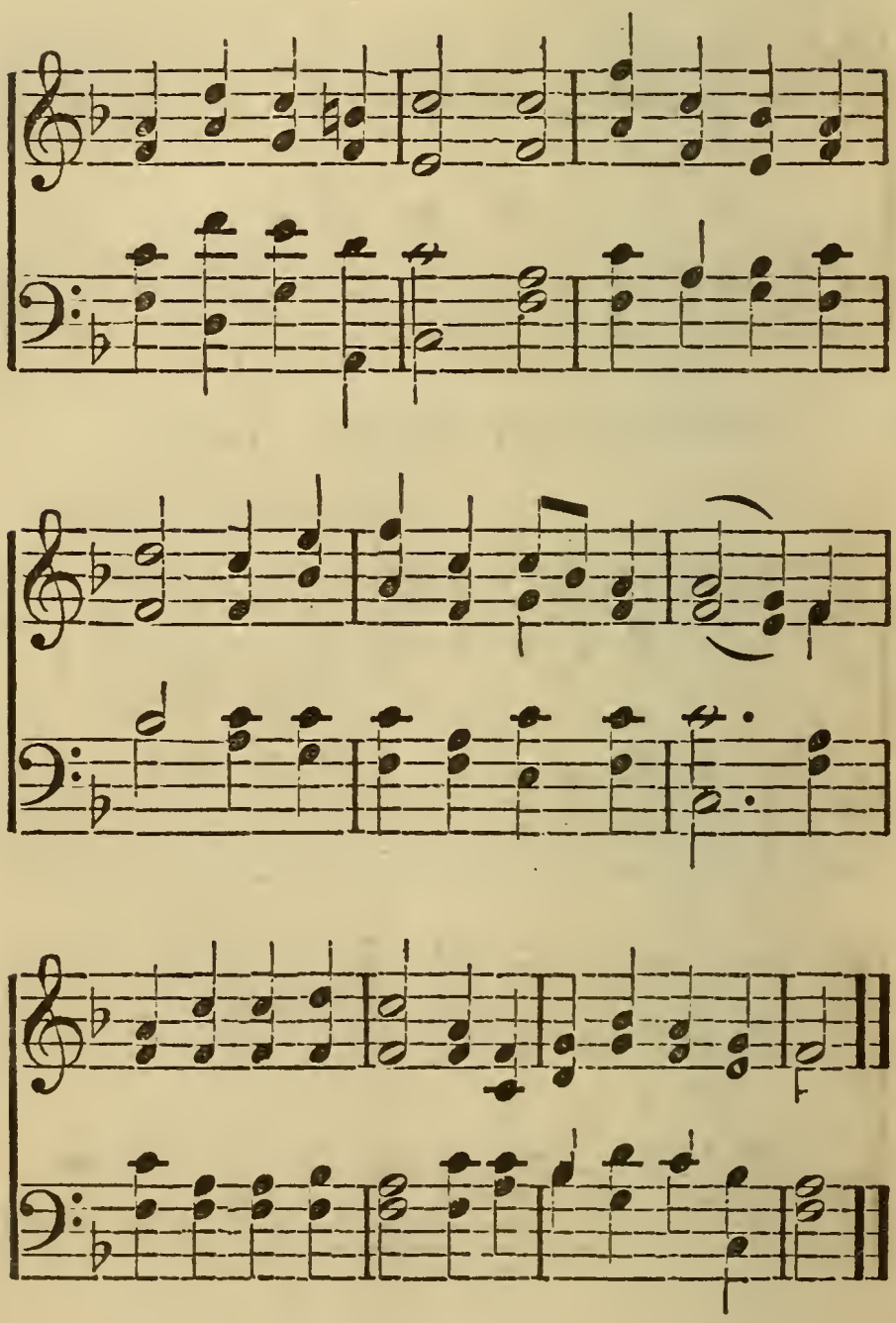
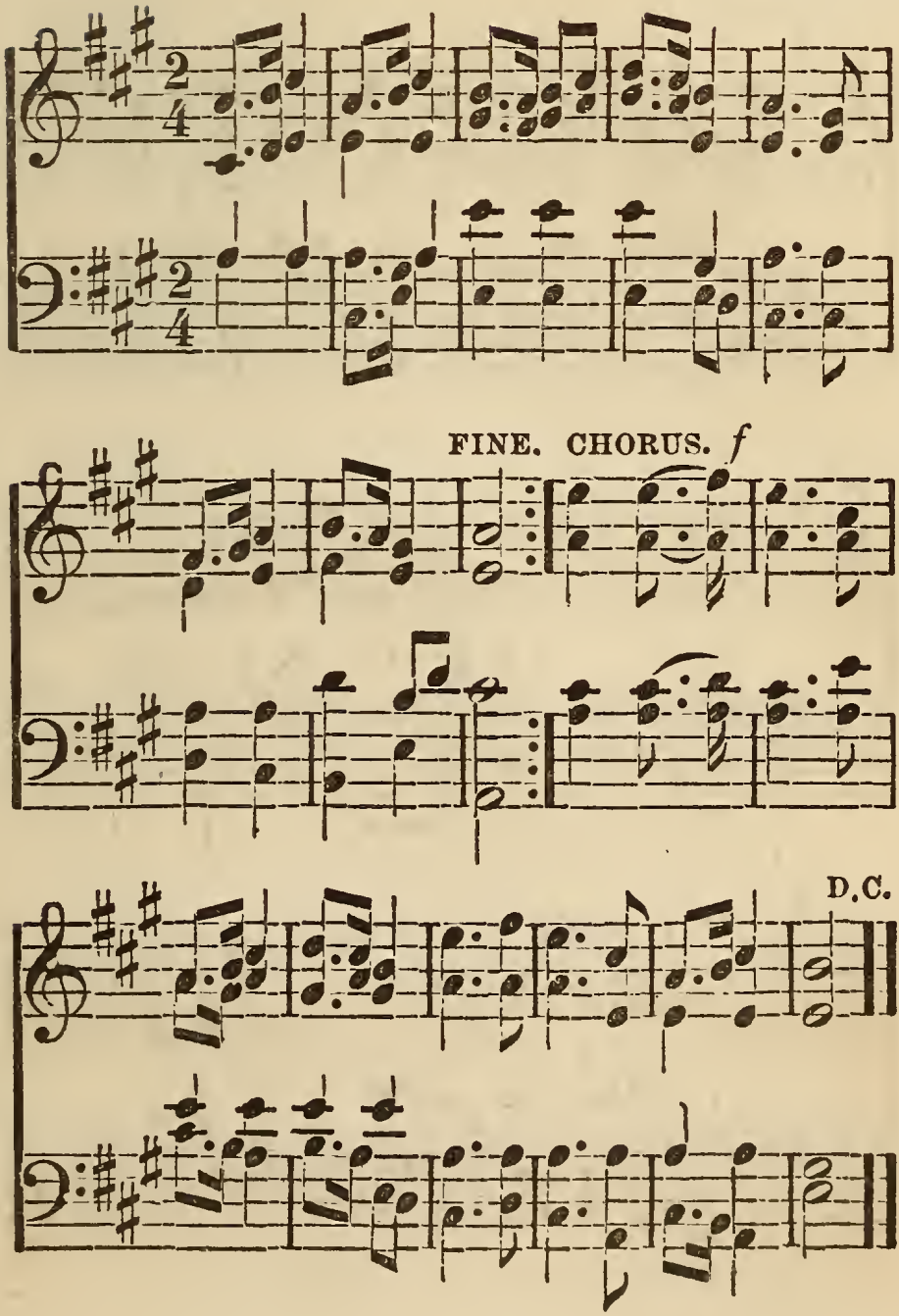


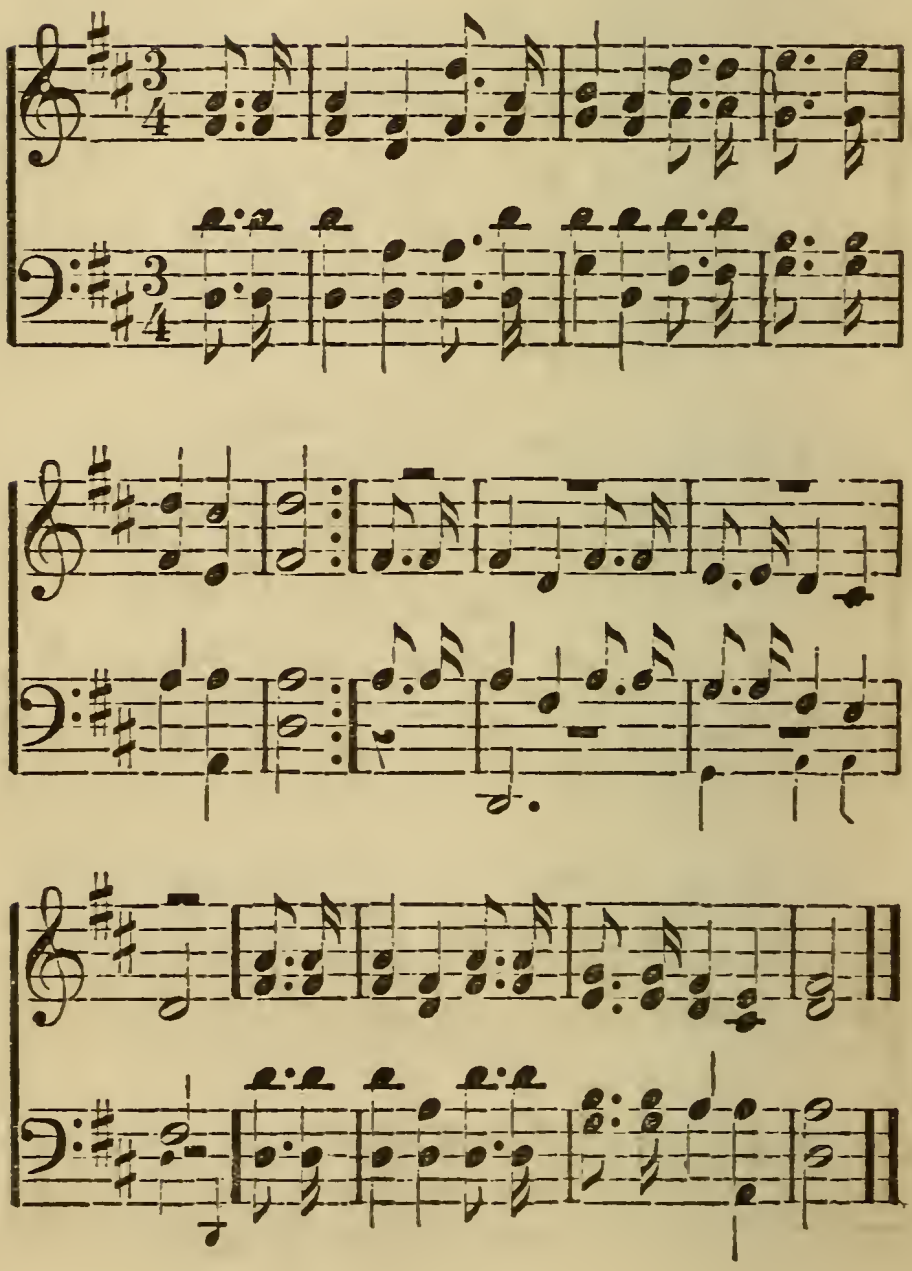
INVITATION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

J. INGALLS.



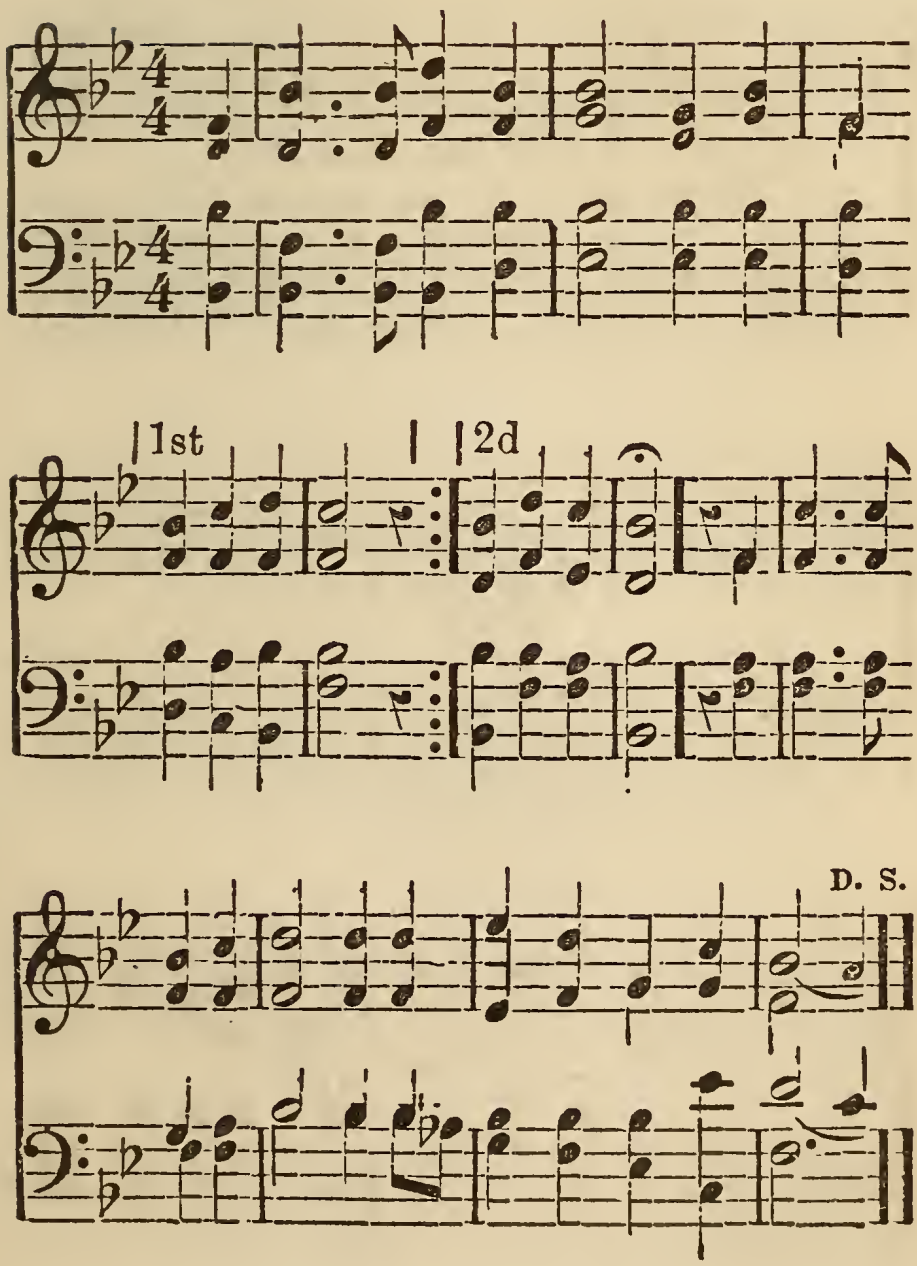
ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dr. T. HASTINGS



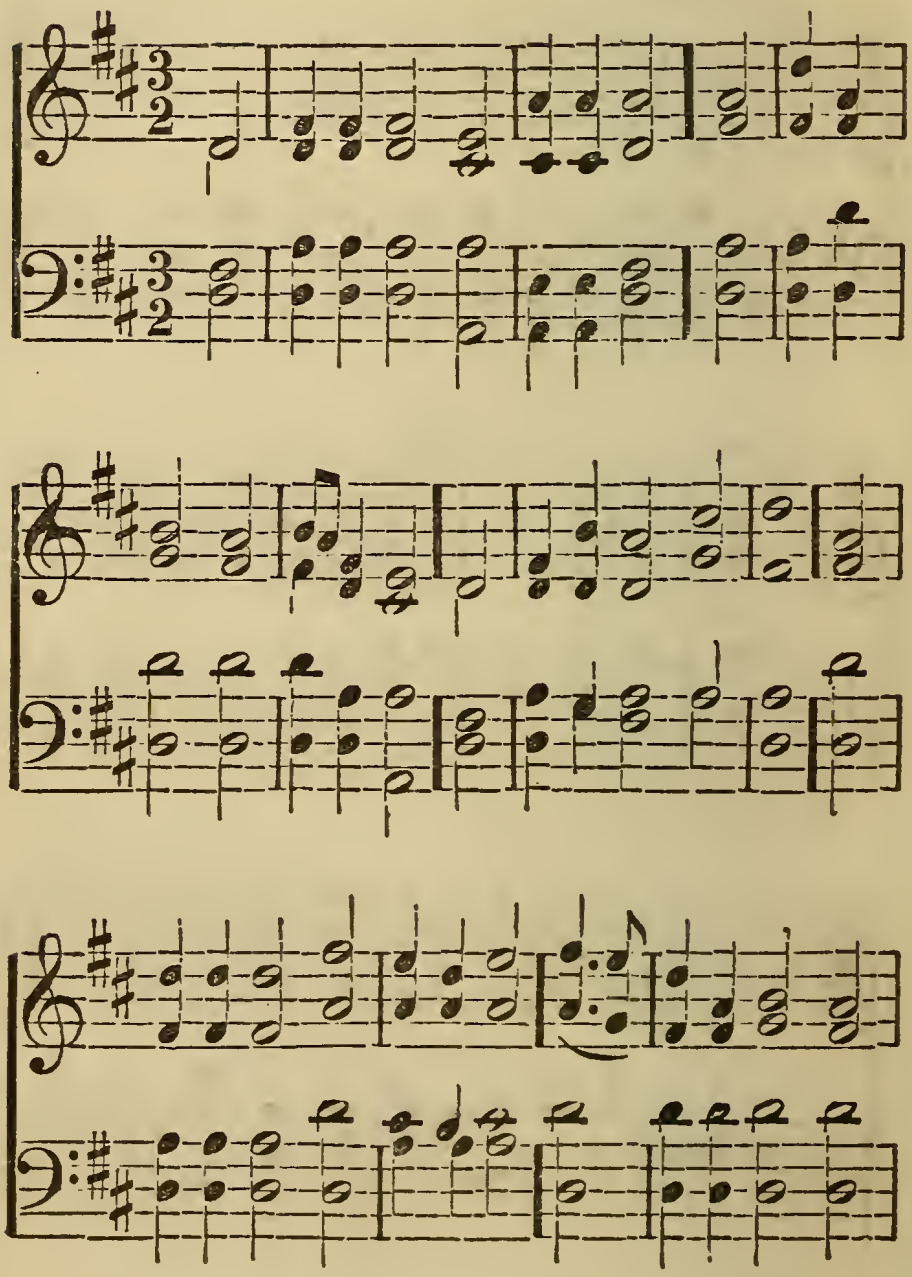
WEBB. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.



GANGES. 4. P. M.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.



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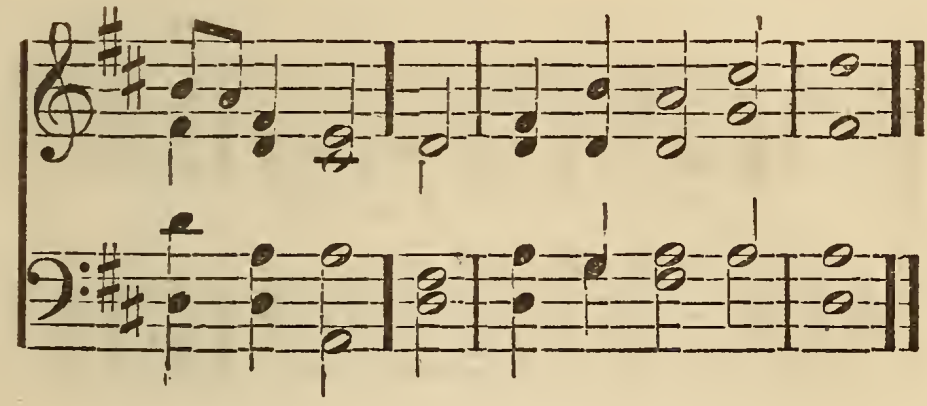

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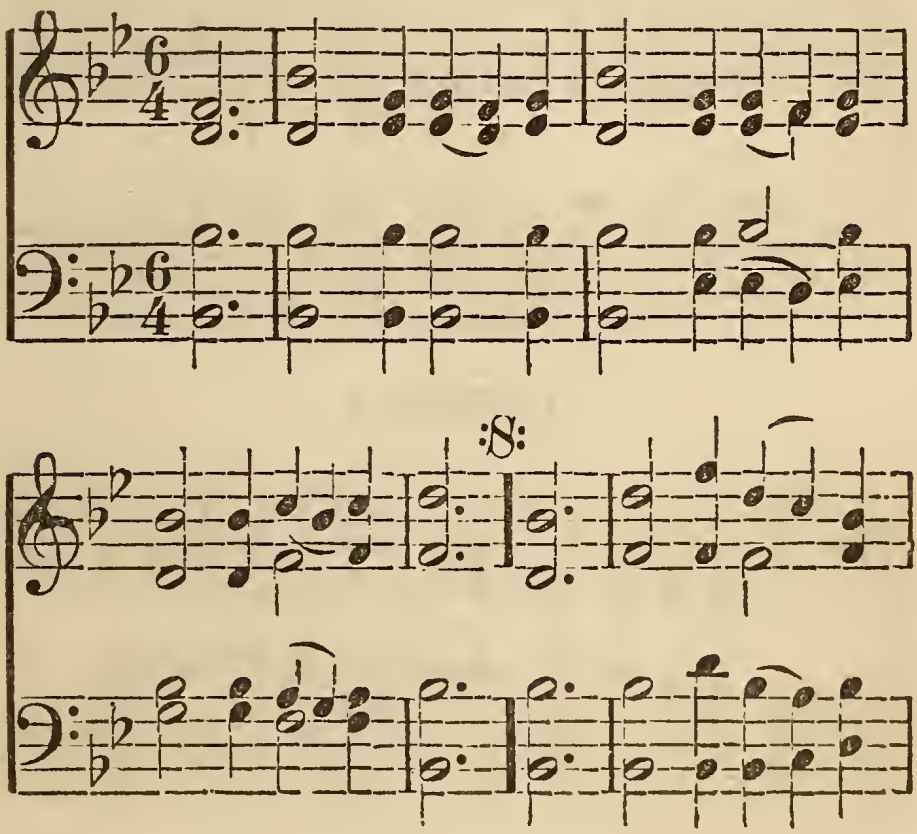

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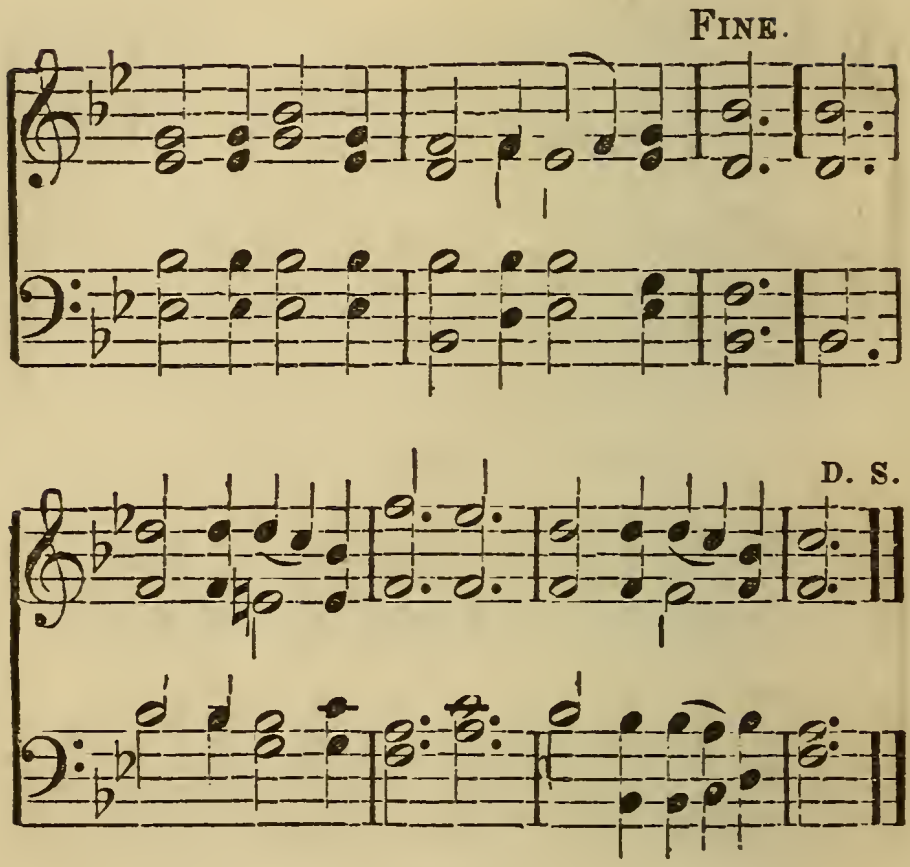

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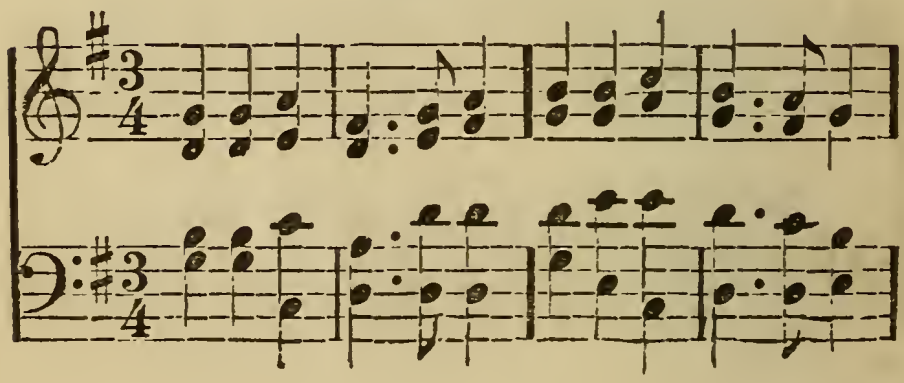

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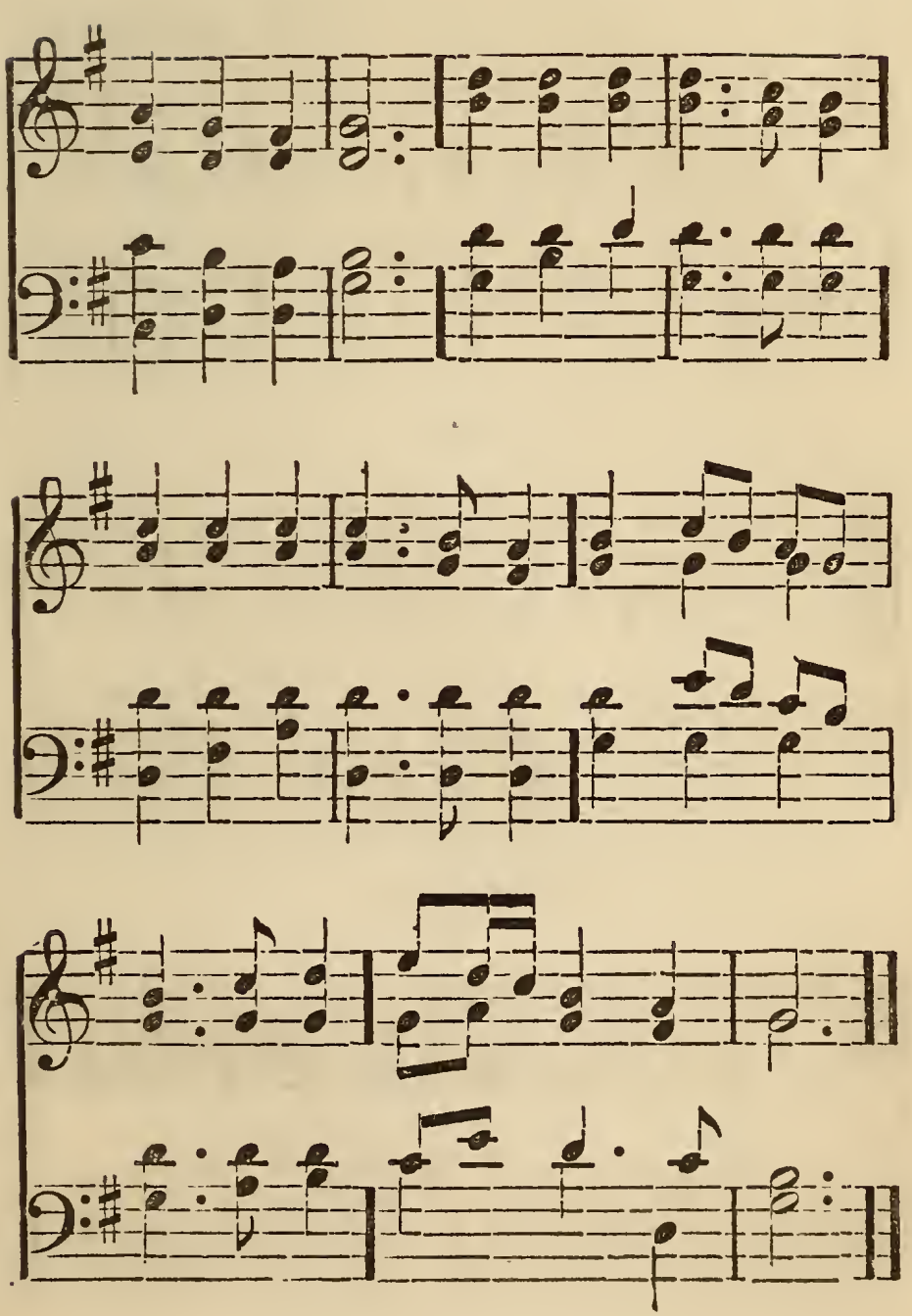
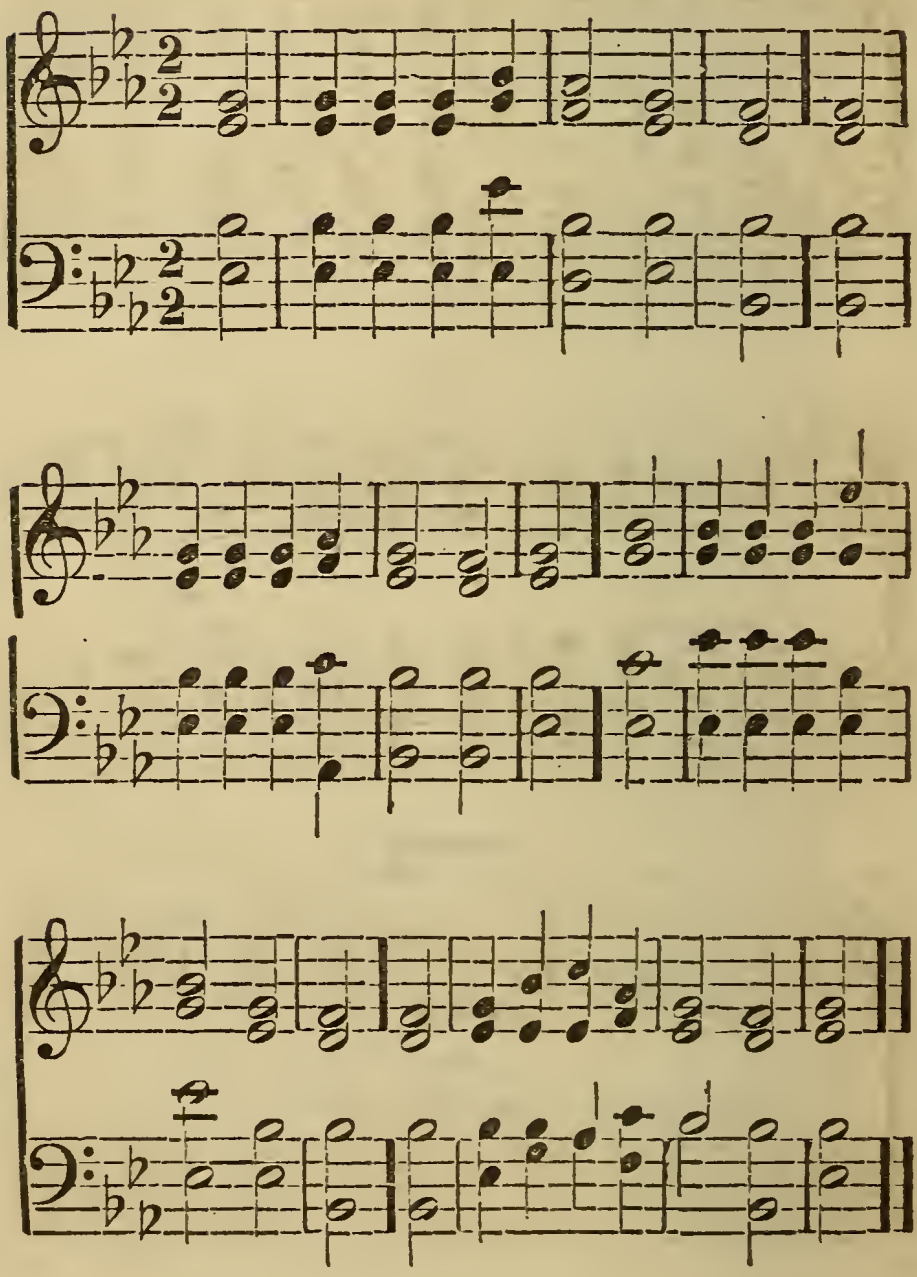
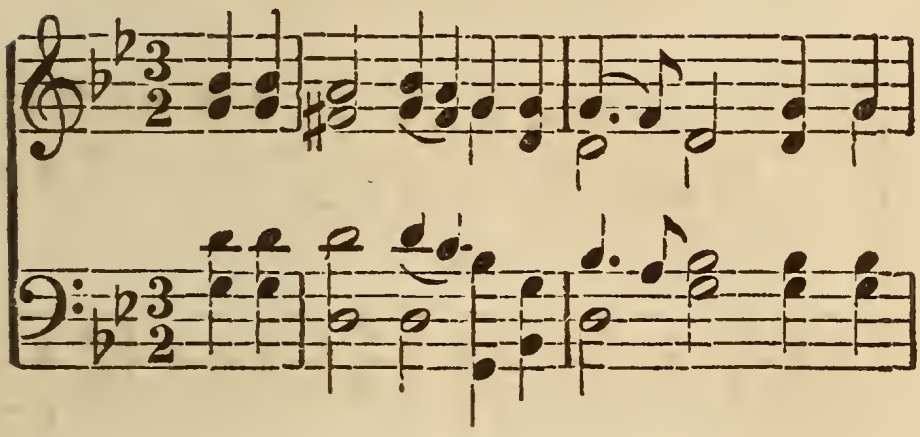


RELIANCE. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



BLESSED BIBLE. 8s & 7s. Double.



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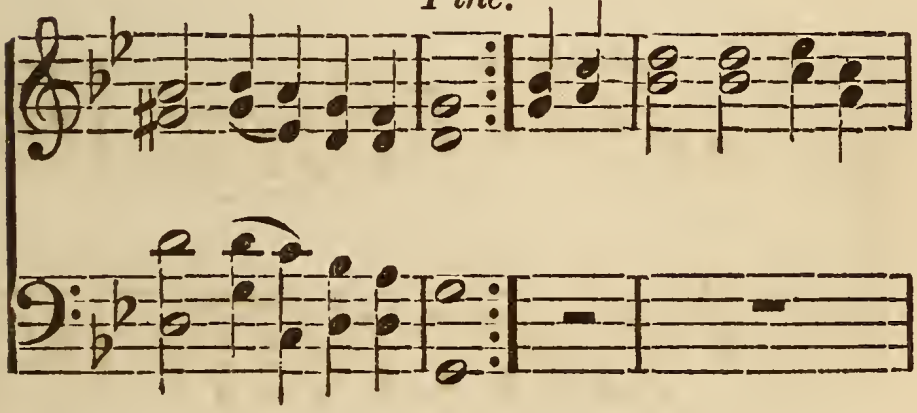

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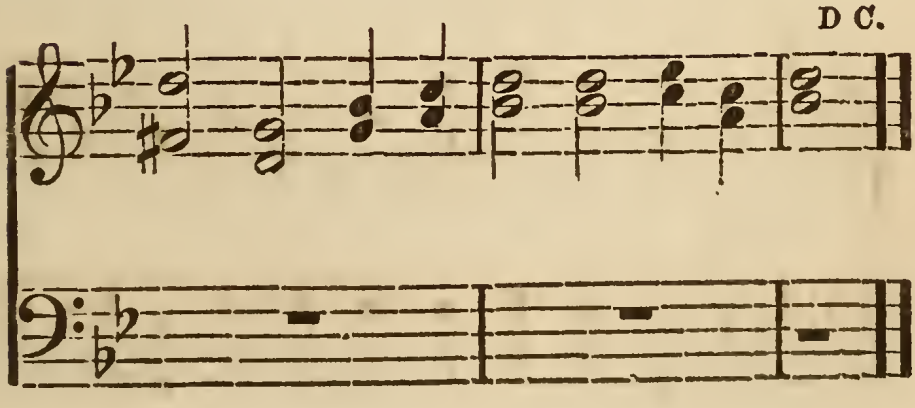
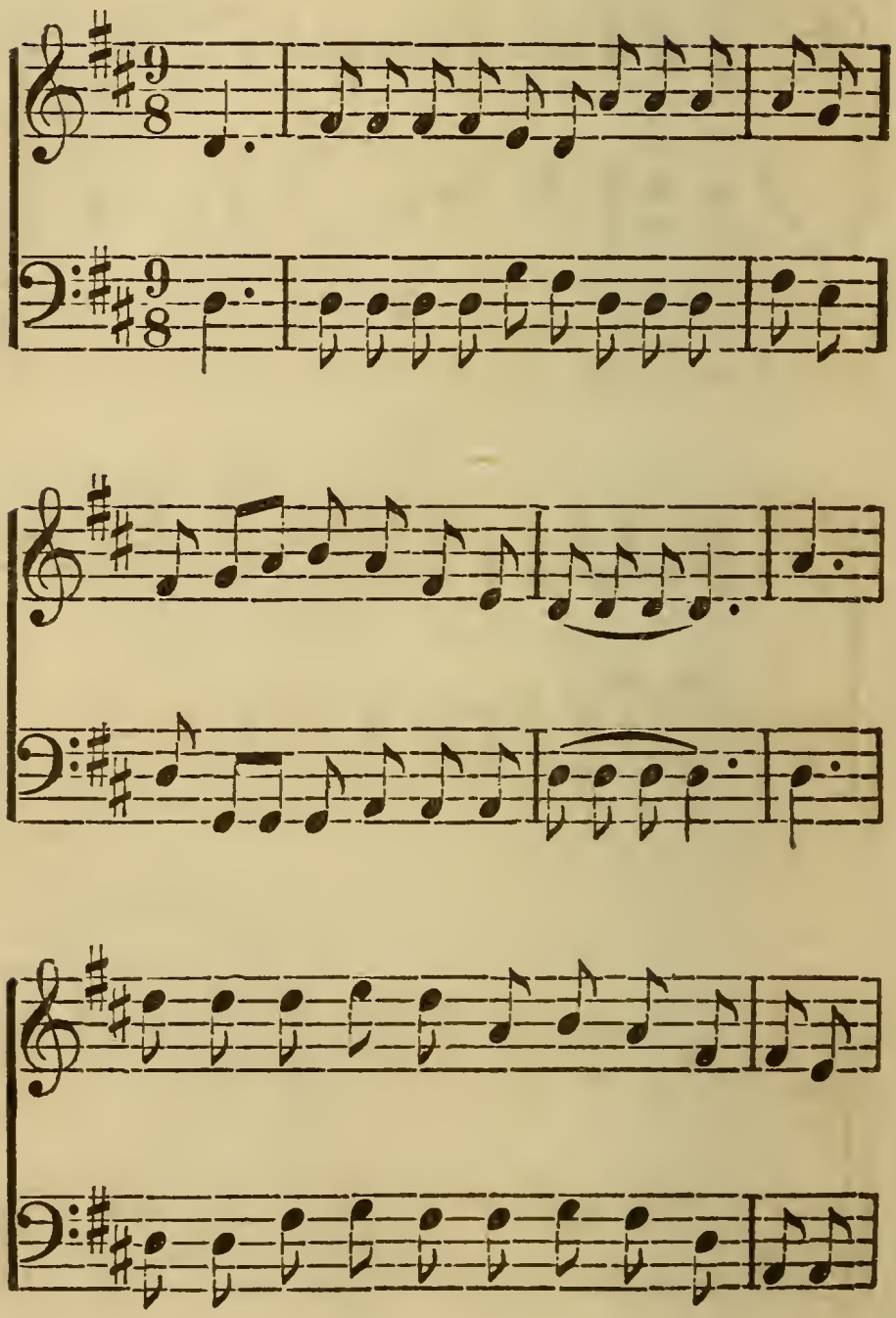


THE PURE TESTIMONY. 12 & 8.



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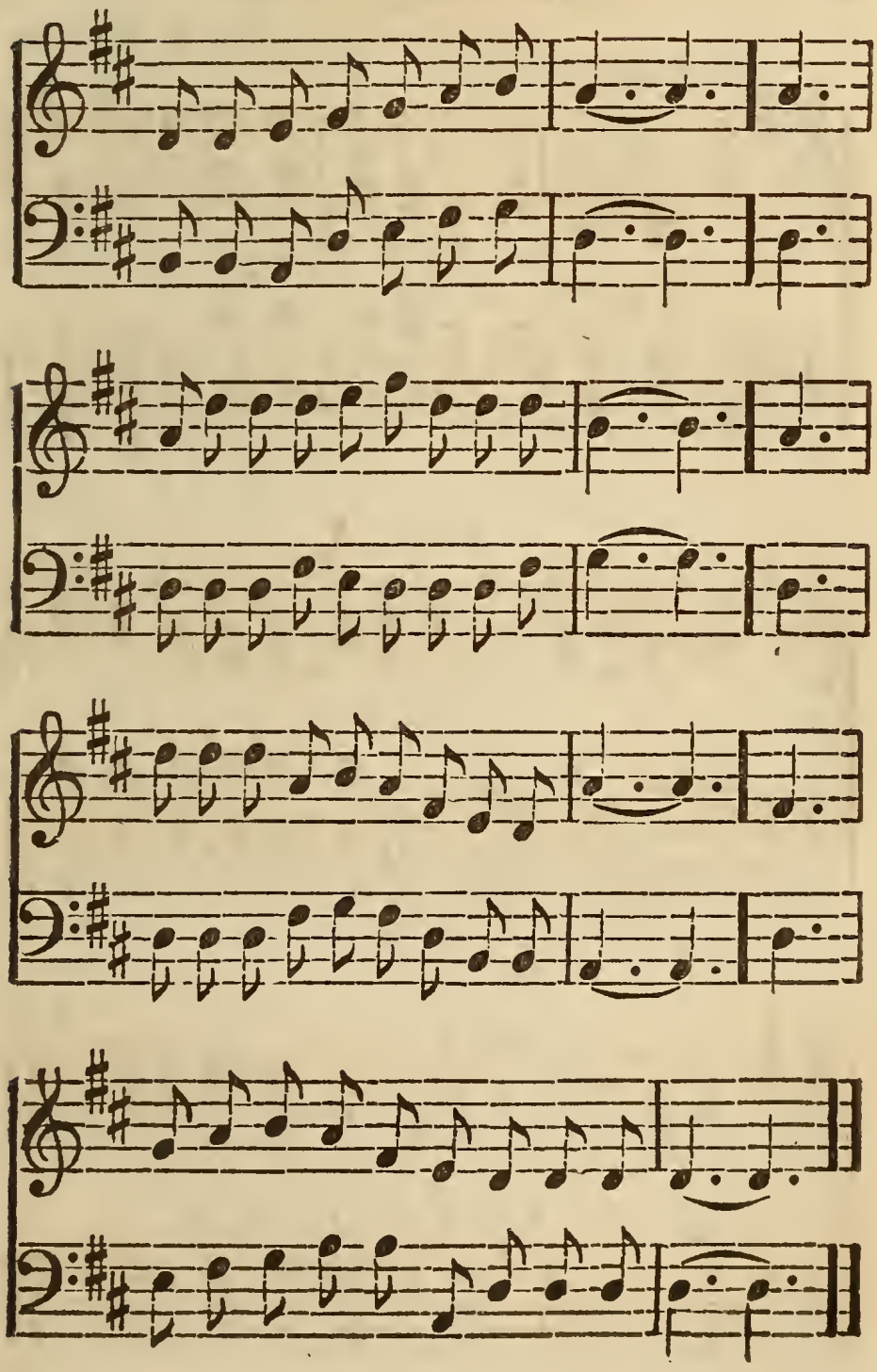
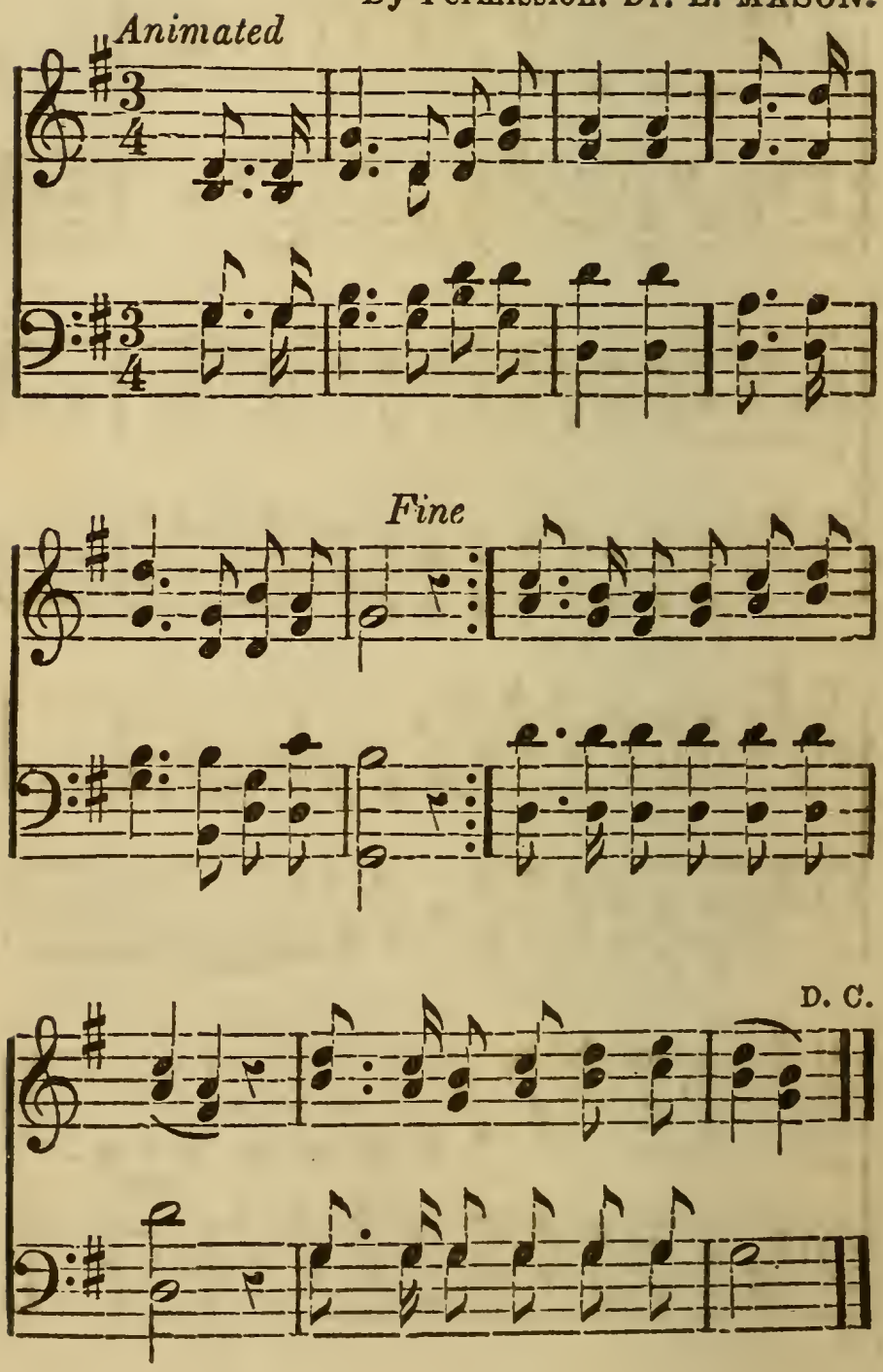


HARWELL. P. M.

By Permission. Dr. L. MASON.



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In the Boston Preacher's Meeting recently the subject being under discussion, "How can our camp meetings be made more profitable? There was a strong and general expression of disapproval of those sentimental and often senseless ditties that in our Conference meetings have taken the place of the good old "theological" hymns of Charles Wesley. One brother said that his people had sung "Will you meet me at the river," "Climbing up Zion's hill," and the like, till they appeared to be utterly ignorant of the hymns in the Methodist collection, and when he struck up one of them he had to sing it alone. We have long been satisfied that the church has suffered immensely by the substitution of the jujune stuff, both music and poetry, of the numerous musical treatises for social worship, which, like the frogs of Egypt, have come up all over the land for the rich spiritual hymns of Charles Wesley, full of gospel truth and gospel power, which our fathers used to sing in the deep and noble melodies of a former generation into the hearts and consciences of awakened sinners till their chains fell off, and they leaped into the liberty of the kingdom of God. *Zion's Herald.*

This Methodist utterance suits us. We deprecate the piety that would substitute the light, frivolous songs of children for the solid old hymns which have inspired the church for ages. Let us have singing worthy of Christ's kingdom, and the great cause we advocate among men. Gingle is not always music, and variety is not always religion.

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